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CONSTANTINOPLE.

By F. Marion Crawford.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

On a Steamer—Golden Horn.

II.

BEYOND the limits of the business quarter and the neighborhood of the public offices and ministerial buildings, Constantinople is one of the quietest cities in the world. The Turk's home life seems mysterious to the European, though there is much less real secrecy about it than might be supposed. In the East, as elsewhere, the house-servants gather together, gossip, and tell each other what their masters have for dinner, how often their mistresses dye their hair with henna, lose their tempers, and get into debt in the bazaar. But though all these things go on, as they do wherever human beings are gathered together, the closed doors and latticed windows of the long narrow streets present an impenetrable front. As one leaves the centre of business, going westward, there are fewer women to be seen, and the veils, strange to say, are more closely drawn about the face. The great Turkish quarter stretches through the midst of the city in the direction of the Adrianople Gate and the Kahriye Mosque. The houses are mostly but two stories high, and in every stage of preservation. A solid brick or stone dwelling with projecting balconies, dazzlingly whitewashed and immaculate as to its doorstep, is followed by a tumble-down wooden cottage so distorted by the yielding of its timbers in all directions as to disturb an ordinary man's theories of possible stability. Next, perhaps, comes a low, open shed, kept by a cobbler, a small tailor, or a coffee-seller. Beyond that, the rusty grating of a public fountain or a tiny burial-ground not five yards square, the tall, weather-beaten head-stones leaning and lying in all directions like jackstraws. Then more dwellings, straight or crooked, a little mosque, another coffee-shop, a cross street and two or three sturdy horses held by skinny boys to be hired as cabs are in other cities. And so on, through many varieties of

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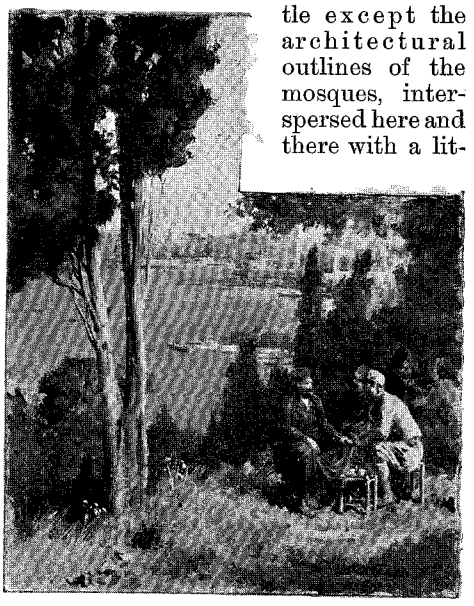
the same view, over the execrable pavement, up and down hill, until you reach the neighborhood of the walls, along which a considerable part of the land rises abruptly like an embankment to the level of the gates and the open fields without.

Everyone who goes to Constantinople visits the Kahriye Mosque, once known in Greek as the "Country Hermitage," a small but very ancient church, richly adorned with paintings and mosaics. The Mollah in charge is an enlightened Turk of the purest breed, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion—and a descendant of the Prophet, too, for he wears a green turban. He also speaks a little French, and is quite as much interested in the archæology of his mosque as you can be. It is in a great measure due to him that so much whitewash has been removed from its walls, and that the building itself is kept constantly in repair.

At the top of the aforesaid embankment there is a little coffee-house just built, and commanding a view of the city very different from most others. One is surprised by the totally new aspect of Constantinople as seen from this side; whereas from the Bosphorus one sees little except the architectural outlines of the mosques, interspersed here and there with a little green, or shadowed by the tall plumes of dark cypresses: from this end of the city there appear to be on the whole more trees than houses. The fresh verdure crops up everywhere amid brown roofs. Below and on the left there is a glimpse of the Golden Horn. At your feet, in the hollow, lies the famous little mosque with its three cypresses, and the great buildings about the Seraskierat and St. Sophia are but shadowy outlines in the hazy distance.



View from Eyub Looking Over the Golden Horn.

This part of the city is thinly populated, and it has an almost desolate look. As the ground rises, the houses are fewer, and there are many irregular open spaces, covered with thin grass in spring, deep in dust in summer, and in winter deeper still with mud. And all along this side, from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, runs the great barrier of turreted walls which baffled Eyub, who lies buried where he fell, and which at the end made such long and brave resistance to Mehemet the Conqueror. Nearest the sea lies the fortress he built, Yedi Kule, the Seven Towers. The vast ruin with its great court, its numerous towers and gates and ramparts, has become in the course of events the habitation of a nondescript Armenian cobbler. After having been successively the stronghold of the city, and the prison in which, by a rather liberal interpretation of the law of nations, the Sultans confined the Ambassadors of the countries against which they declared war—it was afterward used as a school and is now a mere ruin. The last time I was there I was wandering idly through the outer gate intending, as usual, to peer between the stones into the so-called Well of Blood, into which the aforesaid Armenian cobbler declares that the heads of a number of Janissaries were thrown when Mahmud the Reformer destroyed the corps. The well is deep and black, and there is water in it, and probably no bones at all by this time. In passing through the gate I stumbled against a stone which lay in the way under the arch. It was a bit of the head-stone of a woman's grave, as was clear from the carved sunflower, for men's graves have a turban or a fez, according to the epoch. Below the flower

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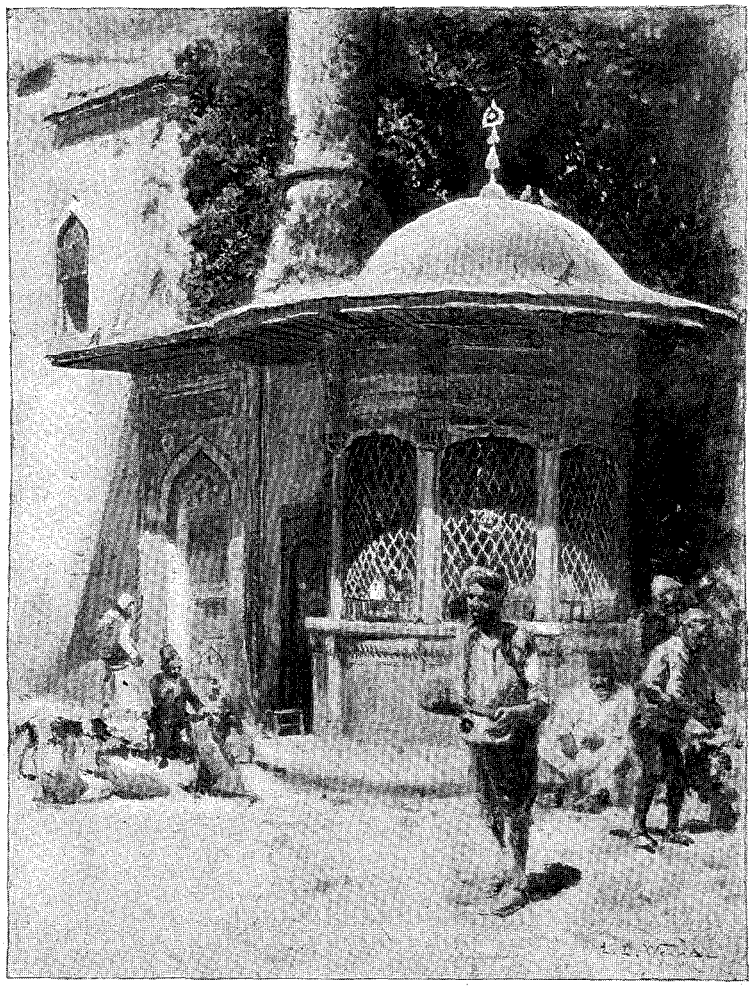

Street Fountain at Stamboul.

a part of the inscription was still legible—the dedication to God, "the ever abiding One"—and below that, in Turkish, the words: "I have come to the garden of this world, but have found no kindness." More had followed, but the stone was broken off at that place. There was an odd pathos and pity about it, as though the unhappy woman, whoever she had been, buried long ago outside the walls, had come back, knocking once more at the gate of the "garden of this world," asking for a little of that kindness of which she had found none in life. It was all very lonely and desolate, the high sun beating down upon the withered shrubs and bushes and dusty paths of the garden which had once flowered in the court, and blazing more fiercely still upon the deserted hillock, the ruined mosque, and the mouth of the Well of Blood outside the open gate, and there, in the shadow of the arch between, the ghost of the Turkish woman asking for kindness and finding none.

In order to form any idea of the extent of the fortress one should climb at least one of the towers, though the view from the ramparts hardly repays the trouble. But the towers themselves are vast and gloomy places, some of them filled with wooden lofts, to be reached only by movable ladders, and formerly used as sleeping-places for soldiers. The winding stone stairs are so dark

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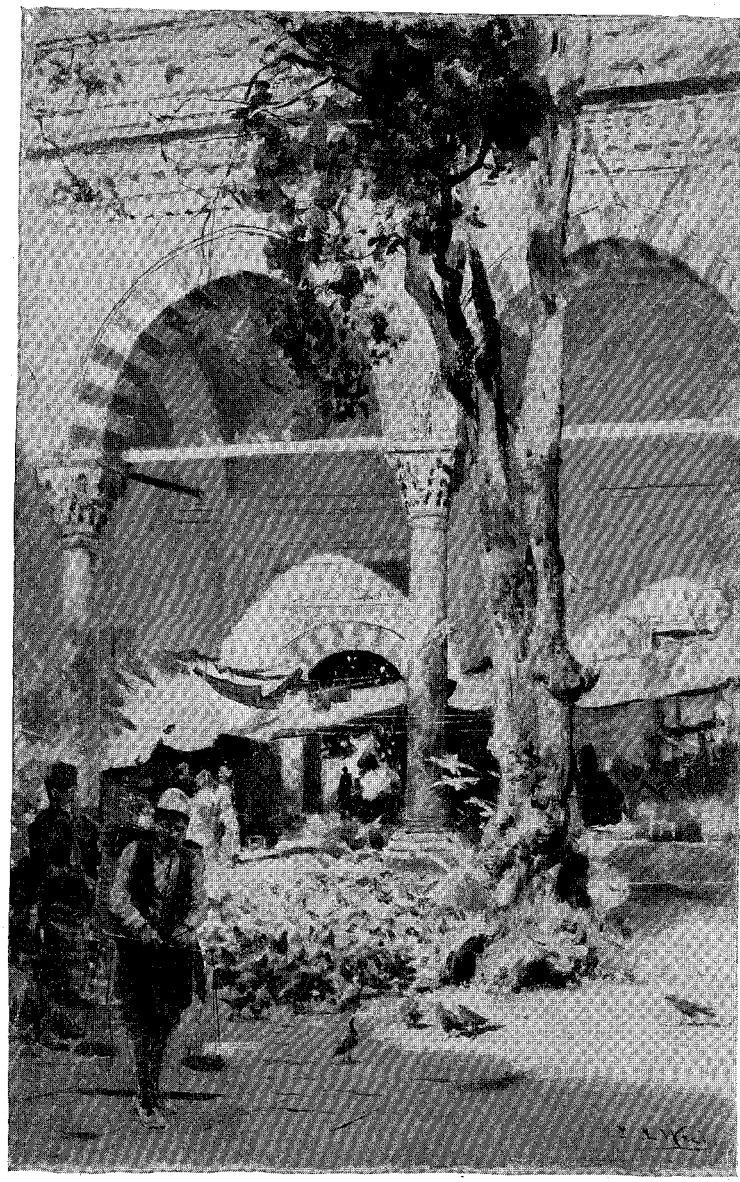

Court of the Mosque of Sultan Báyezid.

that the Armenian cobbler brings a lantern to show you the way. There were prisons below and prisons high up, prisons with windows and prisons without. The last French ambassador who was locked up here, when war was declared between Turkey and France in 1798, was Ruffin, and the room which is shown as his is dimly lighted by a single grated window, less than two feet square, and at such a height from the floor that only a tall man can look out through it. It must be confessed that there was something imposing in the simple and straightforward disregard of the law of nations shown in imprisoning the ambassadors of foreign powers. Upon the tiled roofs of the towers the wind-blown dust has accumulated in the course of half a century

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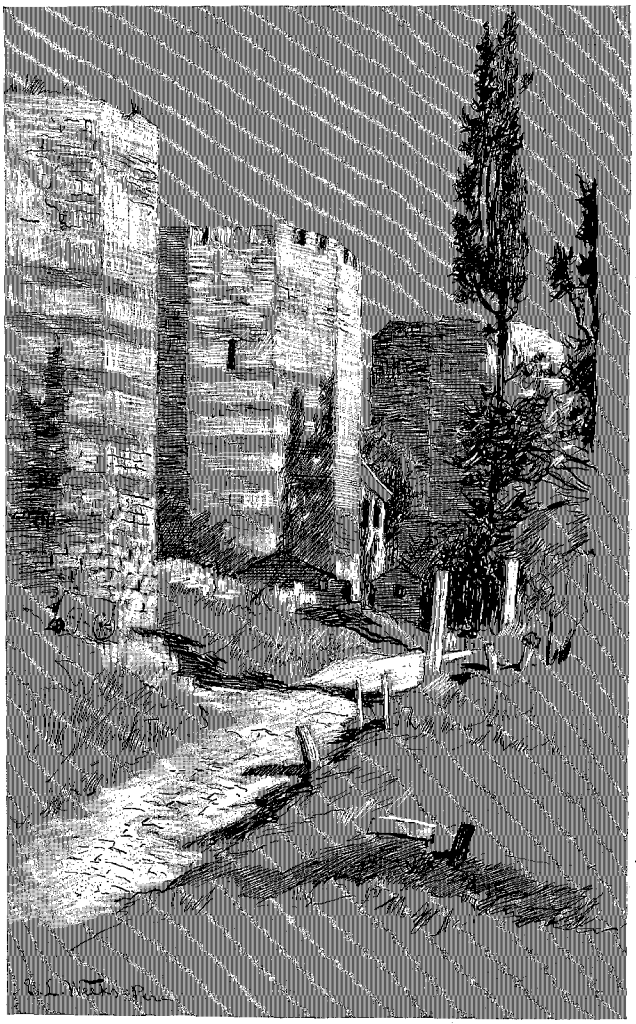
or more, and the shrubs and bushes flourish abundantly. The cobbler says that the ghosts of the executed excellencies whose heads were formerly set up on the edge of the ramparts, as they were on Temple Bar, wander at night in this hanging garden.

As in most Oriental cities, there are two distinct modes of existence in Constantinople—the out-door life and the in-door life. The majority of Turks leave their homes in the morning and return late in the afternoon when their work is done. During the day they live out-of-doors or in the bazaars, but so soon as the Turk has completed his business he goes home, and if you ask for him you will be told that he is in the harem and not to be disturbed; and, as a rule, his servants will refuse even to inform him of your presence. If it is indispensable that you should see him, you may await his pleasure in the selamlik, the room for receiving male guests, which is to be found in every Turkish house, and beyond which are the mysterious regions of the harem. "Harem," in the modern acceptation of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelors' establishment inhabited solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women. The end of the Turkish railway carriage, curtained off from the rest, is harem; so is the ladies' cabin on board ship, and the latticed gallery in a mosque. In the dwelling-house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family; and here I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife, though the Koran allows every man four at a time, and encourages a constant change by facilitating divorce. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom. Whatever exists or goes on behind the doors leading out of the selamlik belongs to his private life, and no one with any knowl-



Old Towers Outside the Walls of Stamboul.

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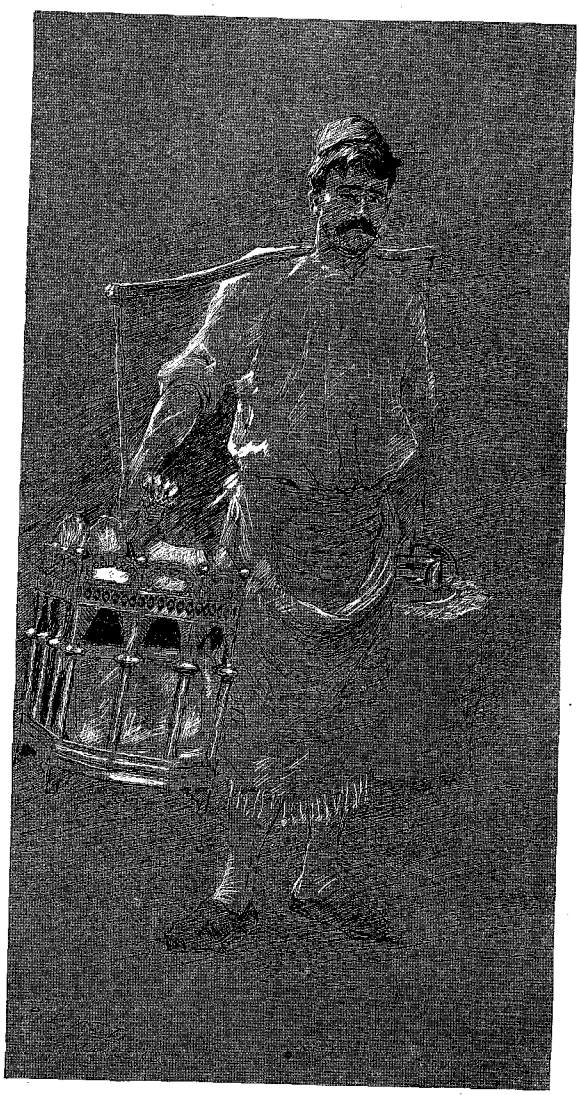
edge of Eastern manners would think of even suggesting the existence of women in the house. His life when away from home during the day is passed exclusively among men, and he does not even like to be seen in the company of any female member of his household. I have once or twice seen a Turk driving with a veiled lady, far in the country on the Asian side, but never in Stamboul. During the busy hours of the day the Turk lives out-of-doors, in the streets, under the trees in the open squares, and in the shops of the bazaar eating, drinking, taking his coffee, and smoking, wherever it best suits his convenience. The consequence is that the busy part of the city is full of eating-houses and coffee-shops, and there is no end to the itinerant venders of food and drink who carry their wicker stands up and down in the crowd. There is the man who sells bread and "pide" and "peksemit"—unleavened bread and biscuits; there is the cheesemonger who has a round wicker basket and one or two kinds of cheese and "yoord," or Turkish curds; there is the cook who sells kebaby—little morsels of lamb or mutton broiled on wooden skewers, and pilaf, kept hot in a big closed tin, or stuffed spring squashes and other vegetables; not to mention the sweet-meat-sellers, the custard-makers, and the sellers of sherbet. Most numerous of all are the water-carriers. They generally have a cylindrical vessel strapped on their shoulders and closely covered with green boughs to protect the water from the sun; in one hand they hold the end of a flexible tube with a polished brass faucet, and in the other they carry two or three heavy glasses, with which, by a skilful movement of the fingers, they play a perpetual tune which gives notice of their whereabouts. Coming from Italy one is forcibly struck by the extreme cleanliness of all these peddlers of food and drink, and by the highly appetizing appearance of what they have to sell. But besides these, there are a certain number of kitchens and restaurants in the bazaar. In particular, there is a fat and rosy Turk who makes the best kebaby in the world, and whose little place is in a small court close to one of the thoroughfares. On the clean marble slab which forms the sill of the window, the rows of wooden skewers lie ready for use, pilaf



Ice-cream Seller.

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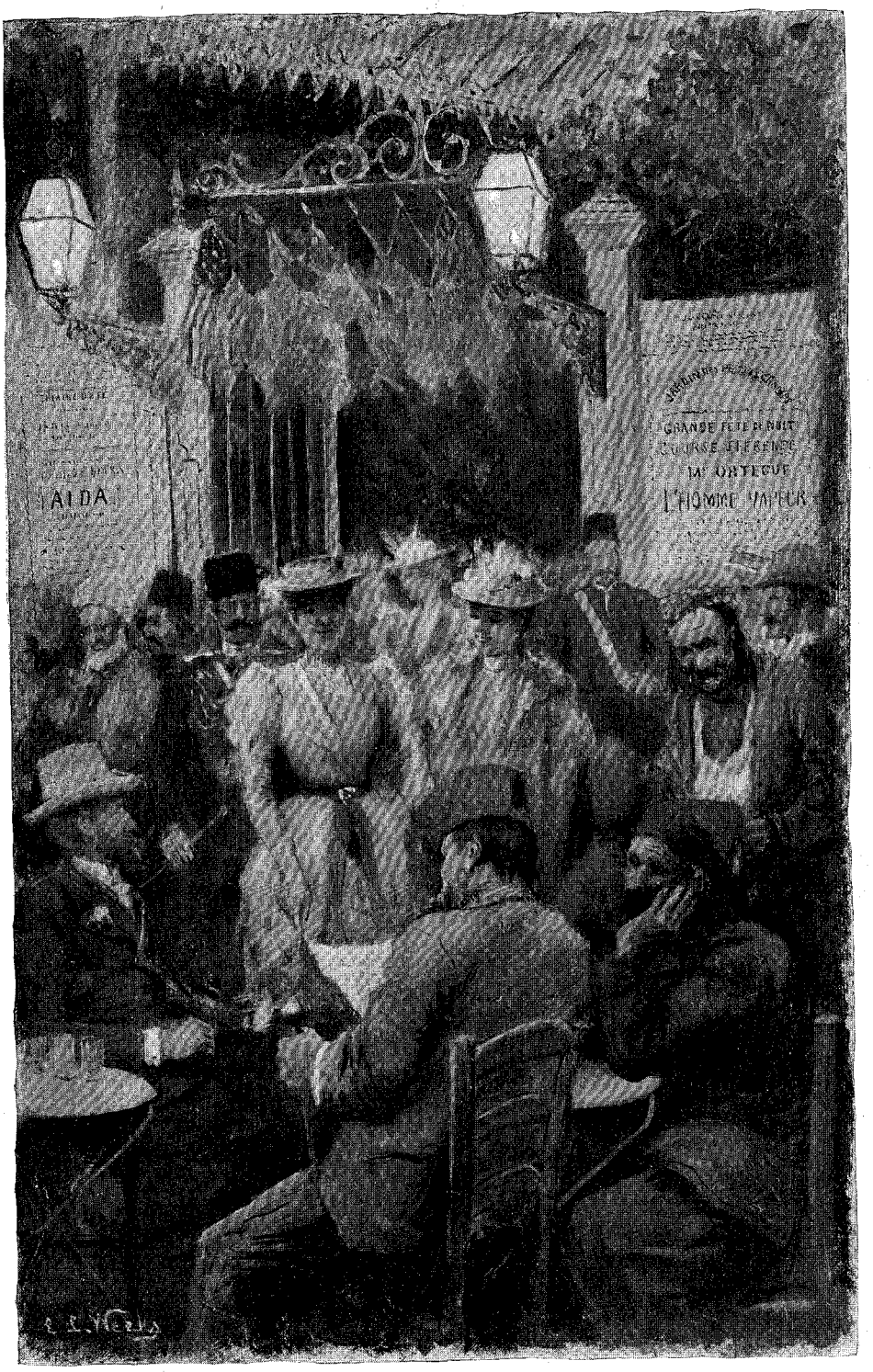

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Entrance to the Municipal Garden at Pera—After the Concert—Twilight.

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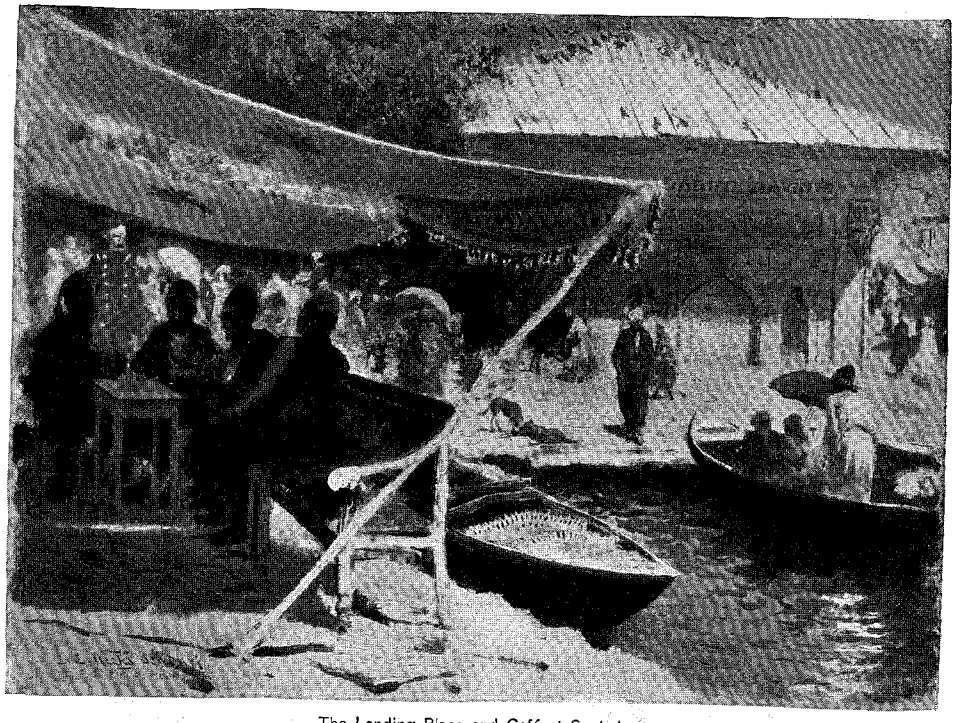

The Landing Place and Café at Scutari.

heaped up in large dishes steams by the well-kept fire, and a couple of clean, handy boys wait upon the customers, who sit at a little table at the back of the kitchen or out of doors in the quiet court before it. The composition of the favorite dish must sound extraordinary to European ears. "Pidè," or unleavened bread, is cut into squares and laid in the bottom of a soup-plate. Upon this curded cream is poured to the thickness of two fingers. Upon this, again, little squares of meat hot from the fire are heaped up, and the whole is seasoned with salt, pepper, cardamom, and sumach. It is exceedingly good and, what is more, very digestible, as those travellers will know who have been accustomed in Russia to eating sour cream with everything. Nor is the pilaf to be despised, though it would take long to describe the proper mode of preparing it, and to explain the differences between the four great pilafs of the world—the Turkish, the Greek, the Persian, and the East Indian, of which the Persian is, in my opinion, by far the best. The cook provides you with food, but not with drink, and if you require the latter you must hail the passing waterman and buy a glass of water or sherbet. Civilization, however, is far advanced in Constantinople, where every customer expects a knife and fork with his food, and uses them both. In Persia he would be given a piece of unleavened cake, which he would have to supplement with his fingers. For my own part, it has always struck me that fingers should be considered as much more appropriate instruments for feeding than forks. I know that they are my own fingers and that I have washed them, but as for the forks in places of public entertainment, I am not sure that they have been washed at all, and I would much rather not think of the way in which they have been used. We would rather suffer much than use another man's toothbrush, but we think nothing at all of using the whole world's fork—a fact which proves the vanity of most outward refinements.

But everything which the Turk consumes in the Bazaar is in the nature of

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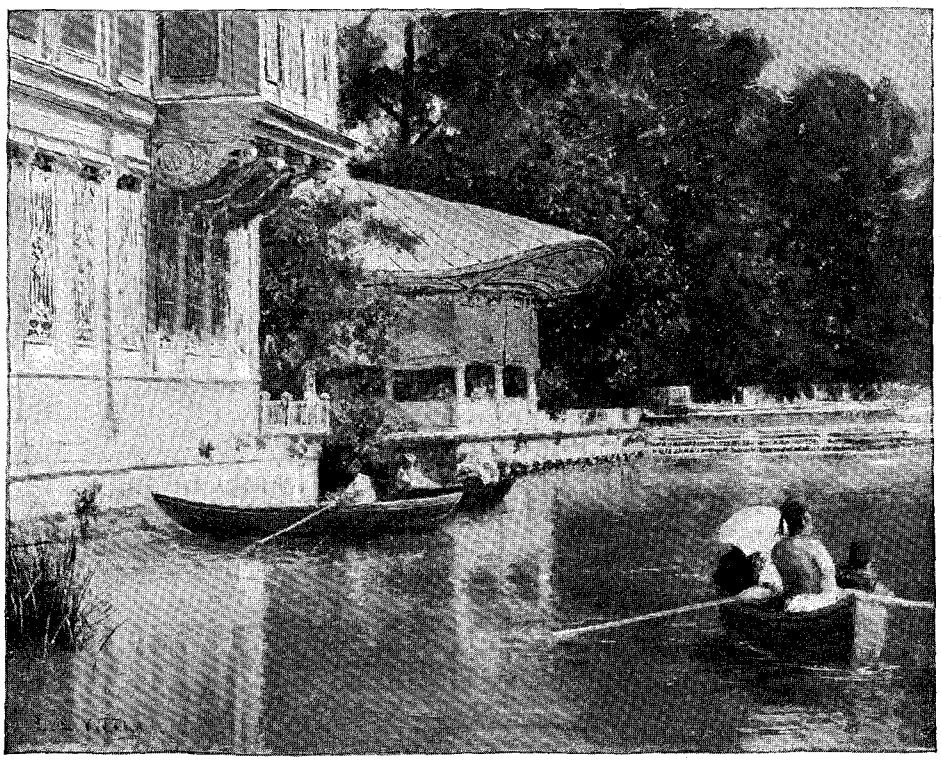

The Sultan's Kiosk—"Sweet Waters of Europe."

luncheon, his principal meal being always taken at home and after sunset. In a dark corner of Bezestan there stands a little mosque with a small minaret, of which the pointed spire springs up like that of a toy house toward the high vault of the roof overhead. At midday, as at the other hours of prayer while the Bazaar is open, the muezzin climbs the tall tower and calls the faithful from the window above with as much zeal as though he were crying the summons from the highest pinnacle of Sultan Ahmed. But though it be midday there is no general movement among the crowd, as there would be in Southern Christian countries at the dinner hour. For the Turk, when away from home, is nomadic and indifferent to regular meals, whereas the evening dinner or supper at home is a patriarchal institution treated with due importance and solemnity. There are Turkish families still in which a table is set in the selamlik, and is literally open every day to all comers, rich and poor. Anyone may enter, and he will be shown to a place at the master's table if he be of the master's class, or at another, lower down the hall, if he be an inferior. And in Turkey, to dine means also to spend the night, the entertainer being expected to furnish his guests with beds, slippers, and sleeping garments. Of course the ladies of the establishment do not appear, but are served separately in the harem. The chief butler of a friend of mine was recently heard to complain bitterly that the guests often rose very early in the morning and carried away the shirts and slippers provided them for the night—a poor return for such open-handed hospitality. It must be said that Turkish dinners do not as a rule last a long time. They consist indeed of a very great number of dishes, but these are offered but once to each guest and removed with incredible rapidity by the servants.

The street which runs from the Post-office to Nur-i-Osmaniye is one of the

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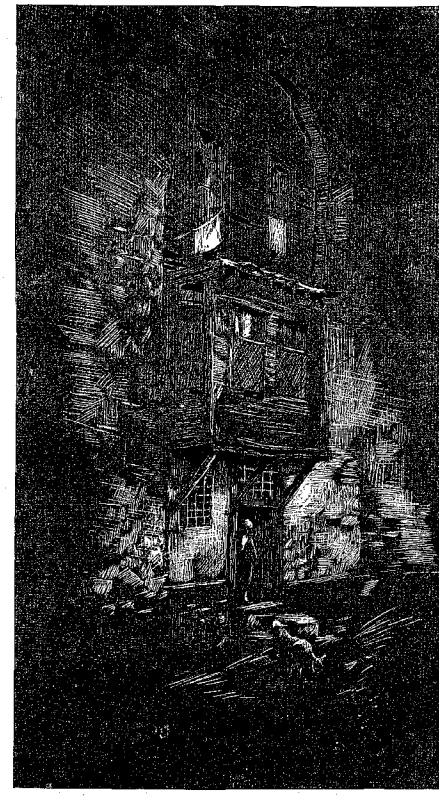
most characteristic of Constantinople, for it forms the principal thoroughfare between Galata Bridge and the Bazaar. It is a nondescript and cosmopolitan street, crowded with shops and offices of every trade and every nation. It is a favorite neighborhood for Greek and Armenian dentists, the assurances of whose skill are expressed in enormous signs. There too, in the neighborhood of the Post-office itself, the public scribes sit all day long in the shade, grave and impassive as sphinxes, and ready to lend their skill with the pen for the correspondence of the unlettered. Their customers are chiefly Turkish women, who generally veil themselves more closely than usual while dictating in low and confidential tones the messages they themselves are unable to write. The system is familiar enough in Italy and Greece, as well as in most Eastern countries; but it is worth while to linger a moment and catch a glimpse of some of those faces as they bend eagerly over the scribe's table, watching the swiftly moving reed pen. For Turkish is written with reeds, and the inkstand is a little sponge. Near this spot is the Yeni Jami, one of the beautiful mosques of Stamboul, frequented at all hours by a motley crowd of worshippers. Leave behind you the glare, the hurry, and the rush of the thronged street, thrust your feet into the wide slippers at the door, and enter the beautiful building at the hour of prayer. The contrast is sudden, solemn, and grand, and something of the deep mystery of Oriental life is all at once made clear to you. In the cool shadows Mussulmans of all ages are prostrating themselves before the Mihrab—the small shrine which in every mosque shows the exact direction of Mecca—or before the sacred writings in other parts of the wall. There is profound belief and devotion in their attitudes, gestures, and accents, a belief as superior to the idolatrous superstition of the far East as it is beyond the conviction of the ordinary Christian in simplicity and sincerity. It is indeed impossible to spend much time among Mussulmans without acquiring the certainty that they are profoundly in earnest in religious matters, and that the unfurling of the Standard of the Prophet which is occasionally hinted at as a vague possibility, would be productive of results not dreamed of in the philosophy of Europe.



Old Gateway in the Wall which has been Blocked up with a House.

Of all places in the world, Constantinople is interesting by the strong contrasts which it presents at every turn, and this sudden change from the brilliant animation of the streets to the solemn quiet of the mosques and tombs is one of the most striking. The marvellous richness of decoration in the interior of many of the Jamis brings to the surface the deeper side of Oriental character. As in most Eastern countries, some of the highest developments of art are brought into close contact with the most tasteless constructions and hideous ornaments. The magnifi-

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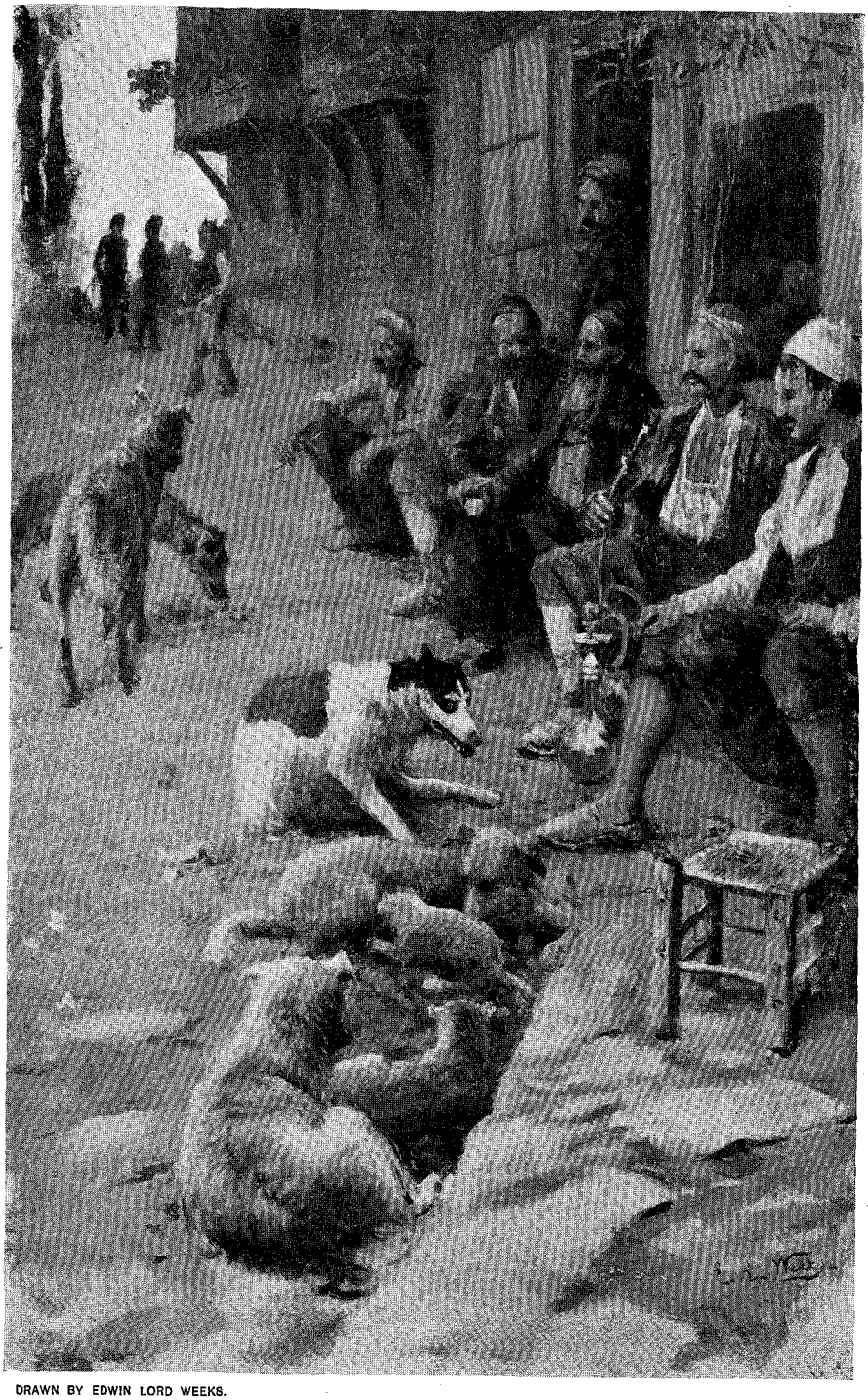

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Street Scene in Stamboul—Café Frequented by Greeks.

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cence, in virtue of which the epithet gorgeous is so frequently applied to the East, is often thrown into even stronger relief by the proximity of a certain squalid tawdriness extremely offensive to European taste. But here, as in Europe, the arts are intimately dependent upon religion and upon religious ideas. The Mussulmans of the Sunnite sect, who do not permit the representation of anything that has breath, have devoted an amount of attention to the art of writing equal to that which has been bestowed upon painting in the West. To the cultured Turk a piece of beautiful caligraphy affords as much artistic delight as we could find in the pictures of the greatest masters. The European may in time familiarize himself with the Arabic character—which is a sort of shorthand—so as to read it as readily as the Latin or the Gothic. But he can never, I believe, learn to distinguish the artistic values therein which correspond to our ideas of drawing, color, light, and shade. A Turk the other day pointed out to me a text from the Koran which hung upon his wall written in plain black upon a white ground. "That writing," he said, "gives me as much æsthetic pleasure as you could find in any Titian." Such specimens of caligraphic skill are often richly framed and preserved under glass, but some of the most beautiful of them all are found in the glazed tiles used in ornamenting the mosques and tombs. Some of these inscriptions are positively priceless in the eyes of the Turks, and they are rapidly becoming so in the eyes of the European collector, who, however, finds it almost impossible to obtain the smallest specimen of them. For it is always in connection with religion, and generally in places of worship, that the best objects are found. But art in the East is rapidly decaying, and the secret of producing the wonderful tiles, of which so many thousands are still to be seen, is lost forever, while the manufacture of cheap and inferior imitations is altogether in the hands of the Jews in the Bazaar.

Armenian Beggar.

In all legends and traditions of the East, the Arab horse plays an important part, and when I first visited the horse market in Stamboul, I had anticipatory visions of thoroughbreds which would have delighted the hearts of Lady Anne Blunt and her husband. The disappointment was as complete as any I

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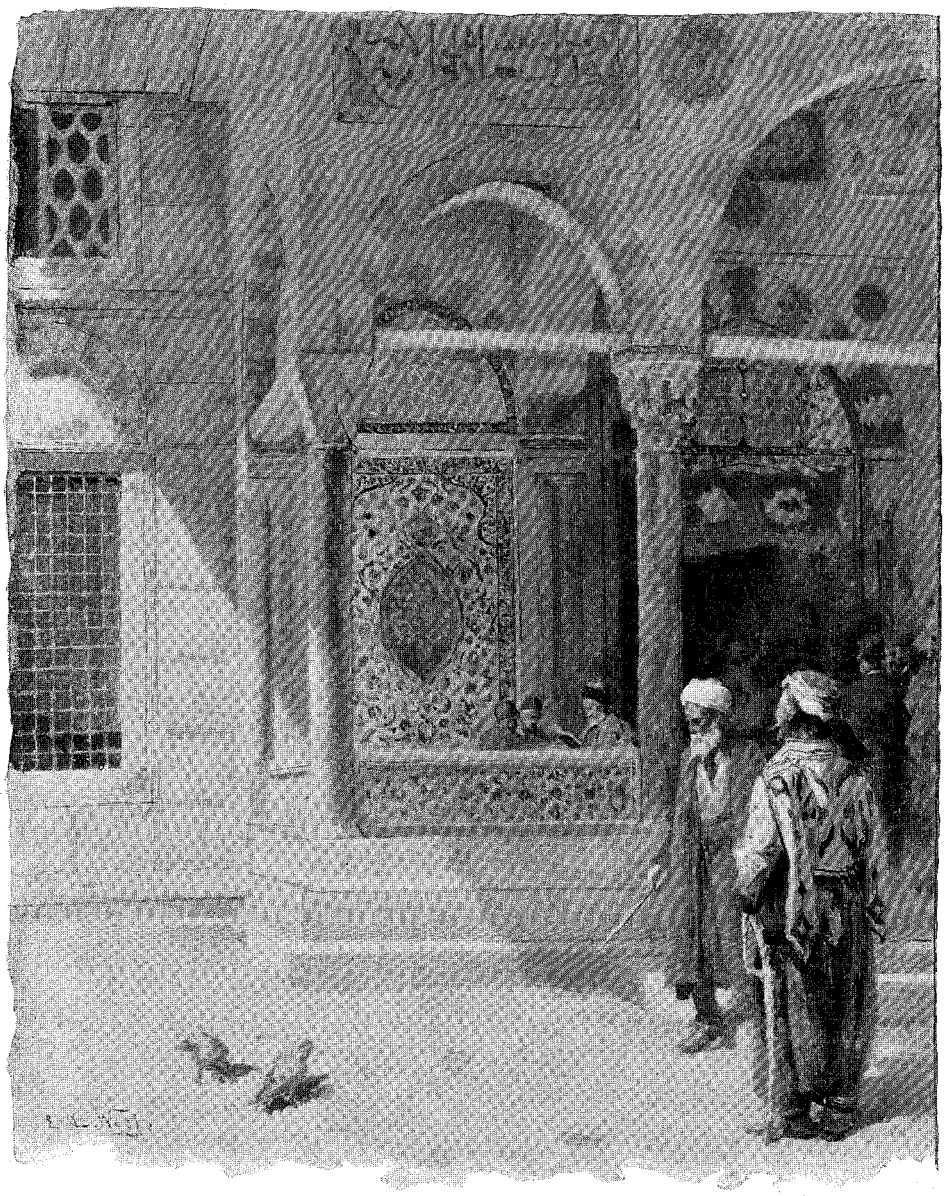

Tomb of One of the Sultans in the Court of St. Sophia.

have ever suffered. The At-Bazaar is on the east side of the mosque of Mehemet II. the Conqueror. It would have been impossible to choose a worse place for the purpose of showing off horses, were there any to be shown, than the three-cornered open space, irregularly paved with cobble-stones of all sizes, on the steep incline of a little hill. This yard is surrounded by a number of wretched wooden houses, most of which contain a dark and ill-ventilated stable, where the few horses for sale by the various owners are kept — and ill-kept — in ordinary stalls. Two or three unwieldy Hungarian brutes and a dozen or so of stout little Saloniki cobs are the usual occupants, and I once found amongst them a monstrous form of horse-flesh which recalled the legends of Here-

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DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

A Glimpse of St. Sophia.

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ward's ugly mare and of the animal which the devil lent the exciseman in the "Ingoldsby Legends." As to his legs, he was fully eighteen hands high, but his body was no longer than that of one of the aforesaid Saloniki ponies. His head reminded me of nothing so much as of a certain ancient leathern hat-box, a sort of heirloom in my possession, weather-beaten under many skies and jaded in many express trains, hall-marked all over with a whole geographical dictionary of names of cities printed on scraps of paper of every possible hue. There was something so strangely unnatural about the animal's whole appearance that my attention was rivetted by him for many minutes, and my guide, the splendid old Turk who is the chief of the horse-dealers, looked at me curiously as though suspecting that I meant to buy him. I was shown one animal, at last, well worth seeing and buying. He was led out from the depths of a gloomy den, which would have asphyxiated a Western horse, and received a very perfunctory grooming at the hands of one of the stable-men. But a more perfect Arab it would be hard to find out of Arabia. There were all the points I had dreamed of before visiting the At-Bazaar—the straight tapering legs, the small feet, the rather large and bony head, the tiny, sharp-pricking ears, and the fine silken coat of golden bay. He shook himself, and snorted with evident disgust at his quarters, as he was led out into the bright air, a king among beggars, a hero among scullions—and at least a fragment of my lost illusion was forthwith restored.

But there are few such creatures to be seen in Constantinople, though the law against exporting horses from the limits of the Ottoman Empire is so stringent that not even those highest in power would venture to transgress it. It is more easily enforced, too, than the regulation which forbids the taking away of any object whatsoever upon which are written or printed words from the sacred writings.

In connection with the horse market I am reminded of the Saddler's Bazaar, a small quarter by itself adjoining one of the principal streets of Stamboul, the Divan Yol. The making of saddles and harnesses, and, generally speaking, the art of working leather, was formerly in high repute in a country throughout which horses, camels, and other beasts of burden were the only means of locomotion. The rich bestowed the greatest possible attention upon the trappings and equipments of the animals they used, and the workmen who produced these objects constituted a special guild. This art, like almost all others in Turkey, has greatly degenerated of late years, but certain things are still made better here than elsewhere. The Saddler's Bazaar contains, I should think, about a hundred and fifty shops, low, shed-like buildings in which the occupants sit upon little wooden platforms just above the level of the street, with narrow verandas in front of them in which, during the daytime, the finished wares are hung up for sale. A great many things are made of so-called Russian leather, which is not more Russian than it is generally Eastern, and of which the peculiar smell is due to the process of curing by the smoke of leaves instead of by the ordinary process of tanning. Here may be seen elaborate saddles, covered with leather or stuffs or velvet, of the sort used by rich Turks in the country, though long out of fashion in the capital, and matched with cumbrous bridles decorated with ornamental hand-sewing. Saddle-bags are made here, too, of all descriptions, shapes, and sizes, simple and ingenious and useful for the long journeys on horseback into Asia which are often undertaken from Constantinople. But the best articles in the market are the mule-trunks of heavy Russian leather, admirably worked and nothing like which is to be found in Europe.

There is no regulation in Turkey, I believe, against the burial of the dead within the walls of the city, but the prejudice against the disturbing of a grave is so strong that a vast amount of space is necessary for cemeteries. Besides innumerable tombs and many small burial-grounds in the neighborhood of the mosques within Stamboul, Pera, Stamboul itself and Scutari are all bounded on the land side by an almost continuous chain of grave-yards.

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Adjoining each mosque, as a general rule, is built the turbeh, or tomb, of the founder and of his wives and children. Most of these buildings are polygonal and in many cases octagonal, the eight sides corresponding with the names of Allah, Mohammed, and the six Imams. They are the most richly and beautifully decorated buildings in the city, and it is in them that the most valuable specimens of writing on tiles are to be found. The bodies of the dead are, according to Mohammedan custom, laid in the earth at a depth equal to the average height of a man, the grave of the Sultan or founder of the mosque being always opposite the door, and those of his wives and children disposed around his in symmetrical order. Over each grave is built up a wooden coffin or catafalque, of which the size corresponds with the importance of the occupant, the largest in Stamboul being that of Mehemet II. These coffins are covered with black velvet palls, very richly embroidered with silver and sometimes also with costly shawls, all of which have been to Mecca and have lain upon the tomb of the Prophet before being finally placed in the position they now occupy. One of the most curious of all the turbehs is that of Selim—if I am not mistaken—a Sultan who lies surrounded by his four wives and by no less than forty children, boys and girls, all of whom died in infancy. A little white turban distinguishes the graves of the boys from those of the girls. In each of the greater turbehs, in a silver box, is preserved one of the countless hairs of the Prophet's beard, and a railing surrounds the graves, which in some cases is of solid silver. These buildings are treated as mosques, and the matted floors must not be defiled by feet which have touched the street without. At the head of the principal catafalque there are generally three or four folding book-rests of magnificent workmanship, supporting splendidly illuminated Korans, from which the mollah in charge reads chapters at stated times in the day. Some of these illuminations surpass in exquisite detail of finish and color anything to be seen in Europe, and the finest pages of the most famous mediæval missals would look coarse beside them.

Besides the turbehs, there are small burial-grounds attached to many of the mosques, picturesque little places filled with diminutive graves and irregular tomb-stones, and thickly overgrown with shrubs and rose-bushes. It is not the custom in Turkey to keep graves in repair, and the monumental stones, being tall and slender and generally cylindrical, soon fall out of the perpendicular, leaning in every direction and lending the cemeteries a wild and fantastic appearance. Until Mahmud introduced the fez, the headstones of men's graves were surmounted by carved representations of turbans, but since that time the fez is in universal use, painted scarlet when new, with a blue tassel. Upon the column below the cylinder there is frequently a long inscription, beginning with an invocation to God or a verse from the Koran, and followed by a short account of the dead man's life. The tombstones of women either bear no symbol at all, or, as in the great majority of cases, are surmounted by a sunflower or something in the nature of an arabesque or plant. The inscriptions on them are almost invariably in verse. In very rare instances persons of great importance have very elaborate monuments, which are usually ugly in proportion as they are intended to be beautiful, and like the others are allowed to fall to ruin. In most of these small cemeteries there are narrow, well-kept walks at a lower level than the graves themselves, and contrasting oddly with the wild growth of trees and shrubbery on each side. Persons reputed to have led holy lives are often buried, especially in the country, in solitary graves surrounded by elaborate gratings and covered by roofs or domes, and it is not uncommon to see them brightly illuminated at night with votive lamps, like the tombs of saints in Catholic countries. For Mohammedans not only reverence the memory of the dead, but believe in the efficacy of their prayers and intercessions. It is a common thing, too, to see the shrubs about the graves of sainted personages covered with hundreds and even thousands of scraps of rag, torn by pilgrims from their garments and stuck on the bushes in the belief that the offering will preserve the individual from sickness.

But the most picturesque and wild of

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all the places of burial are the great cemeteries without the walls. Magnificent cypresses of almost fabulous age overshadow the vast area occupied by the bodies of the faithful, casting a deep and gloomy shade even in midday in summer; and there is little or no undergrowth here, for the cypress does not favor other plants. As far as the eye can reach in every direction, there is an interminable confusion of gray tombstones, standing, slanting, and lying in every possible position which a straight object can assume. Here and there at wide intervals a spot of bright color is visible, where the fez on a man's tombstone has not yet lost its color under the weather. The place is gloomy at midday, uncanny in the twilight, and ghostly at night. It is no wonder that the Turks should believe in ghosts, ghouls, vampires, and every conceivable posthumous horror. The belief in these things constitutes one of the most deep-rooted of popular Turkish superstitions, and the fatalistic Mussulman, who would readily face death in any shape, would tremble like a child if obliged to pass through a cemetery at night. As a matter of fact the burial-grounds are by no means safe places, especially after dark, for this very superstition makes them a very secure refuge for deserters and malefactors.

But in spite of their wild and gloomy aspect and ruinous condition, or perhaps in consequence of this state of things, the Turkish cemetery is infinitely more picturesque than the Christian churchyard, with its abominably tasteless monuments, its trim salad-like flower beds, and its insipid inscriptions—as superior in interest to an intelligent being as the primæval forest is to the creations of a landscape gardener. Modern religious art seems to be bad because it has kept pace with modern fashion, an error of which the Mussulman cannot be accused. There is something incongruous in treating dead men like books, to be arranged in neat order and catalogued as volumes are in a library. No one who clings to old-fashioned ideas can conceive of finding rest in such a neat and business-like establishment as a modern Christian cemetery. Since we do not believe in the worship of ancestors, as the Chinese do, and since those of us who believe in a future state are convinced that rest and reward or unrest and punishment are for the soul and not for the body, it seems both foolish and wicked to expend enormous sums for the preservation of what is by the hypothesis utterly worthless. Better to lie on the mountain-side under the sky, or to be dropped into the sea with a weight at one's feet, or at least to be put quietly away without expense—or even to occupy a nameless grave under the Turkish cypresses, than to be the prey of the modern undertaker, sexton, marble-cutter, and municipality. But, after all, though death be a matter of necessity, burial will always be a matter of taste.

I have hitherto said little about Pera, Galata, and the thickly populated suburbs on the northern side of the Golden Horn. The ancient city of the Genoese never formed a part of Constantinople, and will never be really incorporated with the Turkish capital. It is true that the Sultan now lives in Yildiz Kiosk, above the farther end of Beshik Tash, the "cradle stone," on the Bosphorus, and the presence of the sovereign has naturally attracted a great number of high officials to the neighborhood. But Pera and Galata are chiefly inhabited by Christians and Jews, many of them being Europeans, and the aspect of the streets is consequently far less Oriental and less interesting. Pera, as everyone knows, is the aristocratic quarter, in which the European Embassies have their residences in winter and where successful Levantine financiers build themselves gorgeous palaces in the midst of reeking slums. As for Galata, it is the fermenting vat of the scum of the earth. It is doubtful whether in any city in the globe such an iniquitous population could be found as that which is huddled together by the water's edge from Kassim Pasha to Tophane. It is indeed an interesting region to the student of criminal physiognomy, for the lowest types of what must necessarily be called the civilized criminal classes fill the filthy streets, the poisonous lanes, and the reeking liquor-shops, the terror of the Europeans above and the object

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of righteous hatred and loathing to the Turks on the other side. The Greeks and Armenians, who lead a sort of underground existence, here make a good living, and by no means a precarious one, by a great variety of evil practices. Being all Christians, they all claim the protection of one or other of the European Embassies, and the political situation of Turkey renders it practically impossible for the Ottoman authorities to arrest or punish one of these malefactors, the slightest interference with whose liberty might at once be made a *casus belli* by the foreign government whose protection he would claim. There is hardly a liquor-shop in Galata, and there are few even among the more respectable cafés in Pera, in which a gambling hell is not kept in a quiet room at the back of the establishment. If the visitor's good luck survives the ordeal of a roulette-table having two zeros and nine or ten numbers, so that he actually wins something that he might take away with him, the establishment has at its disposal a private police force to rob him and, if necessary, to cut his throat so soon as he makes for the door.

As for Scutari, on the other side of the Bosphorus, it is a city of a very different type. The Turk is an Asiatic, and at the junction of the two continents distinguishes very clearly between the two. There are comparatively few Christians on the Asian side, and the houses which line the quiet streets show by their latticed windows that they are inhabited by Mussulmans. There is a certain air of peace, if not of prosperity, about Scutari, which is very restful after the crowded bazaars of Stamboul and the choking slums of Galata. There are few people in the streets, the carriages are old and shabby, and in the country, if not in Scutari itself, these are outnumbered by the primæval ox-carts—low, long-bodied conveyances upon clumsy wheels, any one of them big enough to transport a whole family with its belongings. One often sees these family parties. The women and children, the former more closely veiled than in Stamboul, sit close together side by side from end to end, the paterfamilias generally squatting by himself at the tail of the cart. His expression resembles that of the European father under the same circumstances—a combination of anxiety, weariness, and shyness by no means becoming to the solemn Oriental face. The women, on the other hand, are intensely interested in the sights and incidents of the journey, and look longingly at your light carriage as you drive swiftly by. But there is not much to be seen in Scutari, unless you will take the trouble to climb the steep hill for the sake of the really magnificent view obtained there.

Kadi Keui, the ancient Chalcedon, is a much more interesting place, is more pleasantly situated, and, moreover, affords an attraction in the shape of a Turkish theatre, the only one existing in Constantinople or in the neighborhood. The play-house is a flimsy construction of boards at the end of the broad meadow behind the town, the scenery is sketchy, the music abominable, and the audience consists entirely of men. But the establishment is owned and managed by a first-rate comic actor, a Turk of the Turks, who, if he were well supported, would do credit to any stage in the world. There are not more than two or three performances a week, which take place entirely by daylight, and it is the practice of the theatre to await the convenience of the audience before ringing up the curtain. Though the building is of the nature of tinder, everyone smokes perpetually, and as usual where Turks are gathered together, the ice-cream vender and the coffee seller are constantly in demand. The action of the pieces is located in more or less mythical Eastern countries, and the plays depend entirely for their success upon the talent of the acting manager and proprietor. But even for one unacquainted with the language, his acting is worth seeing.

Beyond Kadi Keui, on the Sea of Marmora, and in full view of the Islands of the Princes, lies one of the most beautiful spots in the whole neighborhood. The Fenar Bagche, the Lighthouse Garden, is a lovely grove at the seaward end of a narrow tongue of land. In successive ages the ancient plane-trees have overshadowed a temple

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of Hera, a summer palace of Justinian, and the wild flowers which have overgrown the foundations of both. Here in the hot summer the sea-breeze blows perpetually; the Greek fishermen dry their nets in the sun and rest in the shade; and in the "Bay of Reeds," between the point, and the fashionable Moda Burnu, a few yachts and pleasure-boats ride lazily at anchor.

This side is rapidly outdoing the Bosphorus in the public estimation as a summer residence, and the land is rising very quickly in value. The air is dryer, and in the evening there is not what the guides call the "cold draught" from the Black Sea. The shore has but one defect, the almost total absence of trees, except at such points as Moda Burnu and Fenar Bagche.

Of the Bosphorus itself it is scarcely possible to speak within these narrow limits. There is a great difference in opinion in regard to its beauty, but for my part I do not think it compares with the Gulf of Naples or with the southern coast of the Crimea. An irreverent American recently said that the Bosphorus was like the Lake of Como drawn through a keyhole. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but it is not without a foundation of truth. The massive towers of Kumeli and Anadoli Hissar, the European and Asiatic castles of Mehemet II., are imposing and picturesque, and the current of the Bosphorus runs between them at a rate which has earned it the name of the "Devil's Stream." But there is little else that has any claim to be called grand between Scutari and the mouth of the Black Sea. On the other hand, the shores are crowded with villages, villas, and dwellings of every description from the Imperial Palaces of Dolma Bagche and Beylerbey to the humble fishermen's huts below Anadoli Kavak. Until lately the Bosphorus was exclusively and especially considered the fashionable summer-resort of Ministers of State, Ambassadors, and rich Greeks; but, as has been already said, it is now losing its prestige in favor of Moda Burnu and the Islands of the Princes. Nevertheless it has a charm and enchantment of its own. The low undulating hills are covered with gardens, many beautiful buildings rise from the water's edge, and the water itself is crowded with craft of all sorts. There is little to distinguish one village from the next, though there are a few points of especial beauty, such as the Valley of the Blue Water—called by Europeans the "Sweet Waters of Asia," where the Turks congregate on Friday afternoons, as at Kiathane, with their wives and families and cigarettes—Therapia, Buyukdere, and the Valley of Roses. At Buyukdere, which means "the great valley," the Belgrade forest begins, stretching away for many miles to the shores of the Black Sea, as wild and beautiful a tract of woodland as can be imagined.

There are good roads through it in many directions, and many bridle paths, over which one may ride thirty miles on a summer's afternoon, almost without leaving the shade; and if one cares for contrasts—which after all are the levers whereby beauty moves the world—one may find them here.

It is toward four o'clock as you mount, and the quay of Buyukdere is beginning to be crowded again; the steamers are coming and going to and from the pier, and the white-shirted Kaikjis are alert for passengers; the Persian merchants are beginning to unroll their carpets for sale under the trees; a dozen smart saddle-horses are led up and down by Turkish grooms, the itinerant barber is shaving the head of a boatman in a shady corner, and the ice-cream seller yells "dondurma kaimak." Out on the blue water three or four white-sailed cutters belonging to idle diplomatists are slowly beating up against wind and current, and the smell of warm roses floats out through the gates of the Russian Embassy garden. You ride away from it all, through the narrow little street beyond, between the shops of the butchers and bakers and grain-sellers, to the broad Meidan. Up to the right through the valley, then, and away into the mysterious forest, till you have left it all behind you—Stamboul, the Bosphorus, the Greeks, the Turks, the Armenians, and the diplomatists. And at last, if you ride far, you will come out when the sun is low upon a bleak moor which ends suddenly with the sharp precipice of a per-

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pendicular cliff. There you may dismount from your horse and stand by the ruins which once were the house of exiled Ovid, gazing out upon the pale waves of the lonely sea, and dreaming, perhaps, of the land no longer distant from you now, which was the cradle of all those races, good and bad, that have struggled, and struggle still, and will strive for ages yet, over the world's great bone of contention—Constantinople.

DEEP WATERS.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

Death could not come between us two:
What fear of death could be,
If thou, its shadow passing through,
But turned and looked at me?
Nor yet could pain the vision dim
With misty blur of tears;
The cup now clouded to the brim,
For him who drinketh, clears.

Deep waters could not quench the light,
The tender light that lies,
Like splendor of the Northern night,
In thy unquestioning eyes.
Though wide the wild, unfurrowed sea,
Though high the skylark sings,
My love should build a bridge to thee,
My heart should find its wings.

I could not miss thee in the throng,
Nor pass thy dwelling-place,
No noise of war could drown thy song,
Nor darkness veil thy face.
With thee to mount from earth to sky,
With thee in dust to sleep;
What height for love could be too high,
Or depth for love too deep?

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AN INCORRIGIBLE POET.

By Bliss Perry.

IT was the very end of summer, and there were yellowing leaves upon the lower branches of the birches that lined a narrow valley in the Vosges. But not a leaf was stirring in the dead air of the late forenoon, and Philander Atkinson, American poet, climbed slowly and with some weariness along the bed of the shrunken stream. He was thinner than three years before, when he had had that strange talk with his friend Darnel, and had shortly after sailed for Europe without even bidding Darnel good-by. This last June the fever had clutched him at Capri. All through July and August he had lain in a hospital on the hill-slope above Naples, and it was only within two weeks that he had felt able to get North again, and to try a walking-trip, by easy stages, in lower Alsace. To-day he shifted his knapsack restlessly. The glare of the sun made him dizzy after a while and he wondered if he had quite thrown off the fever.

Just then the valley narrowed to a gorge; the birches and the sunlight fell away together, and the shadow of huge fir-trees blackened the creeping surface of a pool. At its head the streamlet slipped almost noiselessly over bright-beaded moss, at its foot the overflow trickled away again beneath an arch of heavy masonry, while right and left through the sombre firs stretched a Roman wall. Rome again! Atkinson threw off his knapsack and drank of the shadowed water, then lay back listlessly against the gray wall. Rome again!

There was no escaping her. Wherever he had wandered in Europe he had found the arch or the road, the word or law, that spoke still of the world's mistress. When he first landed he scarcely thought of the Mediterranean countries. A sudden legacy had set him free from the pretence of calling himself a lawyer, and he had taken passage for Germany with the duplicate proofs of his first volume of verses in his bag. To the second edition, issued the following autumn, he had added "In Heine's Land," poems on German themes. For the Muses had been gracious to Philander, and keeping him far from the Germandom of lecture-rooms and barracks, had sent him into Thuringia and the Hartz, the Black Forest and the Bavarian Alps, the last refuge-places of Romance. Critical notices of "In Heine's Land" which reached him from time to time praised the advance upon the cleverness, the mere brightness, of his earlier verse. His touch was certainly softer, and now and then he struck a deeper note than had been his wont since he began to publish. In Bavaria he always went to church. An old priest who was his companion for a week at a Salzburg inn thought him ripe for conversion, and Atkinson did indeed come to the conviction that some of his walk and conversation with Darnel in New York had been rather godless. A new world of emotional life opened before him. He comprehended instinctively, as he thought, such apparently separate phenomena as the South German peasant, the early drawings of Dürer, and the heart-breaking change of key in Heine's songs. Back of the thirteenth century his mind rarely wandered, nor very far forward into the nineteenth, and he thought seriously of renting a couple of rooms

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in Marburg Castle and settling down to the new dream of his life, the revivification of romantic poetry.

Then, one restless day, he promised a friend, a young Australian painter, to spend the next winter on the Nile. It was an evil hour for Philander, and the guardian Muses must have slept. Little by little the North faded from his mind: its art, its serious faith, his own imaginative impulse — all these grew unreal under the Egyptian sky. But he never wrote such facile verse as on the deck of the dhahabîyeh, pipe in mouth, with the Australian forever interrupting him to discuss color-values. He discovered that three or four dozen Arabic words enlarged his rhyme-list marvellously, and that his readers liked that sort of thing. "Oriental Overtones," a collection that his publishers issued in the spring at a dollar and a quarter, the cover ornamented with a pink camel squatting before a blue pyramid, was lauded for its gorgeous imagery and sonorous diction, and netted poor Philander in the first six months the munificent sum of twenty-seven dollars and a half. Poor Philander—for the Australian told him that the "Overtones" were "rot," and he knew it well enough himself.

They parted in Syria, the American journeying westward, along a Roman road. But he lingered on the shores of the Mediterranean, for here he made new discoveries in himself. He found a sense of beauty impatient of mystery or awe, a feeling for the harmony of line, a satisfaction in subtleties of light and shade. He gazed at blue water and volcanic headland and graying temple until he felt that his eye was right at last. An enthusiasm for the classics, forgotten since his school-days, awoke in him. There was no use in trying to write like Byron or even like Uhland, but he really thought, after two months in Sicily, that he could imitate Theocritus. At least he translated Theocritus, then turned to Virgil and Horace again, steadied his sense of form, trained himself into a cool paganism of temper, and wrote verses delicate yet firm in outline as the sculptures on a sarcophagus. Henceforward he determined to be a classicist, to restrict the quantity of his poetry, to be less lavish with its hues, less individual in its form, but to aim at perfection. He quite outgrew, as he supposed, that transient mediævalism. His dreams went backward to the lovely Græco-Roman world, and forward too, for one day, on the rocks at Capri, he saw more clearly than ever before what might, with good fortune, be his place among twentieth-century poets. And the next day the fever took him. Rome and Sicily, Marburg and the Nile, alternated with one another in his delirium for weeks and weeks, while the sisters of the hospital counted quiet prayers for him, pagan as he was.

It was of all this that Philander was thinking, as he lay there in the Alsatian valley, with his head against a Roman wall. The coolness of the place was infinitely restful, and the fir-forest brought back many an outworn dream. He watched the eddies of the pool circle away from a broad rock that lay midstream, its top almost touched by the stealthy water, and thought of the folklore of the North, the stories of Undine and of the water-sprites, the maidens of the spring and nymphs of the wave, and thence his mind wandered aimlessly to the sea-goddesses of the South. Scarcely could he keep his eyelids apart, so drowsy had he grown, and he smiled drowsily at his own fancies, and wished the fever had left his head steadier for these long mornings in the Alsatian sun.

. . . . . .

All at once she was there—her feet just free from the clear ripples which washed that broad rock in the middle of the pool, the water still trickling from her glistening limbs and luminous body, and dripping from her upraised arms as she knotted her wet yellow hair. Then she leaned forward, with fingers clasped about her rounded knees, her friendly blue eyes fixed upon Philander, and a slight, inscrutable smile upon the full contented lips.

"My brother"—she said, and he knew her at that word, and his breath came slower. It was no maiden of the spring, nor wave-born goddess of the doves; she was the calm Classic Muse whose inspiration he had sought at many a lonely place and quiet hour on the shore of the Mediterranean.

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"Shall I tell you something, my brother? I have known you a long while, ever since that day at Brindisi, when you thought you turned your back forever on the North. I pitied you at Capri for your fruitless gazing across the water, and I wished to come to you in your fever, while the black-robed sisters were asleep. But it is better that I waited until now. Do you not know, poor boy, that it is all in vain that you seek me? You were born too late, and I, who am very old—you need not smile—know very well that no hour comes twice, not even to us of the timeless world. There were two men in this century of yours who might perhaps have given themselves to me utterly. One was a Jew boy who fell in love with his cousin and broke his heart, so that I could not teach him a single note, though he and I sat together one noon in the Hartz forest, and he used to cry out for me passionately now and then. The other was a tall Englishman whose heart was troubled about his God, so that he could look at me only for a moment, though I drew near him more than once in the high Alps. They were born too late, like you, and into a world which is not mine. But what matters it? Each to his own world. Why do you give yourself the fever? I love you, my brother of this strange new age, but you must never try to behold me any more. You have your own world, and I am told it is a brave one: why do you look back?"

. . . . . .

Atkinson opened his eyes slowly. The streamlet was still murmuring over the moss, but no voice mingled with its tune; upon the broad rock a gray bird was tilting, and the beautiful nude form no longer gleamed against the brown shadows. He sprang to his feet. His head felt strangely clear. The dizziness had gone, as if the lingering Italian fever had been exorcised by his draught from the mountain stream, but a lassitude had taken its place. He knew he had been dreaming, yet he felt ten years older than when he had flung himself down against that lichen-covered wall. Something was broken in him. He remembered each syllable that had fallen from those musical, sensuous lips, and for an instant his own heart lay open before him as the water-deeps. The dream-divinity was right: no hour comes twice. The hour for that fair Græco-Roman world was past, and not even a poet could bring it back again, or strive to tarry in it save to his own hurt. How blind he had been, ever since that day at Brindisi!

Mechanically he shouldered his knapsack, and started up the valley. His feet stumbled once and again upon the narrow path, and he wondered if he had strength enough to finish the climb to Ueber-See-und-Thal—a famous monastery once, then a convent, but half secularized now and become a show-place. The rocky wall of the gorge kept crowding closer upon the thin stream, sliding inertly from pool to pool. The air was heavy with balsamic odors; at every turn in the path there was something to remind Philander of that world of romance which had so long held him captive. It was like getting home again. Here was a hollow under the cliffs fit for a *Siegfried's* dragon; there a lonely rock-walled glade like the one in the incantation scene of "Der Freischütz." Airs of operas, bits of poetry, whimsical legends, slipped back into his mind as if they had never been absent from it. As he neared the valley's head there was a view backward through the jagged fir-trees, past the sunlit hazy slopes of birch and beech, and out upon the wide Rhine-plain, misty even in high noon; and there was a charm, a mysterious fascination about it all, after those clear, pale distances in Italy!

But he was too weary to stand looking, and pushed on across the hot pasture-land and up to the walls of the Ueber-See-und-Thal. The path led him close to the door of the lower chapel, and he loosened his knapsack and went in. His guide-book had told him that the chapel to Mary of the Fir-tree was very old, yet he was scarcely prepared for the crudeness and simplicity that marked the interior, as his eye grew accustomed to its twilight. The sandstone statue of the Virgin belonged to the earliest period of Northern sculpture; the black font was worn deeply at the side by centuries of finger-

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touches; the rude benches of darkened pine were soiled with the candle-drippings of Alsatian pilgrims. Faith was still unshaken in this nook of the Vosges. Before the tawdry, pitiful altar was crouching an old woman, her face bowed to her knees, her crooked fingers trembling over her rosary; and the huge stone pillar by the door, built when Barbarossa was a child, was hung around with votive offerings—poor little tin figures of broken limbs, and waxen hearts, and yellowing slips of paper laboriously written with "Pray for Me," "Pray for Us," "Dear Mary of the Fir-tree, I am Thankful." Philander murmured the words softly to himself, before he went out.

A few sisters of the suppressed religious order had been allowed to remain at Ueber-See-und-Thal to provide for the wants of the pilgrims and sight-seers, and the American was shown to the refectory and served with a dinner of boiled beef and turnips, with black bread and the white wine of Oberhausbergen. The nun who waited upon him had a round, childish face, with eyes serious as a Madonna's and of a brown that he had never seen outside of the Black Forest. She spoke French badly. Philander watched her, and as he finished the simple meal, pointed to the open door of the refectory.

Far below was the Rhine, and beyond it, almost hidden in the haze, there were dim mountain lines.

"That is the Hornisgründe over there, is it not?" he asked, in the Black Forest dialect.

A startled look came into her eyes, and her grave mouth grew curiously wistful.

"Certainly," she answered, in the same drawling gutturals, without following the direction of his hand. "That is the Hornisgründe." She paused a moment in embarrassment. "I thought you were not French. The gentleman is an American."

"But I have lived in the Black Forest," asserted Philander, "for months and months."

"And I was born there." She glanced toward the doorway now, as if scarcely conscious of the stranger's presence.

"I was sure of it. And how came you here?"

He had gone too far. She turned to him, almost with terror.

"No, no!" she cried. "You must not ask. I have been here a long time, and—I am very happy."

Philander lifted his eyebrows. "Do you mean that?" he remarked, quietly.

For answer she looked away from him, and gathered up the empty dishes without a word.

When she returned she brought his coffee, and spoke French.

"Would Monsieur not prefer to take coffee upon the terrace? The view is very beautiful, and people come a long distance to see it."

He rose and walked to the doorway, the nun following with a sugar-bowl and a tiny flask of chartreuse. The blazing sunlight made him hesitate. He turned irresolutely, and took a long look at the cool, dim refectory, with its dark oak timbers and whitewashed walls, and at the Black Forest woman, with her calm eyes—and her mask of French—and her unknown history.

"Why do you look back?" she asked, naïvely.

Philander was strangely moved; those were the very words spoken by the smiling goddess of his morning dream; but could he not linger even in the shadow-land of Romance? He made no answer.

"There is a breeze under the linden by the north door," she went on, "and there are tables there. I will show you."

He followed, without noticing whither she was taking him. "There, Monsieur," she said, "here is the coffee, and the sugar, and the liqueur, and—" in a lower voice—"here are some Americans—adieu!"

Philander raised his eyes. It was too late to retreat, and besides he recognized Virginia Johnson, a former table companion at the boarding-house on Twelfth Street. She was a student at the Art League then, on the eve of going to Paris.

"Why, Mr. Atkinson!" she cried, dropping the illustrated paper she was perusing, and putting out her hand joyfully, "this is delightful."

"Thank you," said Atkinson, rescuing her paper from its dangerous

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proximity to her coffee-cup. "You still read *Life*, I see."

"Of course. 'While there's *Life*, there's hope.' Do you remember the triolet? Or have we forgotten our humble beginnings, sir?"

It seemed natural to have Virginia Johnson chaff him.

"No," he said, "I haven't forgotten. That triolet in *Life* was the first thing of mine to be accepted, and I have never doubted that it was your thumb-nail sketch that made them take it. And—excuse me—wasn't that your first acceptance too? And the week it came out you got the number first and gave it to me at dinner, with 'While there's *Life*, there's hope' marked in red."

She bowed with mock gravity. "You deserve your fame, Mr. Atkinson. You are loyal to that dear old boarding-house. Let me introduce you to my father."

An elderly gentleman in gray, with a felt hat pushed well back upon his bald head, laid down his newspaper and set his eyeglasses higher upon his nose.

"This is Mr. Atkinson, papa—Mr. Philander Atkinson." She repeated the words impressively, as if hoping that her father would recognize a name already distinguished in the world of minor poetry. But Mr. Johnson shook hands in utter innocence of the honor conferred upon him, and was conscious only of the pleasure in meeting a fellow-citizen.

"Glad to know you," he said. "I tell you it seems good to find an American over here. Haven't seen one since we left Heidelberg; there were lots of 'em there. That was a week ago, wasn't it, Virginia?"

"Three days," replied the girl, smiling.

"Well, it's long enough, anyhow. There are nice places here in Europe, Mr. Atkinson, but a man gets kind of lonesome, doesn't he?"

"Sometimes," admitted Atkinson, putting a lump of sugar into his coffee.

"Exactly. I should say he did! My daughter, now, has been over here five years, and says she hasn't been homesick once. I don't understand it;" and he shook his bald head dubiously.

"Papa has been away from New Jersey exactly five weeks," commented Miss Johnson. "We have made I don't know how many business calls on woollen manufacturers—what comical times we have had!—and now I want him to go to Normandy for a month—to see some of the places where I've sketched, you know—and he insists upon our taking the steamer next Saturday. Can't you talk to him, Mr. Atkinson?"

The man of woollens smiled imperturbably, and took out a couple of cigars. "I wish you'd try one of those," he said. "I brought over a couple of boxes; Virginia has been managing the custom-house end of it. And here's a *Sun*, if you like; we got our papers at Mühlhausen last night, and haven't had time to read 'em until now. Nine days from New York to Mühlhausen isn't so bad, eh?"

But Philander declined the newspaper. The talk drifted to Miss Virginia's art-studies in Paris, and by and by Mr. Johnson dropped out of it, and buried himself contentedly in the New York stock quotations. Atkinson found himself studying the girl curiously as she chatted on. Was she the little Miss Johnson of five years back, who used to come in from Newark for five days in the week, and spar with Darnel and himself at dinner-time? She must have been barely eighteen then, but had already learned to manage her gray eyes with absolute accuracy and irreproachable composure. She had been on fire for Art, but as to everything else cool as a woman of thirty. When Philander's triolet, illustrated with her sketch, had been accepted by *Life*, he had grown distinctly sentimental over their joint production, but she laughed him down to a prose level in no time, and pocketed her half of the eight dollars with a most professional air. There was no nonsense, Darnel had once remarked oracularly, about Virginia Johnson; and when her father sent her to Paris, even the most acrimonious woman among the Twelfth Street boarders found nothing to criticise in her conduct, and could not help wishing her well.

And this, Atkinson reflected, as he watched the radiant creature opposite

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him, was little Miss Johnson! She was grown taller now and more womanly in figure; her hair was done up differently, as far as the Paris hat would allow him to observe, and instead of the faint, clear color that she had had that winter in New York, her face was full-blooded and sun-browned, for she had been painting in the open air since May. Her eyes only were unchanged, but even they seemed more brilliant than of old. For a poor fellow just escaped from the black-robed sisters of a hospital, Miss Johnson's travelling gown was a miracle of Parisian audacity. Its color reinforced her eyes' peculiar gray, and the long suède gloves that lay by the *Life* upon the little table were exactly the shade of her coiled hair. More marvellous still to the jaded spirits of Philander, was the pulse-beat of a strong personality beneath this feminine and sophisticated charm. Through the clearness of her gay voice there was the subtle thrill that comes only with the consciousness of success. He remembered now that his friend the Australian, when fresh from Paris, had told him about some medal or other that Virginia Johnson had won, and he wondered why he had not paid more attention at the time. But there was something more than medal-winning back of that unobtrusive faith in herself.

"And yet you are going back to New York?" he said, rather discontentedly, as she finished an exposition of the latest impressionist fad.

"Of course," she replied. "I've already rented my studio. Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's the use?" he asked, suddenly.

She looked grave. "Have you done anything since 'Oriental Overtones'?"

"You saw those?"

"Most certainly." She did not tell them that she had cut the verses from the American papers wherever she had found them, and had cherished them for old acquaintance' sake, though knowing perhaps better than anyone how bad they really were.

"Yes, I have done a good deal since then. But a very beautiful woman—and a person who ought to know, I suppose—intimated to me no longer ago than this morning that I have been tarrying among the tombs." His eyes were half-closed as he spoke, and he heard again the plash of water into the pool by the Roman wall. But there was a sort of mockery in his voice that Miss Johnson did not like.

"Where have you been this summer?" she asked, somewhat at random.

"Since June, up to two weeks ago, in a Naples hospital. It was not particularly cheerful. Before that I was at Capri, and Paestum, and Taormina."

"I did not know you had been ill!" exclaimed Miss Johnson. "Why did you not let——" She stopped, flushing a little. "Anyone of the Paris boys would have gone down. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And there was nothing about it in the papers from home."

"No," he said, "such is fame!"

"But what lovely places you have seen," said the young woman, with a change of tone.

"Yes, if you don't take the fever," he replied, quietly. "And if you don't try to raise the dead to life."

It occurred to Miss Johnson that the fever might not have altogether left Mr. Atkinson's brain. Involuntarily she glanced toward her father, who had strolled away to the edge of the terrace, and was trying to focus a field-glass upon the haze-hidden spire of the Strassburg cathedral.

"Did you happen to see 'In Heine's Land'?" asked Atkinson.

She nodded.

"I wish you would tell me what you thought of it. Really thought of it, I mean; just as you did of the triolet before we sent it to *Life*."

She remembered, all too distinctly, the fun she had made of his triolet, but he was appealing now to her candor as well as her artistic sense.

"I thought there were beautiful things 'In Heine's Land,'" she said, hesitatingly; "very gentle and very perfect in feeling. I was reminded of one of them this morning—may I say so?—when we were in the lower chapel and I read to papa some of those prayers hung upon the pillar. Do you remember your own poem about one of those ill-spelled prayers? Then you ought to, if

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you please! And yet—you know you asked me to say it, Mr. Atkinson—is it really the best work you can do? Isn't it too foreign, too mediæval, somehow? I know those old German *motifs* are the loveliest things in the world, almost; they make me cry, and yet all the time I can't help thinking that they are not for us. Haven't we something better? An artist simply *must* not hark back—you should have heard our boys in Normandy talk that to each other! You see one can't, if one wants to, and—you will forgive me, won't you?—wouldn't it be better not to try?"

She was leaning across the table.

"I daresay," he said, wearily, yet wondering a little why she had cared enough for his work to tell him the truth about it, and not quite free from the masculine fondness for a pretty woman's preaching; "but if a man is going to accomplish anything, he must do the best he knows at the time."

"Most certainly!" she cried. "I don't mean that it wasn't worth doing, then, if you were in the mood. I never saw anything more touching than those bits of paper in the chapel. And I wanted immensely to sketch that nun who waited on us at dinner. You see I make that concession to Romance! Yet I imagine the poor creature, in spite of her face, is prosaic enough at bottom. It's partly her robe, you know, and the half-light of the refectory."

"Perhaps," said Philander, "but you should have seen her eyes fill when I spoke to her in German. She comes from over there"—he nodded toward the Rhine—"and she has a history, or she never would have left the Schwarzwald for the Vosges."

Miss Johnson was silent.

"It's a little thing like that," he went on, impetuously, with a subdued passion in his voice, "that makes me imagine there is still a place for poetry in the world. Here and there is an unspoiled corner of it, like Ueber-See-und-Thal, but there are not many of them left. Did you know there was a railway tunnel beneath the rock where the Lorelei used to sing?"

"No," she answered, slowly, "but do you not suppose, Sir Poet, that you could find women reclining in those railway carriages who are all the Lorelei was, and more?"

"You are talking like Archie Darnel now," said Atkinson, dryly, but his heart beat quicker in spite of himself.

"Yes? Tell me about Mr. Darnel. He used to be so ambitious, and I have never heard from him."

"Did you not know? Darnel and his wife were killed on their wedding journey, three years ago."

"How terrible!" she murmured. "And how strange, after all Darnel meant to do?"

"There was nothing so very strange about it," remarked Philander, bitterly; "it was the most commonplace accident in the world. A drunken brakeman forgot to flag a train, and so spoiled the great story."

"What story? I don't understand."

"Well," said Atkinson, "I didn't altogether understand myself, but Darnel's idea was this—" and he told of the ecstasy of his friend concerning the Commonest Story. But he failed to mention the fact that he too had known Mrs. Darnel, and that he had sailed for Europe the day before the wedding. She listened gravely, but with a light kindling in her eyes.

"Ah!" she cried, as Philander finished, "if he had only lived! He was on the right track, was he not? If anything great is ever again to be done, it will be in that way. Darnel is on my side—or rather on our side—there are so many of us! There are pictures, poems, operas—oh, there are a thousand things to be done, and we *fin-de-siècle* people, we science-spoiled people"—there was a fine irony in her tone—"must do them. And we shall do them! It is grand to go back to New York. Just think of the men and women there all trying for the same thing, and all trained for it too! And the great story may be written any day, or the great picture painted. Oh, it is beautiful here in your quiet corner of Ueber-See-und-Thal, and it was beautiful in Normandy, but it always makes me restless to get to Paris or London or New York. Work—*work*—don't you fairly thrill with the sound of the word? '*Men my brothers, men the workers*'—Please, Mr. Poet, what is the rest of it?"

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Philander shook his head. He was watching her as a sick man watches for the daybreak. The artist in her was all on fire—but the woman? New thoughts, or rather old forgotten thoughts, surged up within him. He took the chance.

"Yes," he said, deliberately, "you talk exactly like Archie Darnel. But Darnel was in love—body and soul in love."

Their eyes met. Virginia Johnson's fell first, but in that single instant he was clairvoyant enough to perceive why she had illustrated his triolet, so long ago, and why she had been annoyed that he did not telegraph when he lay ill with the fever. She had cared for him all the time.

"Halloo, Mr.—— Mr. Atkinson!" called Miss Johnson's patient father from the terrace. "I wish you'd give me the exact direction of Strassburg. I can't tell whether I'm focused on that spire or not." Philander rose without a word and joined him, leaving Miss Virginia playing with her suède gloves. The Black Forest woman, who had been standing in the shadow of the refectory for several minutes, came forward to remove the coffee-cups. With a sudden impulse, the girl took out a gold piece, and thrust it into the nun's cool palm.

"Oh, no!" said she. "I must not."

"For the poor, then."

"If Mademoiselle desires. May you have the blessing of Our Lady of the Fir-tree!" Then she glanced toward Atkinson with a singular expression, and added, timidly: "And I wish you happiness, Mademoiselle."

"Hush!" replied Virginia, severely. But her heart was dancing.

"Where do you go from here?" inquired Mr. Johnson of Philander, when the location of the cathedral spire was definitely determined.

"I am going back to New York," said Atkinson. There was a ring in his own voice that surprised him.

"You don't say!" cried the elder man, delightedly. "Passage taken?"

"Not yet."

"Well, why not sail with me Saturday? It's the French line, and I'm afraid there won't be many Americans on board. You'd better join us."

"There will be Americans enough," said Philander, as they strolled back toward the linden. "But I don't know whether I may join you. That depends."

The Alsatian coachman whom Mr. Johnson had hired was fussing impatiently with his horses, for it was mid-afternoon. Philander stooped for his knapsack.

"You walked up all the way?" asked Mr. Johnson. "Ride down with us." Philander glanced involuntarily at Miss Virginia.

"You had better," said the girl, quietly. "He has been ill, papa," and in spite of her swiftness in reaching for the field-glass and turning away for a last look at the view, Atkinson saw the color mount into her face.

"That settles it," cried the woollen manufacturer, cheerily.

"Very well," said Atkinson, with a look that his hospitable fellow-countryman could not fathom. "We will let that settle it. And I think I shall sail on La Champagne." His heart was like a boy's.

"Coachman — put—in —that—knapsack." The Alsatian obeyed. "See?" added Mr. Johnson, triumphantly, turning to Philander, "these fellows understand you if you only talk plain United States to them. All the same, it makes me lonesome to travel where there aren't any Americans. I tell you, it doesn't do man or woman any good to knock around too much alone. That's just what I say to my daughter. Isn't that so, Virginia?"

But Virginia, with field-glass directed rather vaguely out upon the Rhine-plain, stood motionless, as if she had not heard; whereupon Philander caught her travel-stained *Life* from the table, swiftly folded it and thrust it into his inside pocket. He was an incorrigible poet, after all.

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THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THERE'S a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold,
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old:
We are weary in our cradles
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or steel
Is nothing that we should fear:
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here:
But this is a fear no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow relentless padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

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THE ACTOR.

By John Drew.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. METCALF.

TO the casual spectator in the stalls, who beholds the actor "strut and fret his brief" two hours on the stage (sometimes not brief enough perhaps), the other life of the player, away from the "glare of the footlights," is often a source of wonder and speculation, differing as it does from the life of men in other callings. Nor should this private life be offered to the notice of his public, except where the natural mingling with his kind begets friendships and a commerce with others in his relaxation from actual work. It is during his hours of diversion that the actor comes into touch with the outer world, and there we may see him off the stage. There, too, he has the pleasing feeling that while playing, in the sense of amusing himself, he is working in a measure; for his calling demands that he shall, Bacon-like, take all knowledge for his province; and everything he sees, hears, or experiences in his hours of ease may some time stand him in good stead in his working-day world. Therefore, while (paraphrasing an historic utterance) the price of success is eternal work for the actor, and the capacity for taking infinite pains is demanded of him always, the man who is serious in his life's work on the stage finds a relaxation from the actual technical part of his calling in the sometimes agreeable, and always interesting, study of men and things outside of his theatre.

It is understood, of course, that I speak always of the real, the serious actor, serious in his calling, be his *métier* comedy or tragedy. And the indulgent reader—and I feel that indulgent must be the reader who commits himself to the perusal of these pages—the indulgent reader must remember that it is the actor only on his human and social, as contradistinguished from his professional and artistic side, who is to be seen and heard here. By human and social is not meant private and personal; but a few phases of the actor's life may interest many, apart from his professional doings which all know.

To open, then, with the experience of the beginner, an aspiring youth, who—the firing of the Ephesian dome being accomplished—elects to ignite the Hudson or other convenient river in histrionic fashion: Assume that he, with or without previous amateur training in dramatics—and I do most certainly believe that a knowledge of an amateur sort is of great advantage to the beginner—secures an engagement in a company, presumably and most probably a travelling company. Then his experience begins. If he have a sense of the humorous, as I think most artistic temperaments have, he will find in his first season a full recompense for the poor parts he will in all likelihood have to play, in the humors of his situation and his experiences in small towns, their theatres and hotels (Heaven save the mark!). Perhaps some of his experiences at the moment may not be as funny to him as they will appear at a later day; but let him solace himself with the old Virgilian quotation, *Et hæc olim*, etc. They will serve for sweet discourses in the time to come. But in the meantime the company to which he has attached himself, after infinite endeavor and much waiting perhaps, makes its first appearance at a "one-night stand," technically speaking. (At this day, when all theatrical phrases have become current, it seems superfluous to define the technicality—a town where they are to play but once.) If he has been gently nurtured, his proud stomach may at first rebel against the extraordinary fare presented him at the hotel to which his slender purse has led him, and the won-

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Making-up.

drous array of comestibles set before him, for the most part in canary-bird bath-tubs, and he will wonder at the entire absence of any of the *plats* set forth in wonderful French on the more or less pretentious *menu*, which an independent and probably unwashed male, or perhaps pert and flippant female attendant, has thrown before him. But let him smile superior to this, for more surprises await him. After swallowing, with as good a grace and appetite as he can command, the incongruous repast, and having with some amusement and distrust inspected the room he is to occupy for the night, with its microscopic pillows and undulating, lumpy bed, its infinitesimal towels, and the pink and latherless piece of soap on the wash-stand, he sallies forth to see the Thespian temple in which his first step toward fame is to be made. He accosts a native with an inquiry as to the whereabouts of the theatre, and is met with a reply—the tone and expression conveying pity for his ignorance of local belongings—that the "Opry" House is in a certain direction. Seeing that the mention of "Opry" House produces a condition of vagueness in our young friend, who has no knowledge of provincial nomenclature in the matter of theatres, but only knows that he personally is not going in for lyric honors, and fancies that there must be some

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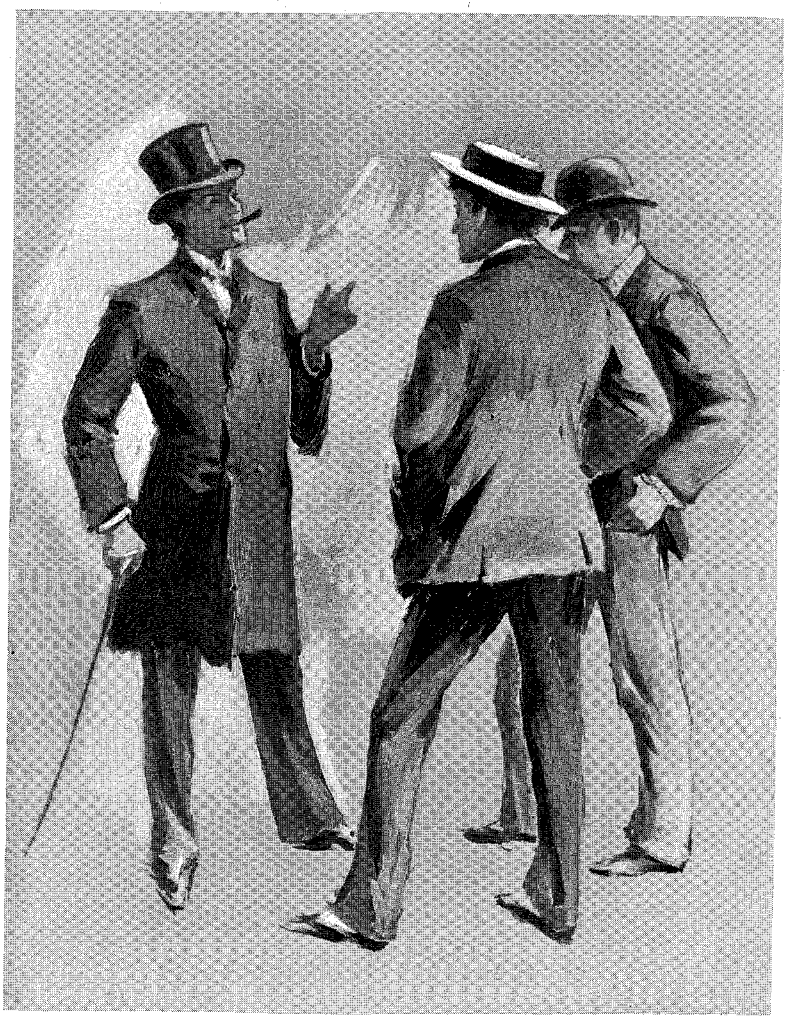
mistake somewhere, the native offers to be his guide to the Thespian temple, where he says "So and so's" company is to play that night; misnaming the company in some frightful fashion, to the disgust and consternation of the newly fledged one, and beguiling the tedium of the walk with reminiscences perhaps, in matter-of-course manner asks for "passes" for the "show," which the unfledged one is not empowered to give; and not feeling that he can afford to buy the tickets, the latter mutters some inarticulate thanks and excuses for his exceeding rudeness, and vanishes into the theatre. Night



On the Rialto.

of the different theatrical "attractions" that have "showed" in town during the year; miscalling, in ultra-bucolic fashion, most of them; even alluding to the dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's immortal work as "Uncle John's Cabin." Arrived at the "Opry" House the guide, after night he goes through much the same experience in other towns, meeting many strange and thrilling, even perhaps romantic and tragic adventures, but coming out of them all still strong and determined, feeling that they are all crosses by the way, and

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The Soubrette.

that, despite these trifling obstacles, he is working steadily on toward the goal he has set out for.

And *à propos* of the strange adventures that the actor may meet with, let me make mention of several. One is well known and has been much written and talked of. I refer to the sad and unfortunate affair that occurred some years ago in Marshall, Tex. I instance it to note the self-sacrifice of two men when circumstances made necessary the defence of a woman. The bare facts will speak for themselves :

On the night of March 22, 1878, a theatrical company playing "Diplomacy," had finished their performance in the town just mentioned, and were awaiting the train to take them to Fort Worth, the next town on their route ; the train did not arrive at Marshall until 2 A.M., and as is habitual with actors the company craved something to eat after the play. All but two of the men and one of the ladies of the company were satisfied with the poor food the wretched hotel afforded, but these three unfortunately went to an eating saloon at the end of the station platform, where something more substantial was to be had, and, where they were obliged to sit upon high stools to eat it, to their great amusement. They had been there but a few minutes when there entered a semi-inebriated man of huge proportions, who at once began to use the most violent and indecent language. One of the men of the party begged the keeper of the restaurant to repress the new-comer. The creature,

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

A Morning Rehearsal.

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hearing himself alluded to, redoubled his violence and indecency; at which the gentleman who had made the appeal called him to order himself. The brute remarked that he could "knock any man's head off," adding that he had no pistol or knife, and proposed to do for anyone with his "bunch of fives," exhibiting at the same time his ponderous sledge-hammer-like fists. As there was no issue out of it but an encounter, the champion of the lady began taking off his coat for the affray, when the brute whipped out a pistol and shot him; the bullet entered the upper part of his arm and we cut it out of his shoulder at the back. At the same time the other man of the party got down from his stool to interpose to prevent bloodshed, when the assassin turned on him and shot him dead. A tragic affair truly, but unique in the annals of acting, happily for the fair fame of a State as well as for the unwary player who ventures into those pleasing regions.

This recital of a tragic episode (showing only what the actor in his every-day life may be called on to experience, with those in other walks) I must relieve with a semi-humorous incident of "life on the road" at which a late celebrated tragedian assisted. Obliged one night in the South to take a train, to which for some cause there was no sleeping-car attached, he was fain to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted in the crowded day-coach; but, alas! comfort or sleep were not for him, for there was a poor woman of the lower class in the car with a crying baby — a baby with splendid lungs and a most painful and insistent cry, enraging to some and distressing to all. The tragedian shifted about in his seat, first on one side and then on the other, and as the child's crying continued he finally gave up the attempt to rest, and, pitying the poor mother, got up, walked along the aisle to where the mother and the wailing offspring were, and said: "Madam, permit me to look at your child." The poor woman held up the complaining infant to his inquiring gaze, and being a man of family and noting the age of the infant, he asked, "Madam, has this child had its maternal nourishment?" The distracted mother assured him that it had. "Ah, then give it to me," said he. The woman complied and the tragedian took the small bundle of humanity in his arms, and with stately tread and martial stalk walked up and down the aisle of the car—at first to the amusement of the passengers. As the child became soothed and quieted under the dandling and cooing of the self-appointed nurse, their amusement gave way to quiet joy and content, and when, in a short time, the infant, quietly sleeping, was again confided to its mother's arms, the male passengers all shook hands with, and in subdued voices congratulated and thanked the benefactor of the car. Indeed one gentleman was with difficulty restrained from firing a "feu de joie" then and there in celebration. It was pointed out to him, however, that the explosion of his pistol would inevitably bring forth another explosion from the recently quieted child, and a second application of the tragedian's soothing process might not be as successful as the first. This reasoning had its effect. The protagonist in this "juvenile performance" had in the meantime gone back to his seat and was quietly dozing. This is a trifling incident, perhaps, to make mention of, but "life is a large bundle of little things," and it is just such happenings as this that keep us in touch with our fellow-creatures.

From this "bundle of little things" I recall a humorous occurrence of a few years ago that may not seem without interest in showing the effect of the discipline of actors, which is so essential a part of their every-day life, and the curious fashion in which appreciation of it manifests itself in certain minds. It is my pleasure and great good fortune to have been associated for many years with a dramatic company in which discipline — with a big D — was our watchword, and almost our very being. We were, in fact, a sort of dramatic West Point. The figure is not strained, I think, for the company is a national institution, has a great commandant, several splendid professors, and many clever and promising cadets. *Bien;* the manager of our company elected to open—*i.e.*, be the first

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to play—in the newly erected theatre in a certain town in the interior of Illinois. We played in this said town for two nights. It was a most delightful place rurally, but theatrically impossible for that company. And the hotel! Words fail me. Shocking cannot describe it. Indeed I have no adjective at my command to do it justice. As the celebrated comedian of the company and myself were sitting in the "rotunda" of the hotel, as they probably called the space before the desk, after our performance the first night, smoking and talking over the quaintness of our present conditions, we noticed—walking up and down before us at intervals — a man, evidently a native of the town, and as evidently from his knowing looks toward us and his "wreathed smiles," a spectator of our play of the evening. The celebrated comedian, alert as he always is to humorous accident, said that something would come of it in a minute, and it did. Presently the smiling native seated himself on the bench where we were, and, after combing his "chin beard" with his fingers several times, and clearing his throat in true bucolic fashion, said to my companion, "I seen you act to-night." "Ah," said the celebrated comedian, pleasantly, "I hope you were edified." "Haw! haw!" laughed the native, as if appreciating a huge joke. "I dunno' about that, I thought it was putty good;" and he added, "you folks ought to stay here some time. I hear most of the reserved positions is bought up for tomorrow night;" and continuing more confidentially, as he edged closer to my companion, "I had a talk with the proprietor of the hall to-night, and we come to the conclusion that yours was the best trained troupe that had ever been here since 'Humpy-Dinky.'" It is needless to say that he referred to the well-known pantomime performance of "Humpty-Dumpty," which some years before had been exhibited in the town. I leave the reader to imagine the stunning effect this innocent and naïve criticism of our perfect discipline and "form" produced upon two of the players of the Comédie Française of America!

But if the evidence of discipline produced this effect, though quaintly expressed in the mind of the provincial critic, the lack of it is often most convulsing to the disciplinarian. I remember seeing in St. Louis once, at a German theatre, a performance of the drama of "William Tell." I was told by the manager of the theatre that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine, and that I was to wait until the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent to see something that would astonish me. I did wait as patiently as I could until that scene, and I was certainly astonished. The scene arrived where Tell is to shoot the apple from his son's devoted head. As I gathered from the subsequent occurrence, the apple and Tell's cross-bow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to its target. At the proper cue the arrow did speed half-way toward the apple and there stuck, to all appearance, in mid-air! In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to "joggle" the arrow to its mark. The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening. The apple firmly fixed on his youthful cranium was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gessler's guards, looking painfully like a gentleman who might officiate on one of the Anheuser-Busch wagons during the day, took in the situation, and coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the recalcitrant arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.

This is only matched in my recollection by a similar contretemps in a well-known though antiquated play called "The Maid and the Magpie," in which the magpie, a "property" bird, of course, exercises its well-known instinct for the picking up of unconsidered trifles, and through its innocent misdoings works no end of mischief for the poor heroine. On this occasion the property-man, feeling that this was his opportunity for the effort of his life in mechanical effect, had arranged that the thieving (stuffed) bird should fly down to a table, seize the piece of silver, the

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loss of which was to work such woe, and triumphantly fly away with it. Everything was perfectly arranged with a series of invisible wires, that had worked to entire satisfaction *at rehearsals*, but on the night of the performance, which the property-man hoped should be the *comble* of his career as a mechanician—alas for the uncertainty of things mundane—what horrid mischance befell! At the proper time the wily magpie appeared in upper air, seemed very cunningly to look about for his "quarry," and then make a dart for the article on the table. His downward swoop toward his prey was something splendid, until he arrived within two or three feet of the table. Then he stopped with a suddenness that was inexplicable, even in a predatory bird who is up to all sorts of tricks; there he stuck, or perhaps, more properly, *hovered*, making vicious darts toward his prey, and as often recoiling with pangs of conscience, as it seemed, at the nefarious business. All this time curses not loud but deep could be heard issuing from the flies, where the enraged property-man was stationed, trying to work his "great effect." After a few more savage dashes and qualmish recoils on the part of the baffled bird, the unravished article was seen to fly up from the table and attach itself to the beak of the magpie, who ignominiously made off with it backward into space, amid the well-earned laughter of the audience. I could only regret that a Barham was not there to sing a lay of the Mechanical Magpie. It must have eclipsed his "Jackdaw of Rheims."

Of course the actor must have his relaxation and recreation, or he becomes the dull boy subjected to all work and no play. In diversions and amusement different natures and temperaments take their pleasures in different ways. A certain celebrated comedian has his chiefest joy in the acquisition of first editions, rare tomes, and extra-illustrating; another, lately deceased, "ran to bugs," as a friend of his put it, and at his death left one of the best entomological collections in the country. Amateur farming—an expensive fad as we all know—seems to be a special weakness of some actors. As it is about as opposite to the nature of their own pursuit as anything can well be, it has the primal requisite for relaxation I suppose—complete change. Droll but mendacious stories are told of a certain faddist thus affected, who, it was said, was to be seen upon occasions attired in ancient stage habiliments that he had brought into use as farming clothes—Charles II., or "bucket-top" boots, a Richard III. "arm-hole" cloak, and a pair of huge Cromwellian gauntlet gloves—ploughing a field and rehearsing aloud a new part, to the terror and dismay of the natives and his neighbors. But the object of this jibe said that it was a vile slander set afloat by a brother in art, a hideous urban creature, who knew only bricks and mortar and the dirty pavement of the town, and had no feeling for the classic life of the fields.

Comparatively few can indulge in the dear delight of picture-buying, but we may all look at the collections of others and can watch our painter friends at work—a privilege that gives one a feeling of proprietary interest in the picture and makes a slight amend for the pangs of non-possession. The purely physical recreations—riding, boxing, fencing, and other variations of athletics—each indulges as fancy dictates, of course; but some exercise of the nature of these is invaluable and necessary, if we regard the ancient *mens sana* axiom. Of course the actor's hours are different from those of men in other callings, but although living as is supposed against hygienic laws, retiring late and rising late, breathing for many hours the physically impure air of the play-house, the actor—*cæteris paribus*—lives longer than most men of other occupations. This fact is due to the regularity of his life, a regularity he must observe, for if that be relaxed or disregarded he fails to fulfil the conditions he must have pledged himself to, and instead of doing his best as far as in him lies, he doesn't.

Without trenching on the "private and personal," there may be mentioned a few of the actor's "bores" and personal terrors; and every actor has them, be he great or obscure. The greater

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the actor the greater the "bore," is the only difference. One of the chiefest (and one to which I fancy everyone in public life of any kind is subject) is the begging letter, and always from someone who has no claim whatsoever. It is usually delivered to the actor by hand, either at his home, if the brute can find the address, or at the stage-door of his theatre; and what actor is not familiar with the fat and dirty envelope, bearing the engraved and alluring picture or device of one of the most prominent hotels, to the paper and writing-room of which the creature has access? It contains a rambling letter of four or six pages, the preamble of which from experience the reader skips, and "coming to Hecuba," finds, of course, that the writer wants money. "Begs pardon for the liberty of addressing him," etc., etc.; "circumstances compel him," etc., etc.; "hoping for a favorable reply he will call to-morrow," which he does. But be it at the house or at the stage-door that the visit is made, woe to the man who has not heeded the injunction, "My son, early learn to say, No!" There are some, however, who, if they heed not the injunction entirely, are not altogether without moral courage in the matter, and the brigand, following his letter, and calling on the apprised and alarmed one, is finally appeased (sometimes from his demand for the wherewithal to set himself up in business of some kind, or provision for his family of wife and multitudinous children), and sent away with a pair of discarded trousers or even a dust-laden "tile," several seasons antiquated. But it must be a diplomatist and genius who can effect this. It usually results in abstracting money from the victim; and if the "hideous thing" knows its business it will come to the stage-door of the theatre and waylay the victim as he arrives some night rather later than usual, when in the excitement of the moment perhaps he will be mulcted in heavier damages than in quieter times he would accede to.

There is also the quasi-respectable person, who calls at some unearthly hour in the morning (unearthly for the actor, that is) and gets the victim from his sleep by some ambiguous, but seemingly important, summons, and then wants to dispose for a *mere trifle* of a sword Edmund Kean wore in such a part, or a dagger, or chain once the property of some other illustrious one. This impostor, who has hoped to surprise the victim in his tent, is usually hurled from the gates with anathema; but others appear at intervals, to be hurled in turn.

Another early and persistent caller is the lady canvasser who has been sent by some "friend" of the victim, with some kind of badly printed and shockingly illustrated "dramatic" work, that nobody would have in his library. He knows what that means, and accepts the only means of escape; after praising and admiring the book, to ameliorate in a measure his brutality, and regretting that he cannot find a place for it in his library, he sends her on with strong encouragement of success to someone else, who will probably find about as much delight in the visit as he did.

If these few glimpses have not, after all, shown the actor "off the stage" to be the curious creature that some in a vague way imagine him, it is because there is little of the extraordinary about him. He lives, moves, and has his being much as other ordinary mortals, and when he puts off his tinselled robe he puts off, too, the character he assumed with it, and in donning the common garb becomes again the "plain, honest citizen." There is little in the outward appearance of the actor to-day to distinguish him from the every-day young man, save perhaps a somewhat more thoughtful air, and the occasional smooth-shaven face at a period of hirsute fashion when mustaches prevail. Types have disappeared; Crummles, Lenville, and Folair will always be immortal and amusing in fiction, and the "Crushed Tragedian," long of hair and woful of countenance, still serves to express the *ac-tor* on the variety stage in "knock-about sketches;" but these humorously decorative objects in the theatric landscape have passed away.

Yes, I forgot—I have not mentioned that there are two or three *mauvais sujets* among us, a few incubuses; but

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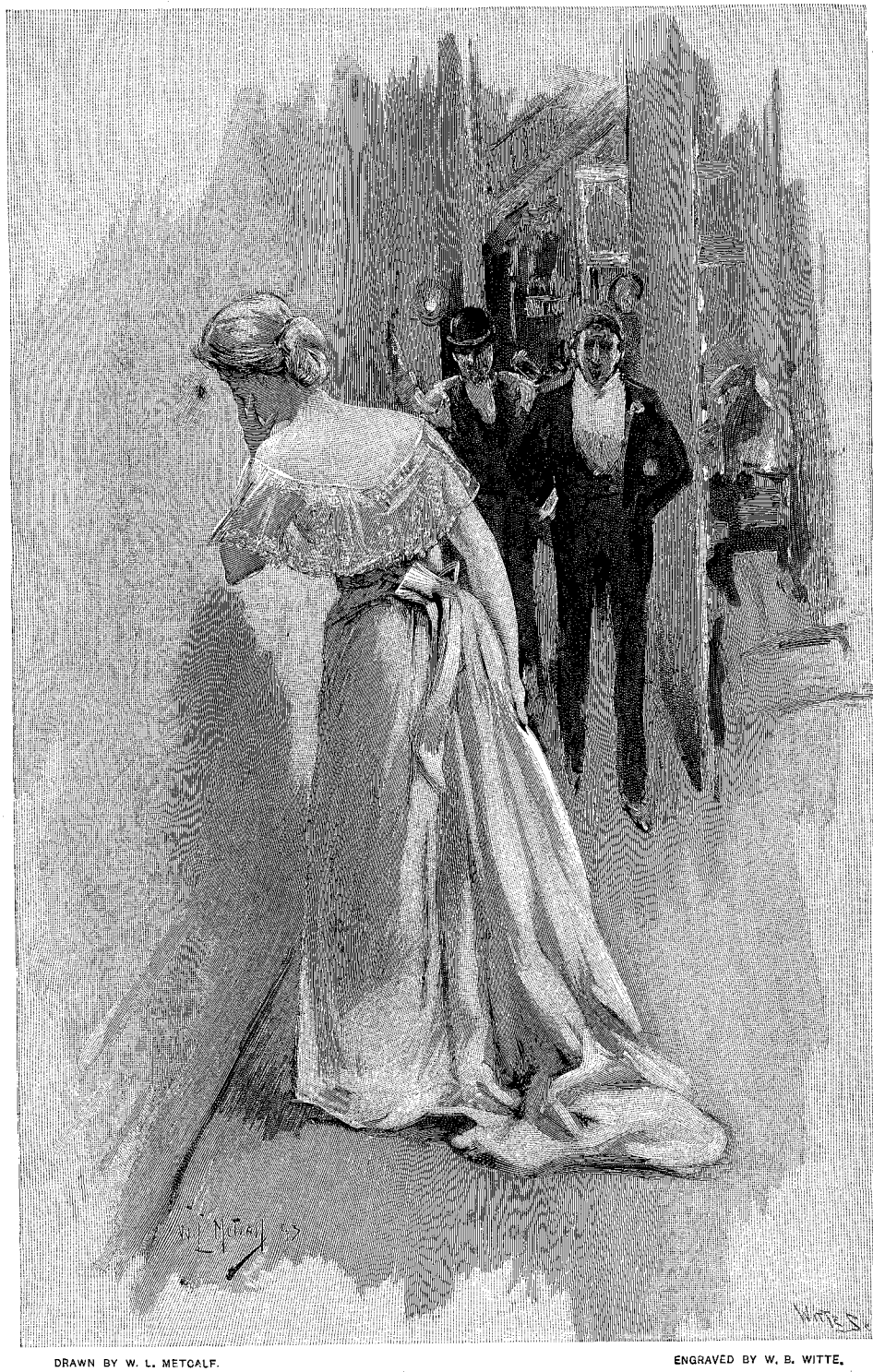

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Behind the Curtain—the Peephole.

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The Leading Lady's Dressing-room.

what calling is without its empirics and hangers-on? Let us not think of or regard them. They have their little day of flutter and self-applause, and then — puff — they are vanished with other ephemera; but the actor — the "real thing"—keeps calmly on in purposeful fashion, undisturbed by this oft-recurrent buzz and flutter, as many gorgeous varieties of moth appear and disappear; for he is conscious of the worthiness of his aim and knows that he is a factor for good in modern progress and development.

In the study and preparation of a part what a myriad of sensations and emotions the actor goes through; what elation and depression, what exaltation and despair he experiences between the inception of a rôle and its delivery to his public! at the first reading of the play and his trying to "see himself" in the part he is cast for, or at the re-reading of the part when he has it in manuscript form. The emotion is only different in degree, as the part may be a small one or a great one. After committing it to memory (the very smallest portion of the study of a part) comes the *real study* of it, the shaping and composing it, making himself, his personality, and perhaps his peculiarities, if he have them, consonant with the rôle, and fitting himself into the part so that he shall be what the author designed—now elaborating and then repressing and curtailing, accepting or rejecting mental suggestions, and making, from an adumbration, a perfect picture, in short going through all the travail of *making* a part. For, with all credit to the author who gives him the character, it is the actor who makes it animate. *That* is the real *life* of the actor away from the footlights, where his emotions and sensibilities are brought into play.

When the part he has struggled and fought with, cajoled and anathematized by turns, during the study of it, is presented to his public, it is then complete and a finished thing with the rest of the play. But what days and nights has he had before that *première!* From the beginning of the study of a part (and the feeling is more tense the more important that part may be) until the playing of it, the actor and the charac-

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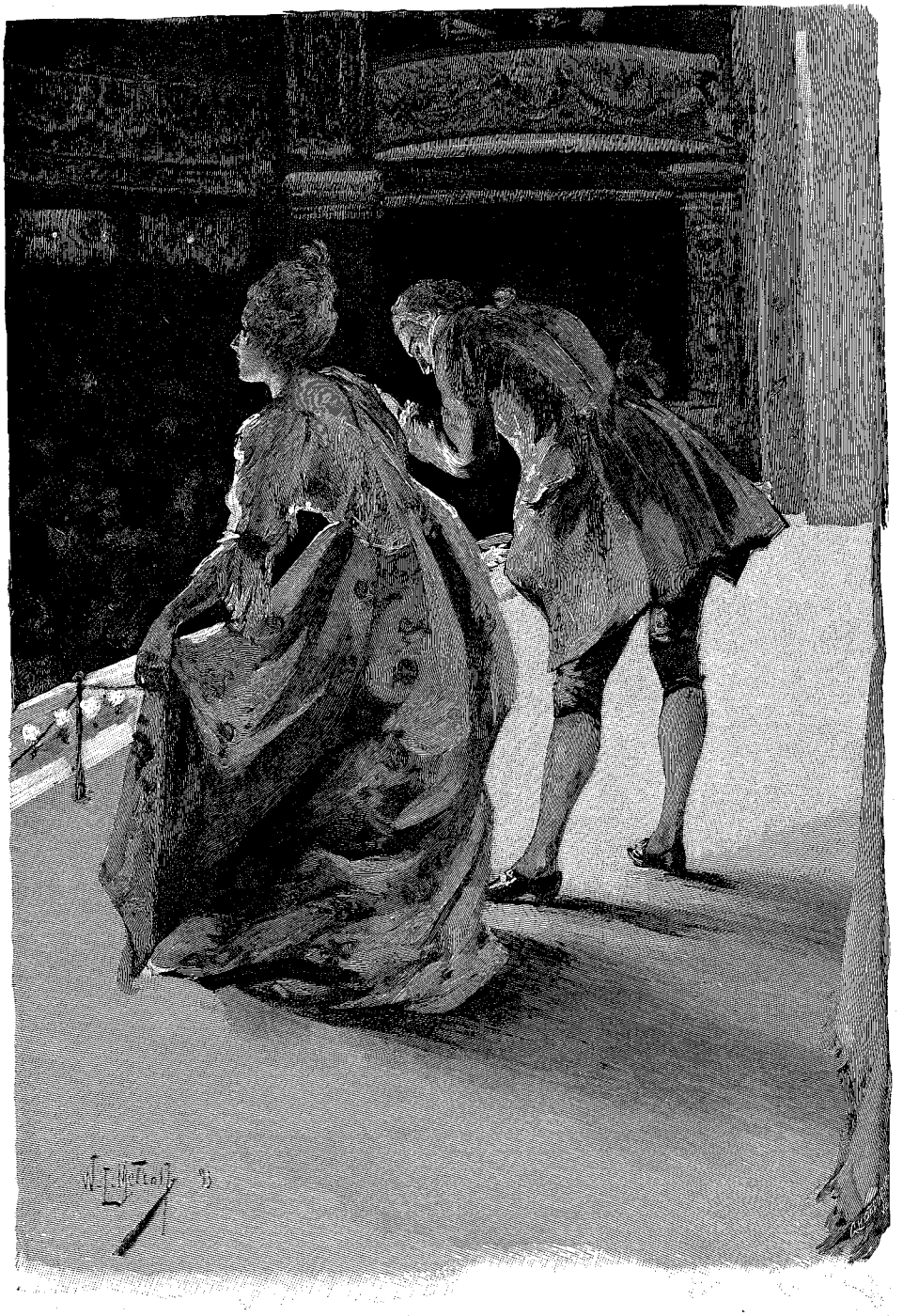

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

A Recall.

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ter he is studying are never apart. It is always with him. It is his first thought on arising, it bathes with him, breakfasts with him, goes about with him during the day, obtrudes itself into the conversation when he is talking with friends, is most manifest when his real relaxation comes—between the end of his performance and retiring—and finally goes to bed with him! Nor is it laid then, for "horrid dreams abuse the curtained sleeper." I believe it is almost universal in the dreams of actors about stage affairs that the very wrong thing is always happening, and it generally takes the form of lack of completeness of raiment; some most important vestment is always missing when their "call" comes for the stage. If it be a Roman tragedy the fleshings (the flesh-colored tights) are wanting. If it be an eighteenth century play the powdered wig is not to be found, or if a modern play, a coat or waistcoat, or some equally necessary garment, is undiscoverable; and during the agony of search awakening comes, and with it the relief and realization that it is but a dream. Psychologists must explain the cause of this phenomenon—we have never been able to determine it! But just so the actor dreams of his new part.

Another curious phase of the study of a part: after long and elaborately minute rehearsals, physically tiring and mentally wearying, during some moments of his private practice and going over his rôle (trying different emphases and feeling for certain *nuances* that may better and improve it) the awful feeling comes to him suddenly—without warning or premonition, a bolt from the blue—that, after all his study and endeavor, his posings and utterances of many phrases in different keys and varied fashions, *he is not right.* And it comes upon him with greater force, if he happens at that moment to be before his mirror in his "den;" then his hitherto complacent or confident counterfeit presentment in the glass seems to say to him, "Not a bit like it." It is an awful moment, and a frightful "facer," only to be righted or forgotten for the time by flinging down the part, and, if it be in day-time, going out for a long and rapid walk, or, for choice, a gallop on a fresh and frolicsome horse, which sets the blood a tingling and makes one forget all else for the moment. Or, if the awful conviction comes when he is studying at night, he must leave the "den" and go into another room, light a cigar, and read something else. After the walk or gallop or other diversion from work, the feeling of depression passes away, and again the study is renewed, to be followed by other keen transports of exaltation and despair, until the study is completed, and the first night of the play is arrived, when the feeling is: "*c'est fait*, I've done my best, I must stand or fall by this." And if he falls on this particular occasion, after all his long study and thoughtful preparation; if a "hardened public" will have no more of him; if moments in the play, where he has hoped to move them to mirth or tears, as the situation served him, pass unnoticed, giving him that sinking of the heart and stomach that all actors must have known at times; if "callous critics" have "praised him with faint damns," uttered to each other during the entre-actes, and dismissed him in the morning papers with the pleasant assurance to their readers that "Mr. So-and-So was wholly inadequate in his rôle;" or, if in a critique in a minor paper, of which perhaps the base-ball editor has been sent to review the performance, the reader is informed that "Mr. X—— didn't seem to know what he was trying to get through himself"—what should the subject of this public indifference, and, perhaps, just and elegant criticism, do? What he *does do* is to avoid the sight of men for a short period of moral and anguished sack-cloth and ashes, and then emerge, tried by the fire, stronger than before, to have another try at "getting there," if honest effort is to do it.

And if he does *not* fall, but on the first night of his long dreaded and hoped for trial wins plaudits and recognition from his public, and a like meed of praise from his critics, in the elation of his success he has to remember that those are not the only people or opinions he will have to face; that the unstinted praise of one "public" or town

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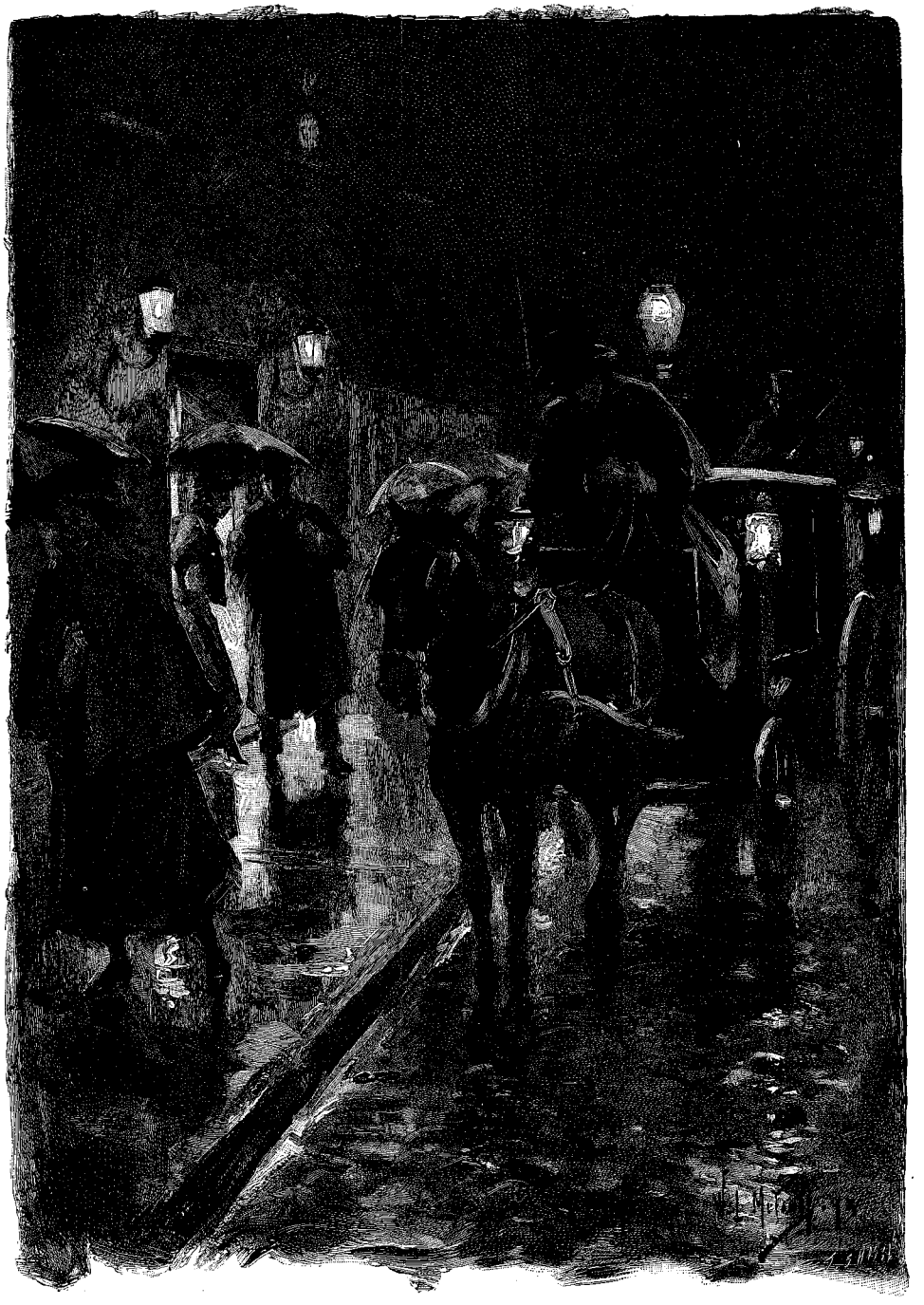

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

The Stage Entrance on a Rainy Night.

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may be succeeded by moderated transports in other places, even giving place to adverse feeling on the subject, and the voicing of it in expressions of belief in the superiority of some one hitherto disregarded by him as a possible rival.

tirely consistent and natural, to another may appear unreal, strained, and over- or under-acted. I suppose this is to be expected in so huge an area, where conditions, socially and mentally if not morally, are so varied.

They have their little day of flutter and self-applause.—Page 42.

Such is the difference in audiences in so large a theatrical territory as ours; different districts and communities are affected and swayed by different portions of a play and its performance. And in the portrayal of a character, what to one audience may seem en-

Briefly, then, the actor is as men in other liberal artistic professions—part student, part man of the world—but student first he must be. In some the studious faculty is so pronounced and close, book-study so entirely engrossing, that they seldom come into touch with

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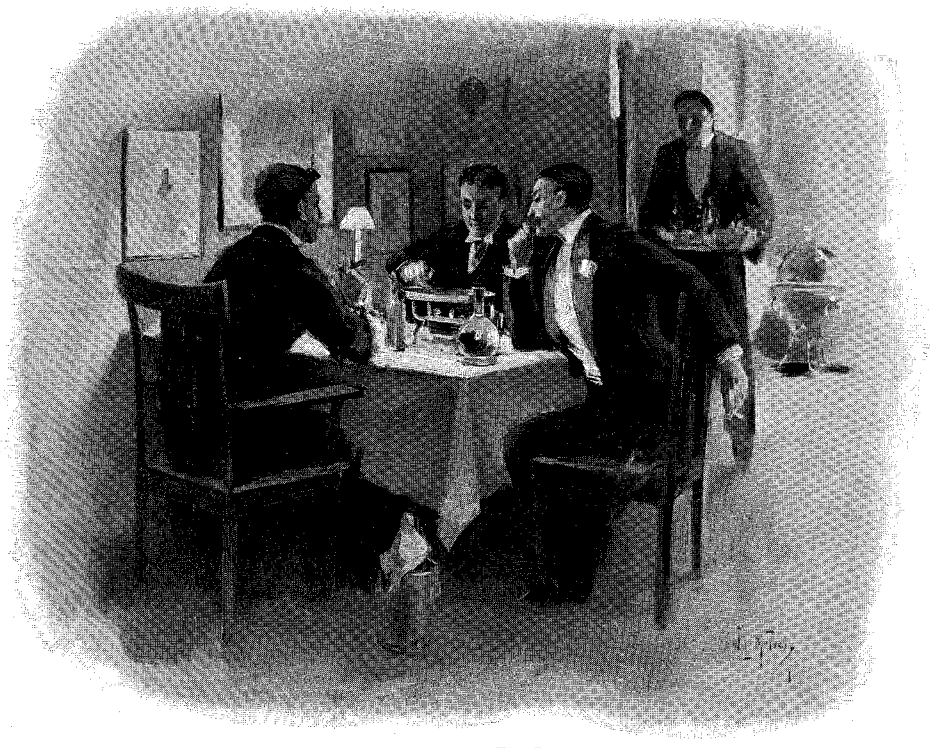

A Quiet Supper at The Players.

the great world at all, and are to many in consequence dull boys to sport with; but they are sweet and kindly natures that it is a joy to commune with, and they are fountains of information for some of us; and we are glad for them, and somewhat envious of them too, in their superior knowledge—*nous autres*—who are not always as studious as we might be. Certainly they are in marked contrast to the style of a flippant gentleman who put forth as his serious objection to the pursuit of acting that "it broke in on his evenings so!" or the youth, whose sole claim to notice is a wondrous and bewildering wardrobe, or an embarrassing success with the fair sex, that the paragrapher delights in chronicling.

If self-sacrifice and a devotion to duty and discipline equal to that of the soldier count for anything in the moral make-up of a man, then certainly the actor is entitled to one of the high places, for of this same devotion to duty in his calling is begot an excessive sense of his duty to his neighbor, and that is why he is ever ready to assist in any fashion the unfortunate or those in need of help.

This in farewell. The actor, unless he be in nature perverted, must exhibit in his life the effect of his calling; a calling desirous of the same results as other arts—the advancement of the human mind through the ministration of beauty and truth—an advancement out of which necessarily flows increased civilization and augmented happiness for the human race. And what more safe or splendid motto could there be for his calling than that utterance of Bacon, that all actors know and revere: "*I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.*"

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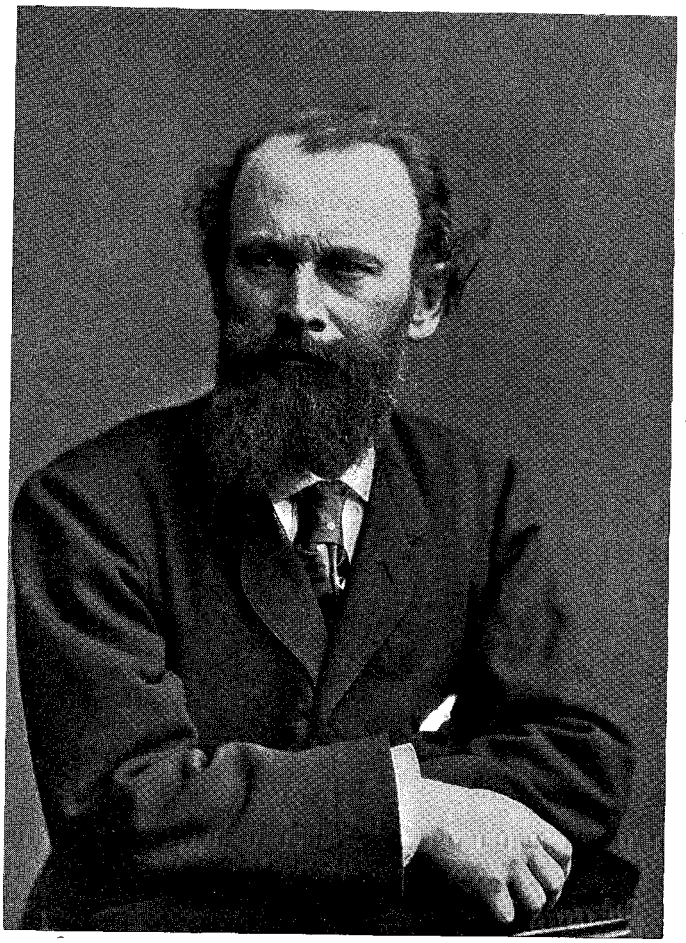

Manet.
(From a photograph in the possession of his widow.)

THE FIFER.

PAINTED BY EDOUARD MANET.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

IT is now a good many years since Manet died, prematurely—perhaps a dozen years (I do not remember the exact date of his death)—yet it is certain that his influence is greater than it was during his lifetime, when, although he had some enthusiastic admirers, the world in general only laughed at him. My own recollection of his early struggles goes back to 1863, when he and Mr. Whistler exhibited, not exactly in the Salon itself, to which neither could gain admission then, but in the *Salon des Refusés*, which was held in the same building and was generally accepted as a complete justification of the mild exclusiveness of the jury. Manet exhibited a big picture and two smaller ones. The big picture was entitled "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe," and the subject of it was a grassy slope with trees near a little brook. On the grass, which was

* See Frontispiece.

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very green indeed, sat two Frenchmen in modern costume, with the hat then called a "wide-awake," and close to them a lady destitute of all clothing, while another almost but not quite destitute was coming out of the rivulet. The picture seemed to me then "a translation of a thought of Giorgione into modern French," and not a pleasant translation, because certain juxtapositions are tolerable in poetic art where beautiful costume and color harmonize all things, and are not tolerable in modern matter-of-fact where there is neither beauty nor imagination to take us out of the common world. Manet's attempt was no doubt permissible as an experiment in a studio, and it certainly did mark an intention, since then carried out resolutely enough by the new school, to extract art if possible out of the living world of the present, and to see whether the present could not be made as available for artistic purposes as the past. The picture, however, offended people in general as a sin against both taste and morals, while it was condemned for its crudeness by the criticism that exercised influence in those days. The opinion of the jury was plainly indicated by its exclusion, and two other pictures by the same artist were rejected along with it, namely, the "Portrait of a Young Man in the Costume of a Majo," and the "Portrait of Mademoiselle V—— in the Costume of an Espada."

From that date people began to take an interest in Manet, and a few years later he had a determined little party in his favor, like the party of journalists and young artists that afterward in England sided with Mr. Whistler. It became understood that Manet was fighting a battle, not for himself only, but for some artistic principles that were defined by Zola in a pamphlet published in 1867. The reader will remember that year as the date of the second universal exhibition held in Paris. Manet had wished to exhibit there, but on second thoughts it occurred to him that he could never be fully represented, so he made his own appeal to the public by showing separately an ample collection of his works. Zola's pamphlet was kindly intended to help the success of this exhibition. The future novelist thought that the painter had been hardly used by journalists and misunderstood by the public. He, therefore, volunteered an explanation of the new principles, which were as follows:

Manet (according to Zola) lost most of the time he spent as a pupil of Couture, and being relieved finally from the incubus of another man's art, settled down to the pursuit of his special object, which was to see and translate nature in his own way and according to the laws of his own organization, without remembering either the advice he had received from living masters or the example of the dead.

Manet was not the first artist, nor is he likely to be the last, who has attempted to find originality by representing nature as he saw it. In reality, however, no one ever sees anything artistically without the education of the eye, and as that education is given by other artists invariably, either by direct teaching or through their works, the pretension to any complete originality is always vain. There is no complete independence for any of us. Manet's art was partly derived from Spanish and partly from French realism, with a minor influence from Holland. This is said without reproach and without accusing Manet of anything like servile imitation. I fully believe in the honesty of his efforts to paint nature as he saw it, but thousands of others have tried to do the same, yet their works are full of reminiscences of previous art.

Another important point insisted upon by Zola was that Manet did not think of subjects otherwise than as pretexts for artistic harmonies or oppositions, and again, that he composed little, grouping his figures rather by chance; also, that he was never foolish enough to think, as so many have done, of putting "ideas" into painting. These renunciations of subject, composition, and ideas are now accepted by the new school of painting and art criticism everywhere, and it also accepts Manet's doctrine on the positive side, which was the study of the mass or patch of color rather than the line,

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and the importance given to what are called "values," that is, the relative degrees of darkness in the patches of color as affected both by their own hue and by the light that falls upon them. The general reader cares little for the technicalities of the fine arts, and I fear that these considerations will seem to him rather tedious; but the influence of Manet has been very important and wholly technical, as subject and ideas were both outside of his chosen scheme of work.

The apparent rudeness and coarseness of some pictures by Manet, especially the too famous "Déjeuner sur l'herbe," gave people an impression that he must himself be a rough fellow. I remember meeting him and being struck by the refinement of his manners and the neatness and cleanliness of his dress. Though he was strongly opposed to the intrusion of intellectual ideas in the fine arts, he did not appear to be wanting in mental acumen, but had a sharp, keen look, rather restless and dissatisfied, as if seeking for some object as yet beyond his reach. His extreme admirers accept almost everything he did, but he himself was probably often disappointed with his work, and though quite convinced of the soundness of his own principles, may have felt that it was very difficult to carry them triumphantly into practice. One of his strong convictions was that the color ought to be left fresh without tormenting the life out of it by disturbing it with the brush; but if it is not of very good quality when so left, the mere freshness and crispness of the touch are not, in themselves, a compensation. The plain truth is that while some of Manet's work was strong in style and harmonious in coloring, a good deal of it was very crude, and this seems to have been due to his habit of improvisation. One of the best of his pictures is the very lively one of the little fifer, in the private collection of M. Durand-Ruel, to whom I owe the opportunity for reproducing it. That work holds well together in all ways, as the vivacity and simplicity of the brushwork answer to the vivacity and simplicity of the subject, while the coloring is perfectly harmonious. The boy's face is by no means handsome, and his uniform, very truthfully depicted, cannot be said to fit him very neatly; yet he wins his way to our regard, and the picture pleases us by an honest, straightforward mastery by no means common even now, when so many painters are trying for the same qualities.

We have seen that it was a part of the painter's faith that "subject" ought to be avoided. "De sujet—il n'en faut pas" is the orthodox doctrine of Manet and all his followers. The effect of it was sometimes to break up what might have been a subject. There is a fine picture by Manet called "Le Déjeuner," this time not on the grass, but in a restaurant, probably. To the right is a man at table at the end of his repast, to the left a servant, and in the middle a youth with his back to the table and leaning against it. In truth the young man is the subject of the picture so far as there is one, and the rest is only background, more or less interesting, but entirely disconnected from the principal figure. However, the work is well painted and the youth tells powerfully at a distance. Some of the Spanish subjects are among the best of the artist's works from the opportunities offered by the strong oppositions of color in the costumes, such as vigorous little patches of red or yellow and black, and ornaments never slavishly imitated, but lightly indicated sufficiently for picturesque effect.

The picture mentioned by Zola as Manet's masterpiece is the "Olympia," which was purchased by his admirers for the gallery of the Luxembourg, where it now hangs. It represents a nude figure of a girl reclining and looking at the spectator, while a negress brings a large bouquet; and there is a black cat, afterward celebrated by the caricaturists. The artist here carried out, in his own straightforward way, a certain scheme of color, but did not sufficiently bear in mind the necessity for idealization in all paintings of the nude, so the consequence is that his figure looks somewhat ridiculous and even not altogether decent, though as a subject it is not worse in any way than many chosen by the old masters. Again, although the color scheme was

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in itself excellent, it is carried out somewhat crudely, so that the picture will not be seen to much advantage if it is ever admitted into the Louvre. There is the same crudeness in Manet's picture of the "Bon Bock" (the Good Glass of Ale), which was exhibited as one of the "Hundred Masterpieces" in 1892. It was painted, however, with the most uncompromising truth of character.

The straightforwardness that belonged to Manet in all he did would have been very favorable to him in etching if he had overcome the technical difficulties of that art, but he never did so to the degree which is necessary for certainty of method, so that he etched in a rude style, as if he did not care about technical qualities at all. A few of his plates, by a lucky chance, happen to be good in a simple way. The "Boy with the Sword," the "Olympia," and the "Dead Taureador" are good, and so are the "Reader" and the "Infante;" but Manet made a bad etching from his picture of "Christ with Angels;" and his "Mariano Campurbi" is one of his worst plates. He sometimes combined linear etching with flat aquatint, after the manner of Goya, and with Goya's moderate degree of success. The "Sailor's Dream" is one of his best plates in that kind. As Manet had not patience to contend against the technical difficulties of etching, he ought to have rapidly produced many plates and selected a few of the most successful for exhibition; but he had not much critical faculty and did not know when he failed.

As the editor of Scribner's Magazine asked me to treat of contemporary artists, and especially of those who have most influence to-day, it may seem strange that I should begin with one who has been dead now for many years. In truth, however, the influence of Manet was never so great as it is at the present moment. The modern dislike to "subject," the objection to intellect in art, the hatred of literary ideas, the desire for visible manual execution and for a comprehensive expression rather than the enumeration of petty details, all of them come from Manet. It was he who gave the example of shunning composition, of painting people and things in a downright way just as they are and in chance groupings; it was he who had the courage to leave imperfect work for the sake of its freshness rather than sacrifice the freshness to the kind of excellence that may be reached by more laborious finish. The doctrines now professed by the "new criticism," as it calls itself, were professed and acted upon by Manet and preached by Zola twenty-six years ago, and they never brought forth so much fruit as they are bringing forth to-day. Much of the work done under this inspiration, so far from being agreeable to the æsthetic sense, only strikes it like an outrage; and certainly it would be difficult to imagine anything more hideous than some of the most self-confident performances of the new school. Nevertheless, in spite of all its faults, the school has a sort of barbaric vigor which has already proved destructive to the art which depended upon prettiness and upon the telling of interesting little stories. On the purely artistic side it seems to me that Zola made a mistake when he spoke of Manet's work as especially analytic. On the contrary, it is synthetic and passes over minute details which are delightful to analytic minds, such as those of Ruskin and Meissonier. Finally, it is to be remembered, in extenuation of Manet's imperfections, that he had a hard battle to fight, and never had the tranquil enjoyment of beauty which belongs to the children of success. His life was full of contention, and it was a short life. He was far from being coarse or vulgar by nature, and he did not live long enough to work himself clear of his early technical aggressiveness, which made his art look ruder than it need have been, because he always felt himself to be in opposition to the artistic orthodoxy of his time. He worked always in a militant spirit, knowing himself to be despised by the dominant artists and an object of ridicule to the public, conditions most unfavorable to quiet progress in the study and cult of the beautiful.

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ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC LA MORT.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

I.

The dew was full of sun that morn
(O I heard the doves in the hayricks coo!)
As he crossed the meadows beyond the corn,
  Watching his falcon in the blue.
How could he hear my song so far
  The song of the blood where the pulses are!
Straight through the fields he came to me—
  (O I saw his soul as I saw the dew!),
But I hid my joy that he might not see:
  I hid it deep within my breast,
As the starling hides in the maize her nest.

II.

Back through the corn he turned again
  (O little he cared where his falcon flew!),
And my heart lay still in the hand of pain
  As in winter's hand the rivers do.
How could he hear its secret cry—
  The cry of the dove when the summers die!
Thrice in the maize he turned to me
  (O I saw his soul as I saw the dew!);
But I hid my pain that he might not see:
  I hid it deep as the grave is made,
Where the heart that can ache no more is laid.

III.

Last night, where grows the river grass
  (O the stream was dark though the moon was new!),
I saw white Death and my lover pass
  Side by side as the troopers do.
"Give me," said Death, "thy purse well filled,
  And thy mantle-clasp which the moonbeams gild—
Save the heart which beats for thy dear sake
  (O I saw my heart as I saw the dew!)
All life hath given is Death's to take."
  Dear God! how can I love Thy day
If Thou takest the heart which loves away!

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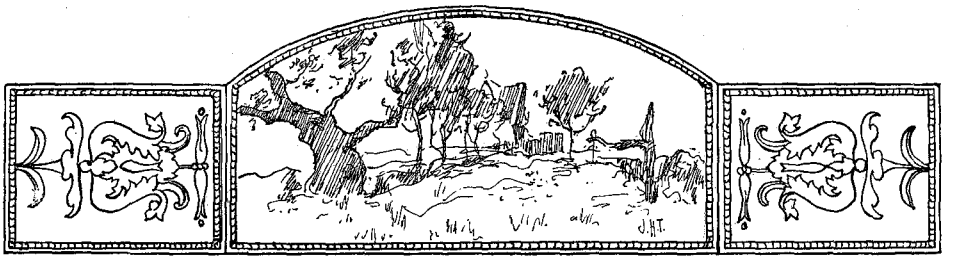

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

I.

SUEZ.

IN the State of Dixie, County of Clearwater, and therefore in the very heart of what was once the "Southern Confederacy," lies that noted seat of government of one county and shipping point for three, Suez. The pamphlet of a certain land company—a publication now out of print and rare, but a copy of which it has been my good fortune to secure—mentions the battle of Turkey Creek as having been fought only a mile or so north of the town in the spring of 1864. It also strongly recommends to the attention of both capitalist and tourist the beautiful mountain scenery of Sandstone County, which adjoins Clearwater a few miles from Suez on the northeast, as Blackland does, much farther away, on the southwest.

In the last year of our Civil War Suez was a basking town of twenty-five hundred souls, with rocky streets and breakneck sidewalks, its dwellings dozing most months of the twelve among roses and honeysuckles behind anciently whitewashed, much-broken fences, and all the place wrapped in that wide sweetness of apple and acacia scents that comes from whole mobs of dog-fennel. The Pulaski City turnpike entered at the northwest corner and passed through to the court-house green with its hollow square of stores and law-offices—two sides of it blackened ruins of fire and war. Under the town's southeasternmost angle, between yellow banks and overhanging sycamores, the bright green waters of Turkey Creek, rambling round from the northwest, skipped down a gradual stairway of limestone ledges, and glided, alive with sunlight, into that true Swanee River, not of the maps, but which flows forever, "far, far away," through the numbers of imperishable song. The river's head of navigation was, and still is, at Suez.

One of the most influential, and yet meekest, among the "citizens"—men not in the army—whose habit it was to visit Suez by way of the Sandstone County road, was Judge Powhatan March, of Widewood. In years he was about fifty. He was under the medium stature, with a gentle and intellectual face, whose antique dignity was only less attractive than his rich, quiet voice.

His son John—he had no other child—was a fat-cheeked boy in his eighth year, oftenest seen on horseback, sitting fast asleep with his hands clutched in the folds of the Judge's coat and his short legs and browned feet spread wide behind the saddle. It was hard straddling, but it was good company.

One bright noon about the close of May, when the cotton blooms were opening and the cornsilk was turning pink; when from one hot pool to another the kildee fluttered and ran, and around their edges arcs of white and yellow butterflies sat and sipped and fanned themselves like human butterflies at a seaside, Judge March—with

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John in his accustomed place, headquarters behind the saddle — turned into the sweltering shade of a tree in the edge of town to gossip with an acquaintance on the price of cotton, the health of Suez and the last news from Washington — no longer from Richmond, alas!

"Why, son!" he exclaimed, as by and by he lifted the child down before a hardware, dry-goods, drug, and music store, "what's been a-troublin' you? You a-got tear marks on yo' face!" But he pressed the question in vain.

"Gimme yo' han'ke'cher, son, an' let me wipe 'em off."

But John's pockets were insolvent as to handkerchiefs, and the Judge found his own no better supplied. So they changed the subject and the son did not have to confess that those dusty rivulet beds, one on either cheek, were there from aching fatigue of a position he would rather have perished in than surrender.

This store was the only one in Suez that had been neither sacked nor burned. In its drug department there had always been kept on sale a single unreplenished, undiminished shelf of books. Most of them were standard English works that took no notice of such trifles as children. But one was an exception, and this world-renowned volume, though entirely unillustrated, had charmed the eyes of Judge March ever since he had been a father. Year after year had increased his patient impatience for the day when his son should be old enough to know that book's fame. Then what joy to see delight dance in his brave young eyes upon that volume's emergence from some innocent concealment — a gift from his father!

Thus far John did not know his a b c's. But education is older than alphabets, and for three years now he had been his father's constant, almost confidential, companion. Why might not such a book as this, even now, be made a happy lure into the great realm of letters? Seeing the book again to-day, reflecting that the price of cotton was likely to go yet higher, and touched by the child's unexplained tears, Judge March induced him to go from his side a moment with the store's one clerk—into the lump-sugar section —and bought the volume.

II.

TO A GOOD BOY.

In due time the Judge and his son started home.

The sun's rays, though still hot, slanted much as the two rose into oak woodlands to the right of the pike and beyond it. Here the air was cool and light. As they ascended higher and oaks gave place to chestnut and mountain-birch, wide views opened around and far beneath. In the south spread the green fields and red fallows of Clearwater, bathed in the sheen of the lingering sun. Miles away two white points were the spires of Suez.

The Judge drew rein and gazed on five battle-fields at once. "Ah, son, the kingdom of romance is at hand. It's always at hand when it's within us. I'll be glad when you can understand that, son."

His eyes came round at last to the most western quarter of the landscape and rested on one part where only a spray had dashed when war's fiery deluge rolled down this valley. "Son, if there wa'n't such a sort o' mist o' sunshine between, I could show you Rosemont College over yondeh. You'll be goin' there in a few years now. That'll be fine, won't it, son?"

A small forehead smote his back vigorously, not for yea, but for slumber.

"Drowsy, son?" asked the Judge, adding a backward caress as he moved on again. "I didn't talk to you enough, did I? But I was thinkin' about you, right along." After a silence he stopped again.

"Awake now, son?" He reached back and touched the solid little head. "See this streak o' black land where the rain's run down the road? Well, that means silveh, an' it's ow lan'."

They started once more. "It may not mean much, but we needn't care, when what doesn't mean silveh means dead loads of other things. Make haste an' grow, son; yo' peerless motheh and I are only waitin'." He ceased. In the

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small of his back the growing pressure of a diminutive bad hat told the condition of his hidden audience. It lifted again.

"'Evomind, son, I can talk to you just as well asleep. But I can tell you somepm that'll keep you awake. I was savin' it till we'd get home to yo' dear motheh, but yo' ti-ud an' I don't think of anything else an'—the fact is, I'm bringing home a present faw you." He looked behind till his eyes met a brighter pair. "What you reckon you've been sitt'n' on in one of them saddle pockets all the way fum Suez?"

John smiled, laid his cheek to his father's back and whispered, "A kitt'n'."

"Why, no, son; its somepm powerful nice, but—well, you might know it wa'n't a kitt'n' by my lett'n' you sit on it so long. I'd be proud faw you to have a kitt'n', but, you know, cats don't suit yo' dear motheh's high strung natu'e. You couldn't be happy with anything that was a constant tawment to her, could you?"

The head lying against the questioner's back nodded an eager yes!

"Oh, you think you might, son, but I jes' know you couldn't. Now, what I've got faw you is ever so much nicer'n a kitt'n. You see, you a-growin' so fast you'll soon not care faw kitt'ns; you'll care for what I've got you. But don't ask what it is, faw I'd hate not to tell you, and I want yo' dear motheh to be with us when you find it out."

It was fairly twilight when their horse neighed his pleasure that his crib was near. Presently they dismounted in a place full of stumps and weeds, where a grove had been till Halliday's brigade had camped there. Beyond a paling fence and a sandy, careworn garden of altheas and dwarf-box, stood broadside to them a very plain, two-story house of uncoursed gray rubble, whose open door sent forth no welcoming gleam. Its windows, too, save one softly reddened by a remote lamp, reflected only the darkling sky. This was their home, called by every mountaineer neighbor "a plumb palace."

As they passed in, the slim form of Mrs. March entered at the rear door of the short hall and came slowly through the gloom. John sprang, and despite her word and gesture of nervous disrelish, clutched, and smote his face into, her pliant crinoline. The husband kissed her forehead, and, as she staggered before the child's energy, said:

"Be gentle, son." He took a hand of each. "I hope you'll overlook a little wildness in us this evening, my dear." They turned into a front room. "I wonder he restrains himself so well, when he knows I've brought him a present—not expensive, my deah, I assho' you, nor anything you can possible disapprove; only a B-doubleO-K, in fact. Still, son, you ought always to remember yo' dear mother's apt to be ti-ud."

Mrs. March sank into the best rocking-chair and, while her son kissed her diligently, said to her husband, with a smile of sad reproach:

"John can never know a woman's fatigue."

"No, Daphne, deah, an' that's what I try to teach him."

"Yes, Powhatan, but there's a difference between teaching and terrifying."

"Oh! Oh! I was fah fum intend'n to be harsh."

"Ah! Judge March, you little realize how harsh your words sometimes are." She showed the back of her head, although John plucked her sleeves with vehement whispers. "What *is* it, child?"

Her irritation turned to mild remonstrance. "You shouldn't interrupt your father, no matter how long you have to wait."

"Oh, I'd finished, my deah," cried the Judge, beaming upon wife and son. "And now," he gathered up the saddlebags, "now faw the present!"

John leaped—his mother cringed.

"Oh, Judge March—before supper?"

"Why, of co'se not, my love, if you——"

"Ah, Powhatan, please! Please don't say if I." The speaker smiled lovingly—"I don't deserve such a rebuke!" She rose.

"Why, my deah!"

"No, I was not thinking of I, but of others. There's the tea-bell. Servants have rights, Powhatan, and we shouldn't increase their burdens by heartless delays. That may not be the law, Judge March, but it's the gospel."

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"Oh, I quite agree with you, Daphne, deah!" But the father could not help seeing the child's tearful eyes and quivering mouth. "I'll tell you, mother, son—There's no need faw anybody to be kep' waitin'. We'll go to suppeh, but the gift shall grace the feast!" He combed one soft hand through his long hair. John danced and gave a triple nod.

Mrs. March's fatigue increased. "Please yourself," she said. "John and I can always make your pleasure ours. Only, I hope he'll not inherit a frivolous impatience."

"Daphne, I——" The Judge made a gesture of sad capitulation.

"Oh, Judge March, it's too late to draw back now. That were cruel!"

John clambered into his high chair—said grace in a pretty rhyme of his mother's production—she was a poetess—and ended with:

"Amen, double-O-K. I wish double-O-K would mean firecrackers; firecrackers and cinnamon candy!" He patted his wrists together and glanced triumphantly upon the frowsy, barefooted waitress while Mrs. March poured the coffee.

The Judge's wife, at thirty-two, was still fair. Her face was thin, but her languorous eyes were expressive and her mouth delicate. A certain shadow about its corners may have meant rigidity of will or only a habit of introspection, but it was always there.

She passed her husband's coffee, and the hungry child, though still all eyes, was taking his first gulp of milk, when over the top of his mug he saw his father reach stealthily down to his saddle-bags and straighten again.

"Son!"

"Suh!"

"Go on with yo' suppeh, son." Under the table the paper was coming off of something. John filled both cheeks dutifully, but kept them so, unchanged, while the present came forth. Then he looked confused and turned to his mother. Her eyes were on her husband in deep dejection, as her hand rose to receive the book from the servant. She took it, read the title, and moaned:

Oh! Judge March, what is your child to do with 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son?'"

John waited only for her pitying glance. Then the tears burst from his eyes and the bread and milk from his mouth, and he cried with a great and continuous voice, "I don't like presents! I want to go to bed!"

Even when the waitress got him there his mother could not quiet him. She demanded explanations and he could not explain, for by that time he had persuaded himself he was crying because his mother was not happy. But he hushed when the Judge, sinking down upon the bedside, said, as the despairing wife left the room,

"I'm sorry I've disappointed you so powerful, son. I know just how you feel. I made—" he glanced round to be sure she was gone—"just as bad a mistake one time, trying to make a present to myself."

The child lay quite still, vaguely considering whether this was any good reason why he should stop crying.

"But 'evomind, son, the ve'y next time we go to town we'll buy some cinnamon candy."

The son's eyes met the father's in a smile of love, the lids declined, the lashes folded, and his spirit circled softly down into the fathomless underheaven of dreamless sleep.

III.

TWO FRIENDS.

It was nearly four o'clock of a day in early June. The sun shone exceptionally hot on the meagre waters of Turkey Creek, where it warmed its sinuous length through the middle of its wide battle-field. The turnpike, coming northward from Suez, emerged, white, dusty, and badly broken, on the southern border of this waste and crossed the creek at right angles. Eastward, westward, the prospect widened away in soft heavings of fallow half ruined by rains. The whole landscape seemed bruised and torn, its beauty not gone, but ravished. A distant spot of yellow was wheat, a yet farther one may have been rye. Off on

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the right a thin green mantle that only half clothed the red shoulder of a rise along the eastern sky was cotton, the sometime royal claimant, unsceptred, but still potent and full of beauty. About the embers of a burned dwelling, elder, love-pop, and other wild things spread themselves in rank complacency, strange bed-fellows adversity had thrust in upon the frightened sweet-Betsy, phlox and jonquils of the ruined garden. Here the ground was gay with wild roses, and yonder blue, pink, white, and purple with expanses of larkspur.

A few steps to the left of the pike near the wood's strong shade, a beautiful brown horse in gray and yellow trappings suddenly lifted his head from the clover and gazed abroad.

"He knows there's been fighting here," said a sturdy voice from the thicket of ripe blackberries behind; "he sort o' smells it."

"Reckon he hears something," responded a younger voice farther from the road. "Maybe it's C'nelius's yodle; he's been listening for it for a solid week."

"He's got a good right to," came the first voice again; "worthless as that boy is, nobody ever took better care of a horse. I wish I had just about two dozen of his beat biscuit right now. He didn't have his equal in camp for beat biscuit."

"When sober," suggested the younger speaker, in that melodious Southern drawl so effective in dry satire; but the older voice did not laugh. One does not like to have another's satire pointed even at one's nigger.

The senior presently resumed a narrative made timely by the two having just come through the town. "You must remember I inherited no means and didn't get my education without a long, hard fight. A thorough clerical education's no small thing to get."

"Couldn't the church help you?"

"Oh—yes—I, eh—I did have church aid, but—— Well, then I was three years a circuit rider and then I preached four years here in Suez. And then I married. Folks laugh about preachers always marrying fortunes—it was a mighty small fortune Rose Montgomery brought me! But she was Rose Montgomery, and I got her when no other man had the courage to ask for her. You know an ancestor of hers founded Suez. That's how it got its name. His name was Ezra and hers was Susan, don't you see?"

"I think I make it out," drawled the listener.

"But she didn't any more have a fortune than I did. She and her mother, who died about a year after, were living here in town just on the wages of three or four hired-out slaves, and——"

The younger voice interrupted with a question indolently drawn out: "Was she as beautiful in those days as they say?"

"Why, allowing for some natural exaggeration, yes."

"You built Rosemont about the time her mother died, didn't you?"

"Yes, about three years before the war broke out. It was the only piece of land she had left; too small for a plantation but just the thing for a college."

"It is neatly named," pursued the questioner; "who did it?"

"I," half soliloquized the narrator, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

He moved into view, a large man of forty, unmilitary, despite his good gray broadcloth and wealth of gold braid, though of commanding and most comfortable mien. His upright coat-collar, too much agape, showed a clerical white cravat. His right arm was in a sling. He began to pick his way out of the brambles, dusting himself with a fine handkerchief. The horse came to meet him.

At the same time his young companion stepped upon a fallen tree, and stood to gaze, large-eyed, like the horse, across the sun-bathed scene. He seemed scant nineteen. His gray shirt was buttoned with locust thorns, his cotton-woollen jacket was caught under an old cartridge belt, his ragged trousers were thrust into bursted boots, and he was thickly powdered with white and yellow dust. His eyes swept slowly over the battle-ground to some low, wooded hills that rose beyond it against the pale northwestern sky.

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"Major," said he.

The Major was busy lifting himself carefully into the saddle and checking his horse's eagerness to be off. But the youth still gazed and said again, "Isn't that it?"

"What?"

"Rosemont?"

"It is!" cried the officer, standing in his stirrups and smiling fondly at a point where, some three miles away by the line of sight, a dark roof crowned by a white-railed look-out peeped over the tree-tops. "It's Rosemont — my own Rosemont! The view's been opened by cutting the woods off that hill this side of it. Come!"

Soon a wreath of turnpike dust near the broken culvert over Turkey Creek showed the good speed the travellers made. The ill-shod youth and delicately shod horse trudged side by side through the furnace heat of sunshine. So intolerable were its rays that when an old reticule of fawn-skin with bright steel chains and mountings, well-known receptacle of the Major's private papers and stationery, dropped from its fastenings at the back of the saddle and the dismounted soldier stooped to pick it up, the horseman said, "Don't stop; let it go; it's empty. I burned everything in it the night of the surrender, even my wife's letters, don't you know?"

"Yes," said the youth, trying to open it, "I remember. Still, I'll take its parole before I turn it loose."

"That part doesn't open," said the rider, smiling, "it's only make-believe. Here, press in and draw down at the same time. There! nothing but my card that I pasted in the day I found the thing in some old papers I was looking over. I reckon it was my wife's grandmother's. Oh, yes, fasten it on again, though like as not I will give it away to Barb as soon as I get home. It's my way——"

And the Reverend John Wesley Garnet, A.M., smiled at himself self-lovingly for being so unselfish about reticules.

"You need two thumbs to tie those leather strings, Jeff-Jack." Jeff-Jack had lost one, more than a year before, in a murderous onslaught where the Major and he had saved each other's lives, turn about, in almost the same moment. But the knot was tied, and they started on.

"Speakin' o' Barb, some of the darkies told her if she didn't stop chasing squir'ls up the campus trees and crying when they put shoes on her feet to take her to church, she'd be turned into a boy. What d' you reckon she said? She and Johanna—Johanna's her only playmate, you know—danced for joy; and Barb says, says she, 'An' den kin I doe in swimmin'?' Mind you, she's only five years old!" The Major's laugh came abundantly. "Mind you, she's only five!"

The plodding youth whiffed gayly at the heat, switched off his bad cotton hat, and glanced around upon the scars of war. He was about to speak lightly; but as he looked upon the red washouts in the forsaken fields, and the dried sloughs in and beside the highway, snaggy with broken fence-rails and their margins blackened by teamsters' night-fires, he fell to brooding on the impoverishment of eleven States, and on the hundreds of thousands of men and women sitting in the ashes of their desolated hopes and the lingering fear of unspeakable humiliations. Only that morning had these two comrades seen for the first time the proclamation of amnesty and pardon with which the president of the triumphant republic ushered into a second birth the States of "the conquered banner."

"Major," said the young man, lifting his head, "you must open Rosemont again."

"Oh, I don't know, Jeff-Jack. It's mighty dark for us all ahead." The Major sighed with the air of being himself a large part of the fallen Confederacy.

"Law, Major, we've got stuff enough left to make a country of yet!"

"If they'll let us, Jeff-Jack. If they'll only let us; but will they?"

"Why, yes. They've shown their hand."

"You mean in this proclamation?"

"Yes, sir. Major, 'we-uns' can take that trick."

The two friends, so apart in years, exchanged a confidential smile. "Can we?" asked the senior.

"Can't we?" The young soldier walked on for several steps before he

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added, musingly, and with a cynical smile, "I've got neither land, money, nor education, but I'll help you put Rosemont on her feet again—just to sort o' open the game."

The Major gathered himself, exaltedly. "Jeff-Jack, if you will, I'll pledge you, here, that Rosemont shall make your interest her watchword so long as her interests are mine." The patriot turned his eyes to show Jeff-Jack their moisture.

The young man's smile went down at the corners, satirically, as he said, "That's all right," and they trudged on through the white dust and heat, looking at something in front of them.

IV.

THE JUDGE'S SON MAKES TWO LIFE-TIME ACQUAINTANCES, AND IS OFFERED A THIRD.

THEY had been ascending a long slope and were just reaching its crest when the Major exclaimed, under his voice, "Well, I'll be hanged!"

Before them stood three rusty mules attached to a half load of corn in the shuck, surmounted by a coop of panting chickens. The wheels of the wagon were heavy with the dried mud of the Sandstone County road. The object of the Major's contempt was a smallish mulatto, who was mounting to the saddle of the off-wheel mule. He had been mending the rotten harness and did not see the two soldiers until he lifted again his long rein of cotton ploughline. The word to go died on his lips.

"Why, Judge March!" Major Garnet pressed forward to where, at the team's left, the owner of these chattels sat on his ill-conditioned horse.

"President Garnet! I hope yo' well, seh? Aw at least," noticing the lame arm, "I hope yo' mendin'."

"Thank you, Brother March, I'm peart'nin', as they say." The Major smiled broadly until his eye fell again upon the mulatto. The Judge saw him stiffen.

"C'nelius only got back Sad'day," he said. The mulatto crouched in his saddle and grinned down upon his mule.

"He told me yo' wound compelled slow travel, seh; yes, seh. Perhaps I ought to apologize faw hirin' him, seh, but it was only pending yo' return, an' subjec' to yo' approval, seh."

"You have it, Brother March," said Major Garnet suavely, but he flashed a glance at the teamster that stopped his grin, though he only said, "Howdy, Cornelius."

"Brother March, let me make you acquainted with one of our boys. You remember Squire Ravenel, of Flatrock? This is the only son the war's left him. Adjutant, this is Judge March of Widewood, the famous Widewood tract. Jeff-Jack was my adjutant, Brother March, for a good while, though without the commission."

The Judge extended a beautiful brown hand; the ragged youth grasped it with courtly deference. The two horses had been arrogantly nosing each other's muzzles, and now the Judge's began to work his hinder end around as if for action. Whereupon:

"Why, look'e here, Brother March, what's this at the back of your saddle?"

The Judge smiled and laid one hand behind him. "That's my John—Asleep, son?—He generally is when he's back there, and he's seldom anywheres else. Drive on, C'nelius, I'll catch you."

As the wagon left them the child opened his wide eyes on Jeff-Jack, and Major Garnet said:

"He favors his mother, Brother March—though I haven't seen—I declare its a shame the way we let our Southern baronial sort o' life make us such strangers—why, I haven't seen Sister March since our big union camp meeting at Chalybeate Springs in '58. Sonnie-boy, you ain't listening, are you?" The child still stared at Jeff-Jack. "Mighty handsome boy, Brother March—stuff for a good soldier—got a little sweetheart at my house for you sonnie-boy! Rosemont College and Widewood lands wouldn't go bad together, Brother March, ha, ha, ha! Your son has his mothers' favor, but with something of yours, too, sir."

Judge March stroked the tiny, bare foot. "I'm proud to hope he'll favor his mother, seh, in talents. You've seen her last poem: 'Slaves to ow own slaves—Neveh!' signed as usual, Daphne Dalrymple? Dalrymple's one of

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her family names. She uses it to avoid publicity. The Pulaski City *Clarion* reprints her poems and calls her 'sweetest of Southland songsters.' Major Garnet, I wept when I read it! It's the finest thing she has ever written!"

"Ah! Brother March," the Major had seen the poem, but had not read it, "Sister March will never surpass those lines of hers on, let's see; they begin —Oh! dear me, I know them as well as I know my horse—How does that——"

"I know what you mean, seh. You mean the ballad of Jack Jones!

"'Ho! Southrons, hark how one brave lad
Three Yankee standards——'"

"Captured!" cried the Major. "That's it; why, my sakes! Hold on, Jeff-Jack, I'll be with you in just a minute. Why, I know it as—why, it rhymes with 'cohorts enraptured!'—I —why, of course!—Ah! Jeff-Jack it was hard on you that the despatches got your name so twisted. It's a plumb shame, as they say." The Major's laugh grew rustic as he glanced from Jeff-Jack, red with resentment, to Judge March, lifted half out of his seat with emotion, and thence to the child, still gazing on the young hero of many battles and one ballad.

"Well, that's all over; we can only hurry along home now, and——"

"Ah! President Garnet, *is* it all over, seh? *Is* it, Mr. Jones?"

"Can't say," replied Jeff-Jack, with his down-drawn smile, and the two pairs went their opposite ways.

As the Judge loped down the hot turnpike after his distant wagon, his son turned for one more gaze on the young hero, his hero henceforth, and felt the blood rush from every vein to his heart and back again as Mr. Ravenel at the last moment looked round and waved him farewell. Later he recalled Major Garnet's offer of his daughter, but:

"I shall never marry," said John to himself.

V.

THE MASTER'S HOME-COMING.

THE Garnet estate was far from baronial in its extent. Rosemont's whole area was scarcely sixty acres, a third of which was wild grove close about three sides of the dwelling. The house was of brick, large, with many rooms in two tall stories above a basement. At the middle of the north front was a square Greek porch with wide steps spreading to the ground. A hall extended through and let out upon a rear veranda that spanned the whole breadth of the house. Here two or three wooden pegs jutted from the wall, on which to hang a saddle, bridle, or gourd, and from one of which always dangled a small cowhide whip. Barbara and Johanna, hand in hand—Johanna was eleven and very black—often looked on this object with whispering awe, though neither had ever known it put to fiercer use than to drive chickens out of the hall. Down in the yard, across to the left, was the kitchen. And lastly, there was that railed platform on the hip-roof, whence one could see, in the northeast, over the tops of the grove, the hills and then the mountains; in the southeast the far edge of Turkey Creek battle-ground; and in the west, the great setting sun, often, from this point, commended to Barbara as going to bed quietly and before dark.

The child did not remember the father. Once or twice during the war when otherwise he might have come home on furlough, the enemy had intervened. Yet she held no enthusiastic unbelief in his personal reality, and prayed for him night and morning: that God would bless him and keep him from being naughty—"No, that ain't it —an' keep him f'om bein'—no, don't tell me!—and ast him why he don't come see what a sweet mom-a I'm dot!"

People were never quite done marvelling that even Garnet should have won the mistress of this inheritance, whom no one else had ever dared to woo. Her hair was so dark you might have called it black—her eyes were as blue as June, and all the elements of her outward beauty were but the various testimonies of a noble mind. She had been very willing for Rosemont to be founded here. There was a belief in her family that the original patentee—he that had once owned the whole site of Suez and more—had really from the first intended this spot for a college site, and when

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Garnet proposed that with his savings they build and open upon it a male academy of which he should be principal, she consented with an alacrity which his vanity never ceased to resent, since it involved his leaving the pulpit. For Principal Garnet was very proud of his moral character.

On the same afternoon in which John March first saw the Major and Jeff-Jack, Barbara and Johanna were down by the spring-house at play. This structure stood a good two hundred yards from the dwelling, where a brook crossed the road. Three wooded slopes ran down to it and beneath the leafy arches of a hundred green shadows that only at noon were flecked with sunlight, the water glassed and crinkled scarce ankle deep over an unbroken floor of naked rock.

The pair were wading, Barbara in the road, Johanna at its edge, when suddenly Barbara was aware of strange voices, and looking up, was fastened to her footing by the sight of two travellers just at hand. One was on horseback; the other, a youth, trod the stepping stones, ragged, dusty, but bewilderingly handsome. Johanna, too, heard, came, and then stood like Barbara, awe-stricken and rooted in the water. The next moment there was a whirl, a bound, a splash—and Barbara was alone. Johanna, with three leaping strides, was out of the water, across the fence and scampering over ledges and loose stones toward the house, mad with the joy of her news:

"Mahse John Wesley! Mahse John Wesley!"—up the front steps, into the great porch and through the hall—"Mahse John Wesley! Mahse John Wesley! De waugh done done! De waugh ove' dis time fo' sho'! Glory! Glory!"—down the back steps, into the kitchen—"Mahse John Wesley!"—out again and off to the stables—"Mahse John Wesley!" While old Virginia ran from the kitchen to her cabin rubbing the flour from her arms and crying, "Tu'n out! tu'n out, you laazy black niggers! Mahse John Wesley Gyarnet a-comin' up de road!"

Barbara did not stir. She felt the soldier's firm hands under her arms, and her own form, straightened and rigid, rising to the glad lips of the disabled stranger who bent from the saddle; but she kept her eyes on the earth. With her dripping toes stiffened downward and the youth clasping her tightly, they moved toward the house. In the grove gate the horseman galloped ahead; but Barbara did not once look up until at the porch-steps she saw yellow Willis, the lame ploughman, smiling and limping forward round the corner of the house; Trudie, the house girl, trying to pass him by; Johanna wildly dancing; Aunt Virginia, her hands up, calling to heaven from the red cavern of her mouth; Uncle Leviticus, her husband, Cornelius's step-father, holding the pawing steed; gladness on every face, and the mistress of Rosemont drawing from the horseman's one good arm to welcome her ragged guest.

Barbara gazed on the bareheaded men and courtesying women grasping the hand of their stately master.

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Welcome home, sah. Yass, sah!"

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Yass, sah; dass so, sot free, but niggehs yit, te-he!—an' Rosemont niggehs yit!" Chorus, "Dass so!" and much laughter.

"Howdy, Mahse John Wesley. Miss Rose happy now, an' whensomever she happy, us happy. Yass, sah. De good Lawd be praise! Now is de waugh over an' finish' an' ended an' gone!" Chorus, "Pra-aise Gawd!"

The master replied. He was majestically kind. He commended their exceptional good sense and prophesied a reign of humble trust and magnanimous protection.—"But I see you're all—" he smiled a gracious irony—"anxious to get back to work."

They laughed, pushed and smote one another, and went, while he mounted the stairs; they, strangers to the sufferings of his mind, and he as ignorant as many a far vaster autocrat of the profound failure of his words to satisfy the applauding people he left below him.

In the hall Jeff-Jack let Barbara down. Thump-thump-thump—she ran to find Johanna. A fear and a hope quite filled her with their strife, the mortifying fear that at the brook Mr. Ravenel had observed—and the reinspiring hope that

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he had failed to observe — that she was without shoes! She remained away for some time, and came back shyly in softly squeaking leather. As he took her on his knee she asked, carelessly:

"Did you ever notice I'm dot socks on to-day?" and when he cried "No!" and stroked them, she silently applauded her own tact.

Virginia and her mistress decided that the supper would have to be totally reconsidered—reconstructed. Jeff-Jack and Barbara, the reticule on her arm, walked in the grove where the trees were few. The flat outcroppings of gray and yellow rocks made grotesque figures in the grass, and up from among the cedar sprouts turtle-doves sprang with that peculiar music of their wings, flew into distant coverts, and from one such to another tenderly complained of love's alarms and separations. When Barbara asked her escort where his home was, he said it was going to be in Suez, and on cross-examination explained that Flatrock was only a small plantation where his sister lived and took care of his father, who was old and sick.

He seemed to Barbara to be very easily amused, even laughing at some things she said which she did not intend for jokes at all. But since he laughed she laughed too, though with more reserve. They picked wild flowers. He gave her forget-me-nots.

They did not bring their raging hunger into the house again until the large tea-bell rang in the porch, and the air was rife with the fragrance of Aunt Virginia's bounty: fried ham, fried eggs, fried chicken, strong coffee, and hot biscuits—of fresh Yankee flour from Suez. No wine, and no tonic before sitting down. In the pulpit and out of it Garnet had ever been an ardent advocate of total abstinence. He never, even in his own case, set aside its rigors except when chilled or fatigued, and always then took ample care not to let his action, or any subsequent confession, be a temptation in the eyes of others who might be weaker than he.

Barbara sat opposite Jeff-Jack. What of that? Johanna, standing behind mom-a's chair, should not have smiled and clapped her hands to her mouth. Barbara ignored her. As she did again, after supper, when, silent, on the young soldier's knee, amid an earnest talk upon interests too public to interest her, she could see her little nurse tiptoeing around the door out in the dim hall, grinning in white gleams of summer lightning, beckoning, and pointing upstairs. The best way to treat such things is to take no notice of them.

In the bright parlor the talk was still on public affairs. The war was over, but its issues were still largely in suspense and were not questions of boundaries or dynasties; they underlay every Southern hearthstone; the possibilities of each to-morrow were the personal concern and distress of every true Southern man, of every true Southern woman.

Thus spoke Garnet. His strong, emotional voice was the one most heard. Ravenel held Barbara, and responded scarcely so often as her mother, whose gentle self-command rested him. Not such was its effect upon the husband. His very flesh seemed to feel the smartings of trampled aspirations and insulted rights. More than once, under stress of his sincere though florid sentences, he rose proudly to his feet with a hand laid unconsciously on his freshly bandaged arm, as though all the pain and smart of the times were centring there, and tried good-naturedly to reflect the satirical composure of his late adjutant. But when he sought to make light of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," he could not quite hide the exasperation of a spirit covered with their contusions; and when he spoke again, he frowned.

Mrs. Garnet observed Ravenel with secret concern. Men like Garnet, addicted to rhetoric, have a way of always just missing the vital truth of things, and this is what she believed this stripling had, in the intimacies of the headquarter's tent, discerned in him, and now so mildly, but so frequently, smiled at. "Major Garnet," she said, and silently indicated that someone was waiting in the doorway. The Ma-

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jor, standing, turned and saw, faltering with conscious overboldness on the threshold, a tawny figure whose shoulders stared through the rags of a coarse cotton shirt; the man of all men to whom he was just then the most unprepared to show patience.

VI.

TROUBLE.

OUTSIDE it was growing dark. The bright red dot that, from the railed housetop, you might have seen on the far edge of Turkey Creek battle-ground, was a watch-fire beside the blackberry patch we know of. Here sat Judge March guarding his wagon and mules. One of them was sick. The wagon, under a load of barrelled pork and general supplies, had slumped into a hole and suffered a "general giving-way." While in Suez the Judge had paid Cornelius off, written a note to be given by him to Major Garnet, and agreed, in recognition of his abundant worthlessness, to part with him from date, finally.

Yet the magnanimous Cornelius, still with him when the wagon broke, went back to Suez for help and horse medicine, but trifled so sadly, or so gayly, that at sunset there was no choice but to wait till morning.

John, however, had to be sent home. But how? On the Judge's horse, behind Cornelius? The father hesitated. But the mulatto showed such indignant grief and offered such large promises, the child, of course, siding with the teamster, and after all, they could reach Widewood so soon after nightfall, that the Judge sent them. From Widewood Cornelius, alone, was to turn promptly back——

"Well, o' co'se, seh! Ain't I always promp'?"

Promptly back by way of Rosemont, leave the note there and then bring the Judge's horse to him at the camp-fire. If lights were out at Rosemont he could give the letter to some servant to be delivered next morning.

"Good-by, son. I can't hear yo' prayers to-night. I'll miss it myself. But if yo' dear motheh ain't too ti-ud maybe she'll hear 'em."

It suited Cornelius to turn aside first to Rosemont.

"You see, Johnnie, me an' Majo' Gyarnet is got some ve'y urgen' business to transpiah. An' den likewise an' mo'oveh, here's de triflin' matteh o' dis letteh. What contents do hit contain? I's done yo' paw a powerful favo', an' yit I has a sneakin' notion dat herein yo' paw espress hisseff wid great lassitude about me. An' thus, o' co'se, I want to know it befo' han', caze ef a man play you a trick you don't want to pay him wid a favo'. Trick fo' trick, favo' fo' favo', is de rule o' Cawnelius Leggett, Esquire, freedman, an' ef I fines, when Majo' Gyarnet read dis-yeh letteh, dat yo' paw done intercallate me a trick, I jist predestinatured to git evm wid bofe of'm de prompes' way I kin. You neveh seed me mad, did you? Well, when you see Cawnelius Leggett mad you wants to run an' hide. He wou'n't hu't a chile no mo'n he'd hu't a chicken, but ef dere's a man in de way—jis' on'y in de *way*—an' specially a *white* man—Lawd! he betteh teck a tree!"

The windows of Rosemont had for some time been red with lamplight when they fastened their horse to a swinging limb near the springhouse and walked up through the darkening grove to the kitchen. Virginia received her son with querulous surprise. "Gawd's own fool," she called him, "fuh runnin' off, an' de same fool double' an' twisted fo' slinkin' back." But when he arrogantly showed the Judge's letter she lapsed into silent disdain while she gave him an abundant supper. After a time the child was left sitting beside the kitchen fire, holding an untasted biscuit. Throughout the yard and quarters there was a stillness that was not sleep, though Virginia alone was out-of-doors, standing on the moonlit veranda looking into the hall.

She heard Major Garnet ask, with majestic forbearance, "Well, Cornelius, what do you want?"

The teamster advanced with his ragged hat in one hand and the letter in another. The Major, flushing red,

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lifted his sound arm, commandingly, and the mulatto stopped. "Boy, can it be that in my presence and in the presence of your mistress you dare attempt to change the manners you were raised to?"

Cornelius opened his mouth with great pretense of ignorance, but——

"Go back and drop that hat outside the door, sir!" The servant went.

"Now, bring me that letter!" The bearer brought it and stood waiting while the Major held it under his lame arm and tore it open.

Judge March wrote that he had found a way to dispense with Cornelius at once, but his main wish was to express the hope—having let a better opportunity slip—that President Garnet as the "person best fitted in all central Dixie to impart to Southern youth a purely Southern education," would reopen Rosemont at once, and to promise his son to the college as soon as he should be old enough.

But for two things the Major might have felt soothed. One was a feeling that Cornelius had in some way made himself unpleasant to the Judge, and this grew to conviction as his nostrils caught the odor of strong drink. He handed the note to his wife.

"Judge March is always complimentary. Read it to Jeff-Jack. Cornelius, I'll see you for a moment on the back gallery." His wife tried to catch his eye, but a voice within him commended him to his own fortitude and he passed down the hall, the mulatto following. Johanna, crouching and nodding against the wall, straightened up as he passed. His footfall sounded hope to the strained ear of the Judge's son in the kitchen. Virginia slipped away. In the veranda, under the moonlight, Garnet turned and said, in a voice almost friendly:

"Cornelius."

"Yass, sah."

"Cornelius, why did you go off and hire yourself out, sir?"

At the last word the small listener in the kitchen trembled.

"Das jess what I 'llow to 'splain to you, sah."

"It isn't necessary. Cornelius, you know that if ever one class of human beings owed a life-long gratitude to another, you negroes owe it to your old masters, don't you? Stop! don't you dare to say no! Here you all are; never has one of you felt a pang of helpless hunger or lain one day with a neglected fever. Food, clothing, shelter, you've never suffered a day's doubt about them! No other laboring class ever were so free from the cares of life. Your fellow-servants have shown some gratitude; they've stayed with their mistress till I got home to arrange with them under these new conditions. But you—you! when I let you push on ahead and leave me sick and wounded and only half way home—your home and mine, Cornelius—with your promise to wait here till I could come and retain you on wages—you, in pure wantonness, must lift up your heels and prance away into your so-called new liberty. You're a fair sample of what's to come, Cornelius; you've spent your first wages for whiskey. Silence! you perfidious reptile!

"Oh, Cornelius, you needn't dodge in that way, sir, I'm not going to take you to the stable; thank God I'm done whipping you and all your kind, for life! Cornelius, I've only one business with you and it's only one word! Go! at once! forever! You should go if it were only—— Cornelius! I've been taking care of my own horse! Don't you dare to sleep on these premises to-night. Wait! Tell me what you've done to offend Judge March?"

"Why, Mahse John Wesley, I ain't done nothin' to Jedge Mahch; no, sah, neither defensive naw yit offensive. An' yit mo', I ain't dream o' causin' you sich uprisin' he'plessness. Me an' Jedge Mahch"—he began to swell—"has had a stric'ly private disparitude on the subjec' o' extry wages, account'n' o' his disinterpretations o' my plans an' his ig'nance o' de law." He tilted his face and gave himself an argumentative frown of matchless insolence. "You see, my deah seh——"

Garnet was wearily turning his head from side to side as if in unspeakable pain; a sudden movement of his free arm caused the mulatto to flinch, but the ex-master said, quietly:

"Go on, Cornelius."

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"Yass. You see, Major, sence dis waugh done put us all on a sawt of equality——" The speaker flinched again.

"Great Heaven!" groaned the Major. "Cornelius, why, Cor—*ne*lius! you *viper!* if it were not for dishonoring my own roof I'd thrash you right here. I'm a good notion——"

"Ow! leg go me! I ain't gwine to 'low no daym rebel——"

Ravenel, stroking Barbara and talking to Mrs. Garnet, saw his hostess start and then try to attend to his words, while out on the veranda rang notes of fright and pain.

"Oh! don't grabble my whole bres' up dat a-way, sah! Please, sah! Oh! don't! You ain't got no mo' right! Oh! Lawd! Mahse John Wesley! Oh! good Lawdy! yo' han' bites like a *dawg!*"

Ravenel paused in his talk to ask Barbara about the sandman, but the child stared wildly at her mother. Johanna reappeared in the door with a scared face; Barbara burst into loud weeping and her nurse bore her away crying and bending toward her mother, while from the veranda the wail poured in:

"Oh! Oh! don't resh me back like that! Oh! Oh! my Gawd! Oh! you'll bre'k de balusters! Oh! my Gawd-A'mighty, my back; Mahse John Wesley, you a-breakin' *my back!* Oh, good Lawd 'a' mussy! my po' back! my po' back! Oh! don't dra—ag—you ain't a-needin' to drag me. I'll walk, Mahse John Wesley, I'll walk! Oh! you a-scrapin' my knees off! Oh! dat whip ain't over dah! You can't re'ch it down!—ef I bite——" There was a silent instant and the mulatto screamed.

With sinking knees a small form slipped from the kitchen and ran—fell—rose—and ran again across the moonlight and into the grove toward the spring-house.

Barbara's crying increased. Ravenel said:

"Don't let me keep you from the baby"—while outside:

"Oh! I didn't mean to bite you, sweet Mahse John Wesley. 'Fo' Gawd I—oh!—o—oh—h—you broke my knees."

"If you'll excuse me," said the mother, and went upstairs.

"Oh! mussy! mussy! yo' foot a-mashin' my whole breas' in'! Oh, my Gawd! De Yankees 'll git win' o' dis an' you'll go to jail."

The lash fell. "O—oh!—o—oh! Oh, Lawd!" Jeff-Jack sat still and once or twice smiled. "Oh, Lawd 'a' mussy! my back! Ow! It bu'ns like fiah!—o—oh!—oh!—ow!"

"It doesn't hurt as bad as it ought to, Cornelius," and the blows came again.

"Ow! Dey won't git win' of it! 'Deed an' 'deedy dey won't, sweet Mahse John Wesley!—oh!—o—oh!—Ow!—Oh, Lawd, come down! Dey des *shan't* git win' of it! 'fo' Gawd dey shan't! Ow!—oh!—oh!—oh!—a—ah—oo—oo!"

"Now, go!" said Garnet. Cornelius leaped up, ran with his eyes turned back on the whip, and fell again, wallowing like a scalded dog. "Oh, my po' back, my po' back! M—oh! it's a-bu'nin' up—oh!"

The Major advanced with the broken whip uplifted. Cornelius ran backward to the steps and rolled clear to the ground. The whip was tossed after him. With a gnashing curse he snatched it up and hurried off, moaning and writhing, into the darkness, down by the spring-house.

Garnet smiled in scorn, far from guessing that soon, almost as soon as yonder receding clatter of hoofs should pass into silence, the venomous thing from which he had lifted his heel would coil and strike, and that another back, a little one that had never felt the burden of a sin or a task, or aught heavier than the sun's kiss, was to take its turn at writhing and burning like fire.

The memory of that hour, when it was over and home was reached, was burnt into the child's mind forever. It was then late. Mrs. March, "never strong," and, with a sigh, "never anxious," had retired. Her two handmaids, freedwomen, were new to the place, but already fond of her son. Cornelius found them waiting uneasily at the garden-fence. He had lingered and toiled with the Judge and his broken wagon, he said, "notwithstand-

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in' we done dissolve," until he had got the worst "misery in his back" he had ever suffered. When they received John from him and felt the child's tremblings, he warned them kindly that the less asked about it the better for the reputations of both the boy and his father.

"You can't 'spute the right an' custudy of a man to his own son's chastisement, naw yit to 'low to dat son dat ef ever he let's maw git win' of it, he give him double an' thribble."

When the women told him he lied he appealed to John, and the child nodded his head. About midnight Cornelius handed the horse over to Judge March, reassuring him of his son's safety and comfort, and hurried off, much pleased with the length of his own head in that he had not stolen the animal. John fell asleep almost as soon as he touched the pillow. Then the maid who had undressed him beckoned the other in. Candle in hand she led the way to the trundle-bed drawn out from under the Judge's empty four-poster, and sat upon its edge. The child lay chest downward. She lifted his gown, and exposed his back.

"Good Gawd!" whispered the other.

VII.

EXODUS.

As Major Garnet's step sounded again in the hall, Barbara's crying came faintly down through the closed doors. He found Ravenel sitting by the lamp, turning the spotted leaves of Heber's poems.

"Mrs. Garnet putting Barb to bed?" he asked, and slowly took an easy chair. His arm was aching cruelly.

"Yes." The young guest stretched and smiled.

The host was silent. He was willing to stand by what he had done, but that this young friend with lower moral pretensions wholly approved it made his company an annoyance. What he craved was unjust censure. "I reckon you'd like to go up, too, wouldn't you? It's camp bedtime."

"Yes, got to come back to sleeping in-doors—might as well begin."

On the staircase they met Johanna, with a lighted candle. The Major said, as kindly as a father, "I'll take that."

As she gave it her eyes rolled whitely up to his, tears slipped down her black cheeks, he frowned, and she hurried away. At his guest's door he said a pleasant good-night, and then went to his wife's room.

Only moonlight was there. From a small, dim chamber next to it came Barbara's softened moan. The mother sang low a child hymn. The father sat down at a window, and strove to meditate. But his arm ached. The mother sang on, and presently he found himself waiting for the fourth stanza. It did not come; the child was still; but his memory supplied it:

> "And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
> Of man's maturer age
> May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
> And stormy passions rage."

He felt, but put aside, the implication of reproach to himself which lay in the words and his wife's avoidance of them. He still believed that, angry and unpremeditated as his act was, he could not have done otherwise in justice nor yet in mercy. And still, through this right doing, what bitterness had come! His wife's, child's, guest's—his own—sensibilities had been painfully shocked. In the depths of a soldier's sorrow for a cause loved and lost, there had been the one consolation that the unasked freedom so stupidly thrust upon these poor slaves was in certain aspects an emancipation to their masters. Yet here, before his child had learned to fondle his cheek, or his home-coming was six hours old, his first night of peace in beloved Rosemont had been blighted by this vile ingrate forcing upon him the exercise of the only discipline, he fully believed, for which such a race of natural slaves could have a wholesome regard. The mother sang again, murmurously. The soldier grasped his suffering arm, and returned to thought.

The war, his guest had said, had not taken the slaves away. It could only redistribute them, under a new bondage of wages instead of the old bondage of pure force. True. And the best and

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wisest servants would now fall to the wisest and kindest masters. Oh, for power to hasten to-morrow's morning, that he might call to him again that menial band down in the yard, speak to them kindly, even of Cornelius's fault, bid them not blame the outcast resentfully, and assure them that never while love remained stronger in them than pride, need they shake the light dust of Rosemont from their poor, shambling feet.

He rose, stole to the door of the inner room, pushed it noiselessly, and went in. Barbara, in her crib, was hidden by her mother standing at her side. The wife turned, glanced at her husband's wounded arm, and made a soft gesture for him to keep out of sight. The child was leaning against her mother, saying the last words of her own prayer.

"An' Dod bless ev'ybody, Uncle Leviticus, an' Aunt Jinny, an' Johanna, an' Willis, an' Trudie, an' C'nelius"—a sigh—"an' mom-a, an'—that's all—an'——"

"And pop-a?"

No response. The mother prompted again. Still the child was silent. "And pop-a, you know—the best last."

"An' Dod bless the best last," said Barbara, sadly. A pause.

"Don't you know all good little girls ask God to bless their pop-as?"

"Do they?"

"Yes."

"Dod bless pop-a," she sighed, dreamily; "an' Dod bless me, too, an'—an' keep me f'om bein' a dood little dirl.—Ma'am?—Yes, ma'am. Amen."

She laid her head down, and in a moment was asleep. Husband and wife passed out together. The wounded arm, its pain unconfessed, was cared for, pious prayers were said, and the pair lay down to slumber.

Far in the night the husband awoke. He could think better now in the almost perfect stillness. There were faint signs of one or two servants being astir, but in the old South that was always so. He pondered again upon the present and the future of the unhappy race upon whom freedom had come as a wild freshet. Thousands must sink, thousands starve, for all were drunk with its cruel delusions. Yea, on this deluge the whole Southern social world, with its two distinct divisions—the shining upper—the dark nether—was reeling and careening, threatening, each moment, to turn once and forever wrong side up, a hope-forsaken wreck. To avert this, to hold society on its keel, must be the first and constant duty of whoever saw, as he did, the fearful peril. So, then, this that he had done—and prayed that he might never have to do again—was, underneath all its outward hideousness, a more than right, a generous, deed. For a man who, taking all the new risks, still taught these poor, base, dangerous creatures to keep the only place they could keep with safety to themselves or their superiors, was to them the only truly merciful man.

He drifted into revery. Thoughts came, so out of harmony with this line of reasoning that he could only dismiss them as vagaries. Was sleep returning? No, he laid wide-awake, frowning with the pain of his wound. Yet he must have drowsed at last, for when suddenly he saw his wife standing, draped in some dark wrapping, hearkening at one of the open windows, the moon was sinking.

He sat up and heard faintly, far afield, the voices of Leviticus, Virginia, Willis, Trudie, and Johanna, singing one of the wild, absurd, and yet passionately significant hymns of the Negro Christian worship. Distance drowned the words, but an earlier familiarity supplied them to the grossly syncopated measures of the tune which, soft and clear, stole in at the open window.

"Rise in dat mawnin', an' rise in dat mawnin',
Rise in dat mawnin', an' fall upon yo' knees.
Bow low, an' a-bow low, an' a-bow low a little bit longah,
Bow low, an' a bow low; sich a conquerin' king!"

The eyes of wife and husband met in a long gaze.

"They're coming this way," he faltered.

She slowly shook her head.

"My love"— But she motioned for silence and said, solemnly:

"They're leaving us."

"They're wrong!" he murmured in grieved indignation.

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"Oh, who is right?" she sadly asked.

"They shall not treat us so!" exclaimed he. He would have sprung to his feet, but she turned upon him suddenly, uplifting her hand, and with a ring in her voice that made the walls of the chamber ring back, cried,

"No, no! Let them go! They were mine when they were property, and they are mine now! Let them go!"

The singing ceased. The child in the next room had not stirred. The dumfounded husband sat motionless under pretence of listening. His wife made a despairing gesture. He motioned to hearken a moment more; but no human sound sent a faintest ripple across the breathless air; the earth was as silent as the stars. Still he waited—in vain—they were gone.

The soldier and his wife lay down once more without a word. There was no more need of argument than of accusation. For in those few moments the weight of his calamities had broken through into the under quicksands of his character and revealed them to himself.

(To be continued.)

"WHITHER THOU GOEST."

By Solomon Solis-Cohen.

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thy path was strewn
With roses; and behold, my naked feet
Have tracked in crimson all thy stony street,
And faintness cometh swift upon me. Soon
Shall I fall prostrate in thy cruel way,
With eyes that reck not betwixt night and day—
Nor any joy of all thou toldst, is won.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thine air was filled
With unimagined melody; the lays
That poets whisper in their hearts; the praise
Tumultuous, of the happy birds that build.
I hear a burden of all grief and pain—
Harsh discords of reproach—the broken strain
Of one that by a ruined nest makes moan.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!

O Love, I cried, These be thy flowers that spring,
Glorious with crimson stain, beneath my feet;
And mine own heart makes melody more sweet,
For memoried sorrows, than thy glad birds sing.
Fain would I tarry in this happy place,
But thou still holdest thine unloitering pace
Toward the dark vale beyond the setting sun.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, Lead on!

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STORIES IN STONE FROM NOTRE DAME.

By Theodore Andrea Cook.

"Il n'est asme si revesche qui ne se sente touchée de quelque révérence à considérer la vastité sombre de nos églises," says the old essayist, of the churches in his beloved Paris, with that touch of the modern sentiment so rare in the years which were Montaigne's. The end of the sixteenth century had with it the churches of the Middle Ages still wellnigh perfect, yet learned as little from them, understood as little of them, as the beginning of the nineteenth. In the last days of the French monarchy the Gothic cathedrals—mutilated, desecrated, misunderstood—seemed to have lost all meaning, save in the eternal mockery of the devils carved outside their walls and grinning above the city at the wickedness which alone was older than themselves. The sculptures, full of meaning, above door and arch and column, the statues in their niches, the men and beasts and angels overhead, were only beheld by eyes that saw not, only appealed to minds that would not understand. Even in 1871 the Commune tried to burn down what the Revolution had left unhurt, though not undesecrated. Yet, could they but have read those signs in stone, the hasty champions of the liberty and equality of man must have spared perforce a monument so democratic as was Notre Dame, so instinct with the contemporaneous life and passion of a people that had just begun to feel their power. It is more particularly to these carvings, and to the lesser known among them, as being the especial expression of the people's feelings and the people's art, that I wish in this place to draw attention.

Gargoyle at Magnéville.

(This and the following outlines from sketches by Boeswiswald.)

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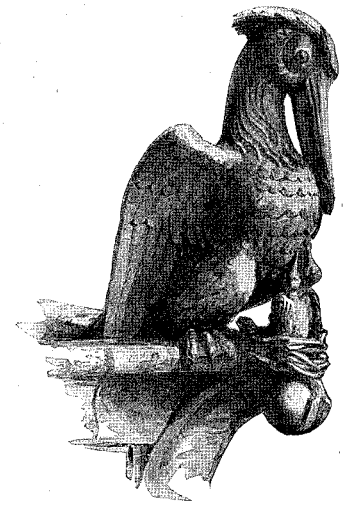
In considering the important monuments of almost any French town it is impossible not to be struck, at the outset, with the extraordinary continuity of power and sacredness upon the same spot. As Professor Freeman pointed out, the divisions of Roman Gaul remained the divisions of ecclesiastical France down to the end of the eighteenth century, and that because all her greatest towns have been great from the beginning; her oldest cities are immeasurably more ancient than the oldest towns of England, where the connection with early times is seen more in institutions than in such buildings as the Maison Carrée or the many Roman relics that beautify Provence and France. Long before the days of Cæsar the Gaulish camp had been fixed upon the hill by the windings of a river, on the island in a stream, and that centre of military and religious strength has never ceased since its development by Roman civilization. On the east point of the city of Paris, which its first conquerors found sacred, had stood the image of Cerumnus, with the ears of Anubis and hands on knees like Buddha; and when the new creed came, to take a possession that was temporal and spiritual as well, the new churches rose where the old temples had stood; the materials were ready to hand, walls and columns changed places, the pillars from the outside now parted the long nave from the aisles, and above the foundations of Jupiter's temple on the Seine Island arose the first church to St. Stephen.

In 528, when Childebert built the first Notre Dame, as distinct from the older foundation, from the second childhood of the Roman Empire the infancy of the Barbarians had still to borrow the formulas and symbols of its art as of its faith. This was the first great church lighted with windows of glass. "It seemed," says the chronicler, "that some skilful workman had prisoned day within the fane." And in truth there was little save darkness beyond the walls, a darkness which has scarcely been penetrated yet. But with the downfall of the Frankish Kings the building was entirely reconstructed, like the castle of the feudal lord or the dwelling of the rich merchant, the château of Langeais or the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges. In England, because the country was comparatively safe, far fewer of these old feudal castles have



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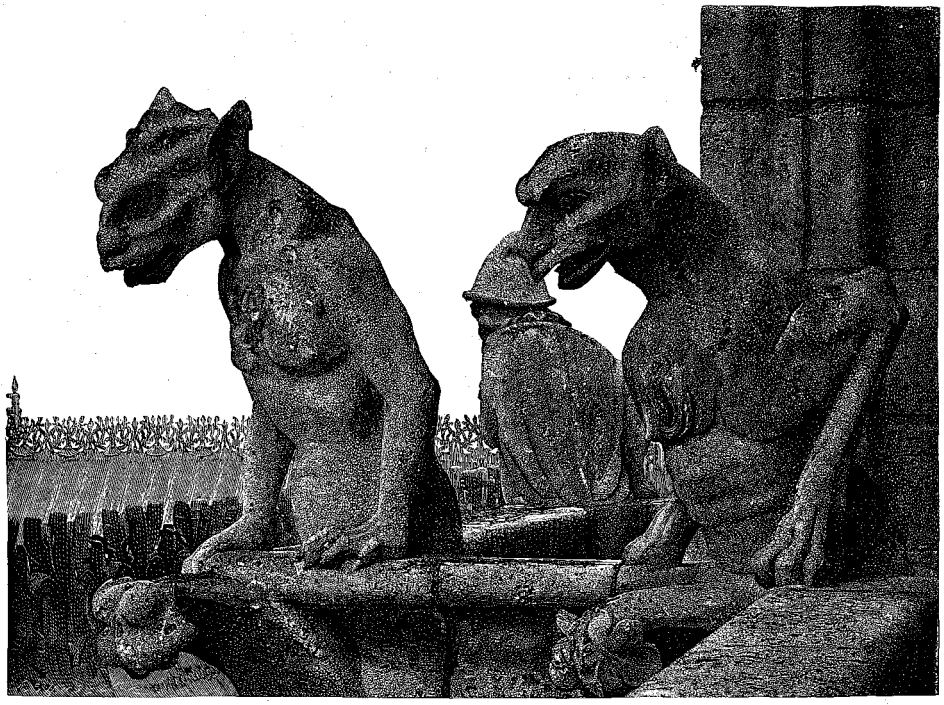

remained. For the same reason too, in the cathedral towns, a fair, open space of ground was left, from which the towers and buttresses rose unimpeded to the sky. But in France small room was left within the fortress walls to think of such proportions; the houses clustered round the spot of immemorial sanctuary and were built, as at Carcassonne or Rouen, even touching the walls of their salvation; for the battlemented churches of Narbonne and other southern towns were castle and temple in one. Thus comes it that the parvis of Notre Dame is a comparatively modern space. Like all old soils it frequently needed excavation, for the *débris* of many centuries rose continually like a tide upon the steps of the cathedral. Even down to quite recent years the whole ground was built over, and the excitement easy among such near neighbors often burst from the crowded streets into the church itself.

This great cathedral, the central and the mother church of Paris, the type in which the differing details of all the others were bound up and brought into harmony, rose swiftly into being, and grew to full perfection almost without the marring of a single line in the first plan. Like a poem smitten into stone, it resumed the life that had produced it; for, as in the mirror of the Homeric story, or of the Nibelungenlied, is seen a whole civilization gathered up in song, so in Notre Dame the story of France in the twelfth century is written on an everlasting page, which Victor Hugo has read for this century and those to come. It is almost the last of that story in stone which began before the pyramids and seems ended with the great Gothic churches, with which well-nigh ceased the art of architecture itself. Even as far on as the beginning of the sixteenth century the love of the builder for his building lingered, and in some few of the great French Renaissance châteaux on the Loire, it is possible to realize what a labor of love was still the work of the old masons, what time unlimited their workmen had, to chisel cunningly at the firm white stone beneath the mellow sunshine of the South, until each part was filled with something of the individuality of the man whose life was spent in

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slow and perfect labor with his hands, until the scheme which gave each workman his allotted task was finished in its harmony of carving, its strength and delicacy of construction and of form. But this was only the last weakened remnant of the spirit which built the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, only the irregular manifestation of a splendor which heralded decay. The book had indeed killed the builder. The ruled lines and spaces of Mansard, the treatises and theories of the seventeenth century, finally crushed out the originality which had moved the master-masons; "the beautiful lines of art give place to the cold and inexorable tracings of geometry, the bones of an architecture sick unto death almost show through the fleshless skin." Such buildings were for the courtier and the king, and in those halls of etiquette and ceremony the people had no more part than they had sympathy with their construction or understanding of their uses. But in the great cathedrals, the very names of whose creators are often unknown, individuality is lost, the sum of human intelligence of the day is resumed, for "Time was their architect and the People was their master-mason;" and the people feeling that their church belonged to them, filled it (as at the Fête des Fous) with a laughing, shouting, not too decent crowd; by its altar serfs were freed, enemies were reconciled, oaths to treaties taken, sanctuary given to the outcast flying from punishment of his enemy or of the law. Here the doors closed to the high-born sinner that opened to the lowest penitent; here the knight prayed through the first vigil over his virgin arms, then solemnly dedicated to the mother of Christ; here alms and healing were ready for the poorest, public assemblies were held, justice was distributed. On *fête* days sweet-smelling rushes hid the pavement, flowers and branches wreathed the pillars; baptisms, coronations, marriages, funerals followed one another; the whole social life was gathered up and sanctified within the walls beneath the protection of the mother church. For the blessings of the Church were as ready for the subject as her curses for the king. Her power seemed to embrace all by one means or another within its grasp.

From the very beginning her riches had steadily increased. In an age which was lavish as it was rapacious, devout as it was dissolute, the doctrines of purgatory and masses for the dead could not but prove materially serviceable. Every rich adherent to the powerful monastery brought his added gift, every rich sinner in the world

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outside bought by his gift his soul's salvation. Still further, the superiority of their knowledge and education made the bishops fit members of government, framers of laws, political correspondents in the Latin tongue, which they preserved. In large ways, as in small, advantages unseen but no less solid were invariably to be obtained; for if the pope himself could thunder excommunications at the principalities and powers, no less had deacons the upper hand of barons, and bishops of the higher dignitaries. This had a strange result. The Church became an actual instrument, and a most powerful one, in the rise of the democracy, for within its pale the poorest man might enter and as a priest become the friend of princes. Thus, too, the old unquestioned supremacy of dogmatic forms and doctrines became a broader and more humane religion. The Church was no more an unintelligible thing apart, but opened its doors to all men, took a share in all men's doings. The age of priestly supremacy, of an authority as impenetrable as it was absolute, was passing away, and with it the forms of architecture in which it had found expression, those forms which in their consecration of a primitive type — intelligible to the initiated only — taught that all change or progress was alike

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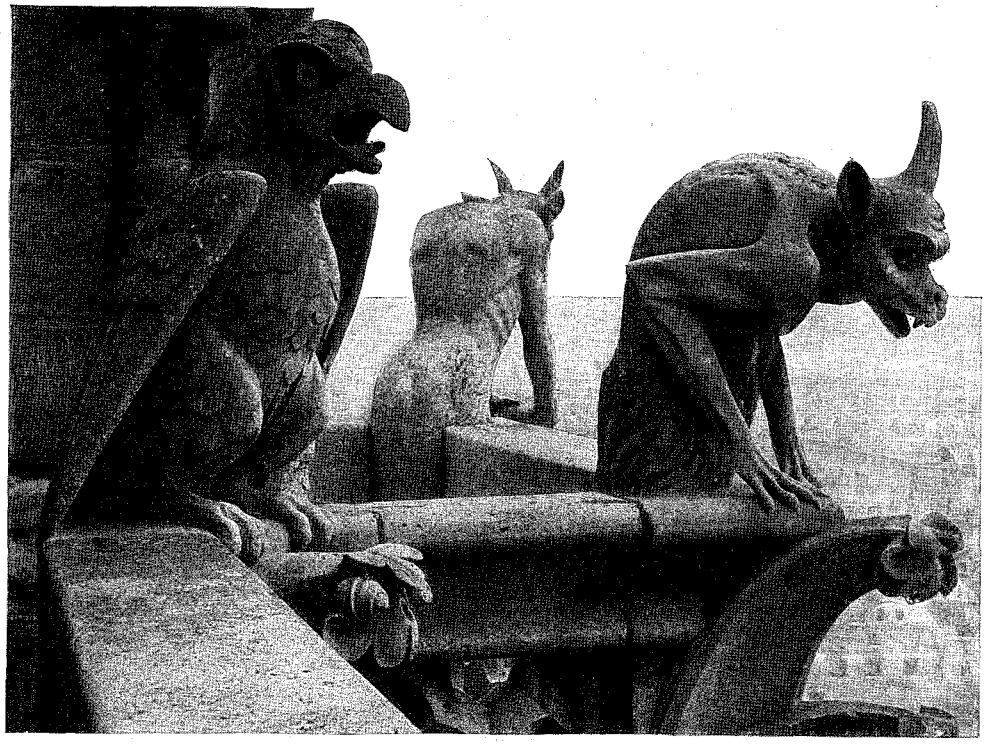

impiety. But in the age of the Gothic cathedrals feudality was beginning to show above sacerdotalism, and the people above feudality itself; so that on these buildings of the people is stamped the mark of their variety, their originality, their progress. At last religion had become sufficiently understood and subordinated to allow beauty and imagination to take their true part. The church became a symbol understanded of the people and filled with tokens every soul and eye could comprehend; the stone cried out of the wall and the beam out of the timber answered it. A few general and even mechanical rules might be sufficient to guide the architect, but sculpture with justice claims for its province the imitation not only of nature but of the character and passions of the human soul. So the altar and the four walls of the interior the priest might claim, but roof and pillar, arch and portal might be adorned, enlarged, written upon. This, too, with absolute license and without restraint, for the thoughts, the ideas, the dreams that are now scattered broadcast by the press then found one of their chief expressions in the work of the master-mason, who was poet, painter, sculptor, all in one, who covered the face of Europe with the cathedrals that were each the lasting proof of his imaginative genius.

Between 1161 and 1235 Notre Dame was practically finished. Alexander III. laid the first stone, and the Patriarch Heraclius celebrated the first mass; Rome, Jerusalem, and Paris, the three greatest of the cities, united to honor the foundation. Though a fire somewhat modified the

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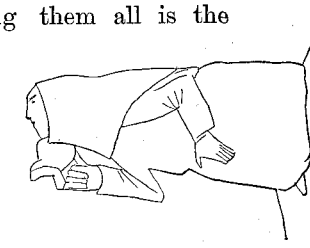
tion, and were there fixed lifeless for evermore, some as they tried to break loose and fly from the sanctuary, others as they struggled still to enter it and work their will upon it.

But a still more terrible form of the grotesque, in its most powerful expression, is to be found in the monsters carved at Laon and a few other of the finer cathedrals, and still higher than we have yet seen upon the walls of Notre Dame. They have absolutely no useful part to play in the construction of the fabric, as have the gargoyles, and they differ also in the greater completeness of their representation. They are subservient to no secondary purpose, but seem carved purely to allow the workman a further opportunity to express his thoughts and to secure a lasting place for them in a building which summed up all the many sides of life and feeling in his age. They even cease to reproduce the forms of nature which have become insufficient vehicles for the thought that is struggling for expression. In these *chimères*, as they are called, the unbridled imagination of the artist, confused by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp, has played with fire and jested waywardly, sometimes bitterly, with the shapes of death and sin. Mr. Ruskin has once and for all explained this branch of creative art, of which examples are chiefly found either in line-drawing or in sculpture: tangible signs are used to express truths otherwise inexpressible; symbols are boldly and fearlessly thrown together in a connection which the beholder is left to make out as he may; the gaps in this connection constitute the nature of the grotesque, which may thus allow of infinite variety in the subject and method of its fantastic treatment. With such creations the towers of Notre Dame are circled. Some of them are the old originals; the greater part are recarved, under the inspiring direction of Viollet le Duc, from shattered or crumbling fragments which still remained to show the intention of the first artist.

Prominent among them all is the presiding devil to whom Méryon's



From the Cloisters at Toul.

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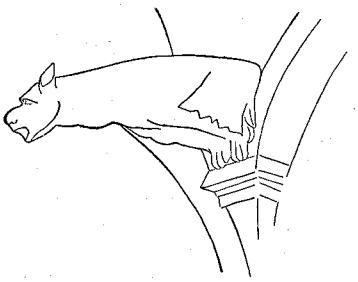
etching has given widest fame. A muscular demon with high cheekbones and flat nose, his lean chin resting on his hands, he sits licking his lips over the sins of Paris. His attendant ghouls are less well known. Looking westward over the parvis is a grim fiend throttling a rat, the embodiment of cruelty. Further along a monster grins with the very horror of a laugh. Beyond him sits a creature in despair almost comic, next to a beast howling furiously at the city which it cannot reach. At an angle of the balustrade a phœnix suckles her young with her own blood, watched by a hideous shape with female breasts, clutching the parapet and looking hungrily for the foul brood she has just lost. Behind her a dog tears at a bullock's throat, next to a monstrous bird with hooded head and vacant eye, screaming defiance. Apes and elephants and slimy brutes with scales, dragons of the prime and shapes of ancient evil, crowd round the towers. Among them all there is but one human form, a man who twists his fingers in his beard and strains out over the city as though to search for a deliverer from all these horrors. A goat (surely the goat of Esmeralda) looks down quietly from an angle, and behind every corner you expect the misshapen form of Quasimodo climbing to and fro amid such congenial surroundings or swinging wildly in the belfry just above.



"Une ville sans cloches," says Jacques de Bragmardo, "est comme un aveugle sans baston un asne sans cropière et une vache sans cymbales," with many more arguments to induce Gargantua to replace the bells which he had stolen; and indeed the sound of their ringing is the one most appropriate to their nearest audience, who sit amid the swing and thunder of those iron tongues, and seem to shout the louder when they peal. In 1472 the

At Chartres.

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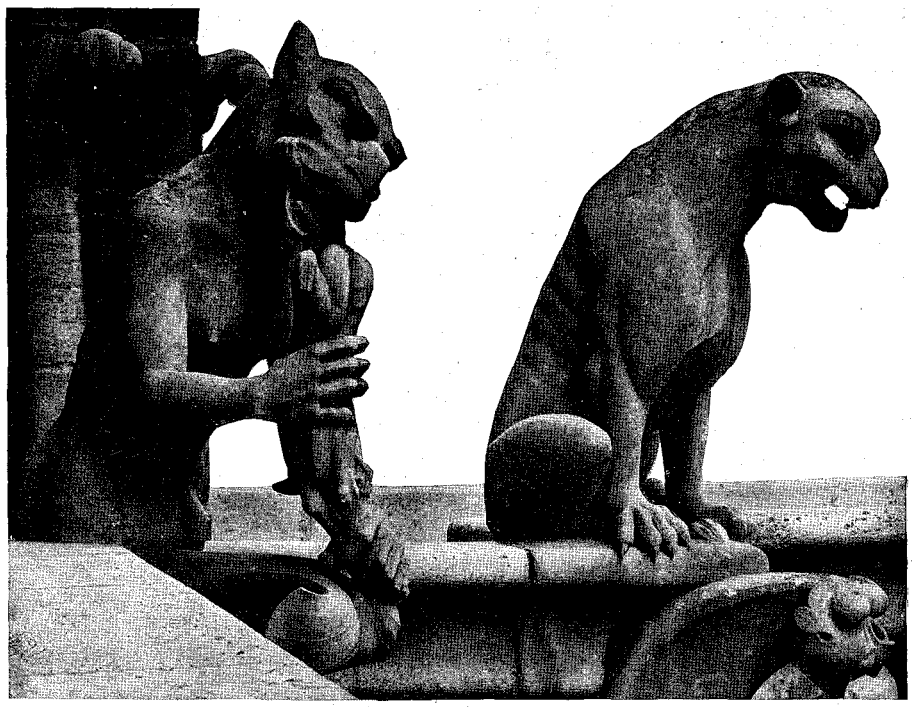

bourdon in the south tower, called Jacqueline, and given by Jean de Montaigne, rang the Angelus for the first time. In 1643 it pealed for the victory of Rocroy, and for the next five years kept joyfully aswing, until in 1667 came news of Tournay, Douai, Courtray, Lille, and Jacqueline grew well nigh hoarse with so much cheering. So, twenty years after she had to be recast, and in 1805 she was hard at work once more proclaiming the nation's victories from Ulm and Austerlitz to Wagram. And now the great bell from the Cathedral of Sebastopol keeps her company, as she waits to chronicle the joys and sorrows of the people who have built the tower where she hangs. The great republic that is growing round those towers now is the descendant of that outburst of democracy which built them. Small wonder that the cathedrals are becoming better understood; the spirit that produced them is in their land once more, hampered, it may be, by its very growth; Hausmannized out of all originality, out of almost all remembrance, yet still alive. "Il n'est asme si revesche qui ne se sente touchée."

There is a legend of the ruined churches in Provence which their poet Mistral has told:

"A la sourniero
Pourrias vèire li bord s'eigreja tout autour
. . . E, courdura dins lou susàri
Li mort, un aro, un pièi, s'ana metre à geinoun;
. . . E li campano, d'esperéli,
A brand, ploura de clar eme de long plagnoun."*

It was the hour when the last day was dead and the next one had not yet been born. The many stars of night were darkened with a cloud that hung for a moment motionless above the city

*In *Mirèio*:

"In the dusk
You might see the floor rising all round
. . . And sewn within their shrouds
The dead, one by one, falling upon their knees;
. . . . And the bells, of their own accord
Aswing, wailing their dirges with long sighs."

In Alsace.

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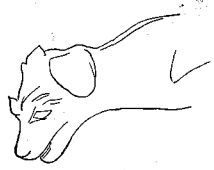
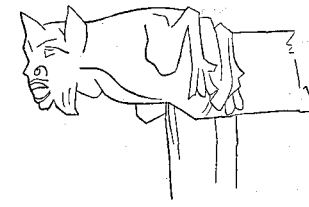
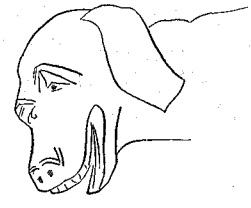
like a pall, then drifted suddenly before a waft of wind that drove the banks of vapor before its path and crisped the current of the river. The air that had been still and silent awoke with a strange rustling, as though its shadows had become alive. Upon the towers and windows of the great cathedral a light from the low moon shone fitfully and passed and shone again. The wind rose higher, higher still, and the echoes that seemed whirling on its wings grew louder every moment, swelled by a burst of sudden sound from the cathedral towers. The great bells, swinging as though to greet the angry sky, crashed out their welcome till the belfry swayed and shuddered and the pillars in the nave swung on their bases like masts upon a troubled sea. Slow chords of deep-toned music swelled along the aisles in waves of harmony that roused the sleeping soldiers from their tombs and gave a voice to every praying saint. From every crack and crevice of the building, from every water-spout and gaping gargoyle's mouth the flood of sound swept outward, upward to the bells. A sudden tide of life seemed eddying through the church and rousing in its stones some kindred spirit of the elements. The monsters crouching on the towers

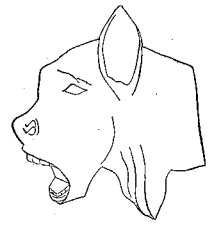






From Sainte-Chapelle.

and balustrades rose from their places, snuffing the night-air, and flew or strode or shuffled, each with his peculiar gait, toward the summit of the bell-tower; birds, hollow-eyed and cowled, monstrous apes and forms half human and half devil, climbing and griping in a hideous medley, as though the powers of lowest hell were loosed against the temple of the Mother of Christ. The moon sank utterly. Through the thick darkness sounds of hollow laughter, of griding claws and clapping wings, mingled confusedly with the murmur of the wind that rushed on swiftly toward the east. The black cloud broke above, but not a star was seen, for in the east a greater light grew slowly, till the swift presage of the dawn shot from the horizon like St. Michael's lance and touched the zenith with its point. The forms upon the creeping stone grew gray and still and shrank back to their own places, as the first ray of the morning blazed upon the houses and the river. With a murmur of returning day the city woke to life and the cathedral—died.



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A RAINY AFTERNOON.

By George A. Hibbard.

IT was a rainy afternoon, and moreover an afternoon that apparently would be rainy until the end. About this there could seemingly be no possible question. There was not a gleam in the sky, not a sign of clearing anywhere. The rain had begun in the morning in a fitful and tentative fashion, but by luncheon had settled down to a steady pour. Now, outdoors everything was soaked and dripping. Large pools stood in the garden-paths, and the fountain, as it threw its thin jets weakly upward, seemed an absurdly superfluous affair. It was dark too, for a heavy mist had fallen upon the landscape, cutting off from sight the lake and the opposite hills, and very dismal, with a strong wind moaning through the tall pines. In short it was an honest, unmistakably rainy afternoon—an afternoon upon which there could be no thought of anything except staying indoors. The entire party had agreed upon this immediately after luncheon, standing by one of the dining-room windows down which the raindrops ran so thick and fast. Now all had scattered and were busy with the usual occupations of a house-party in such a plight. In the hall one of the Lyddington twins, with a tumbler of water on her head, was struggling, encouraged thereto by the applause of the spectators, among whom was Blaisdell; in the music-room Miss Ashton was playing the accompaniment for Mifflin, who had been longing ever since he came to sing a song of his own composition; in the library Baldwyn was showing the other Lyddington girl a new game of cards; in the conservatory Harold Cliffe was smoking alone; Miss Haladene was upstairs writing letters, and Kitty Cheslyn was sitting over the fire with her hostess, Mrs. Kercheval.

"It certainly does make it a great deal more cheerful," said Mrs. Kercheval for the third time, referring to the fire which had been kindled at Kitty's suggestion, and which now brightly blazing, lit up the room.

"Yes," responded Kitty, absently.

"I'm sorry, my dear, that you're so blue," continued Mrs. Kercheval, quite as if Kitty's "blueness" had been the subject about which she had been talking all the time; "but I don't wonder. It's a fearful day."

"That isn't it—altogether," Kitty responded, sadly.

"I know," said her hostess, with ready understanding. "And was it necessary?"

"Sometimes it almost seems that it wasn't," Kitty continued, gloomily.

"Yes, that's the trouble about being a martyr," commented Mrs. Kercheval; "at least it's one of the troubles. You never can feel sure that it is worth while. There is always just a little bothersome doubt lest it may be foolish and useless, and indeed rather absurd. After you have fastened yourself to the stake and the flames are beginning to jump up around you, the pleasing reflection is frequently forced upon you that, after all, you may be nothing more than a rather pretentious and rather ridiculous figure."

"I don't think that there really could be any doubt in this case."

"Possibly," assented Mrs. Kercheval. "Still, there is always the suspicion that you may be making yourself uncomfortable for nothing. Not, my dear," she went on, "that I don't think that you were very good and noble to send him away."

"There was nothing else to do," said Kitty, positively. "A man can't break an engagement—and you know how long they have been engaged. Harold, I know, felt it himself, and saw that nothing could be done. Of course we've never said anything, because we couldn't, but he knows that I care about him." And Kitty looked, with eyes swimming with tears, at her dearest friend and her oldest confidante.

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"And he loves you," said Mrs. Kercheval. "Anyone could see that from the letter, but why he wrote it I cannot understand."

"When I asked him to send my foolish letter back, it was natural that he should add a few lines, and if they were stronger than they ought to have been it was because," and Kitty smiled sadly, "he forgot to remember."

"Your letter to him was unmistakable," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"I am afraid it was. I die every time I think of it—and, Edith dear, where is it?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, "I'll give it to you."

"I had to show it to you," said Kitty; "I wanted to know if you thought that it was too awful."

"In view of all that he had said," began Mrs. Kercheval, "and the manner in which you have always known one another, I don't know——"

"Still," interrupted Kitty, "you think that it was pretty awful."

"I think," said Mrs. Kercheval, "that anyone reading it, could easily believe that you were in love with him—it had a rather heart-broken tone—and that he would be perfectly justified in believing it himself."

"I don't care," responded Kitty, stoutly. "I may be, but I wouldn't take him away from her, not if I broke my heart a dozen times, and I'm not going to do that."

"I think it is very noble of you," resumed Mrs. Kercheval.

"Don't use such big, cold words," said Kitty. "You make me feel as if I had done something heroic—classic—something that implies Greek draperies and an altar at least. Whereas——"

"Whereas," repeated Mrs. Kercheval, "you have given up a man you care about, because you thought that his duty to another required you to make the sacrifice. Of course, you did it in a Doucet frock, and before your table for afternoon tea, but it was a case of self-immolation all the same. You can understand from the letter that he would have broken everything, although he was perfectly aware that it was not right, if you had not kept him from it."

"And if I only knew whether Helen really loved him," mused Kitty. "With those stately people it's so difficult to tell. She is so calm about it."

"I understand," said Mrs. Kercheval. "Of course she is very admirable, but I wish she were a little more expansive."

"It may be strength and depth of feeling."

"But if Helen suspected anything—that Harold had come to care for you in the way he does," said Mrs. Kercheval, "she would not want to hold him to the engagement. She would not wish to marry anyone who did not wholly love her. Now, suppose she had seen that letter, do you not believe that she would break off everything on the spot?"

"Of course," said Kitty, "but she does not suspect anything, and she never will know. Harold likes her and respects her, and her money will be a great help to him, and she will make him very happy, and—everything is most miserable."

Kitty Cheslyn, bending forward, rested her head on her arm, and looked away from Mrs. Kercheval at the fire.

"My dear," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"Don't mind me," sobbed Kitty, "I—I'm all right now."

For a moment both were silent.

"Oh, Helen, it's you," exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, glancing toward the door.

Kitty Cheslyn sat up quickly.

"Yes," answered the girl, entering.

"You've written your letters?" asked Mrs. Kercheval.

"Yes," answered Miss Haladene.

She rarely talked very much, but no one ever seemed to expect that she would, and yet nobody had ever thought of accusing her of stupidity. Now straying over to the fire in an impressive manner, she stood against the mantel in something of a caryatic attitude.

"Isn't it cold?" was what Miss Haladene said, in her calm, deep tone, gazing solemnly at her hostess.

"Surprisingly," answered Mrs. Kercheval, with something of the deference with which everyone treated the least of Miss Haladene's remarks.

"Oh," continued Miss Haladene, turning and speaking to Kitty, "I

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found something belonging to you a little while ago."

"To me!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes," said Miss Haladene, taking a letter from the pile she held in her hands. "It's a letter addressed to you, and I picked it up on the upper landing." She handed the letter to Kitty and prepared to leave the room. "I'll put these on the hall-table," she continued, going out, "so that they'll go by the evening post."

"Good heavens!" cried Kitty, as soon as Miss Haladene had disappeared, facing about and speaking to Mrs. Kercheval in quick consternation.

"What is it, my dear?"

"The letter," gasped Kitty.

"What letter?" demanded her hostess.

"The letter from Harold Cliffe—inclosing my letter, that I gave you to read," she answered, staring at the envelope, "How did it ever happen to be on the stairs?"

"It must have fallen there by accident," said Mrs. Kercheval, confusedly.

"You must have dropped it," exclaimed Kitty reproachfully, "and it's *open*."

She hurried the document into her pocket, as if with an instinctive desire for its immediate concealment.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Kercheval, soothingly. She could have spoken soothingly to Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, if she had happened to be sitting on the next column. "Never mind," she murmured, "no one can have seen it before Helen picked it up——"

"But Helen——" began Kitty.

"But Helen," repeated Mrs. Kercheval; and then, as if at last realizing some point that had for the moment escaped her attention, "but Helen——"

"Of all the people in the world," exclaimed Kitty, breathlessly.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Kercheval.

"But she wouldn't have read it—she couldn't have read it," urged Kitty.

"No, of course," said the other. "It would be impossible for her, although the temptation would be tremendous. She must have recognized Harold's writing, and of course she would be curious to know what the man to whom she was engaged had to write to a girl like you, of whom she has always been [illegible]le jealous."

"Nonsense," retorted Kitty.

"It's true," maintained Mrs. Kercheval; and then she added, rather inconsequentially, "but what a terrible thing for her to read."

"Then you think she *did* read it?" asked Kitty, anxiously.

"My dear," answered Mrs. Kercheval, "I don't think anything, I can't think anything. We haven't any means of judging. She brought it to you, but of course that doesn't help us in any way. It may have been the fearlessness of innocence, or she may have done it merely to turn aside any possible suspicion, or it may have been just in defiance. There's nothing that will enable us to form any conclusion."

"Helen's character," suggested Kitty.

"Yes, and when you think of that, any such idea seems absurd."

"With that simple, stately way of hers, she never could have condescended to do such a thing."

"Really," said Mrs. Kercheval, "it's quite—what do they call it—a psychological study. Given such a person with such a character and experiences, would she do it?"

"It's a fearful puzzle," said Kitty, in her agitation recklessly rumpling her hair.

The steady downpour of the rain sounded monotonously and the wind roared in the chimney. "It's raining harder than ever," said Mrs. Kercheval, glancing at the window.

"It's an awful afternoon," murmured Kitty; and then she added: "Oh, do you think she did it? do you think she can have seen what he said and what I said? and do you believe that she knows that I was so—so horrible?"

"I can see how you must feel about it," answered her companion; "I should like to give you comfort if I could. I feel guilty about it, as I had the letter, and I would do anything to help you, but—as you say, it's a puzzle. How can anyone know what a girl would or would not do?"

"But Helen is such a simple character, so high-minded, with such a very great deal of principle."

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"Of course it's very improbable," conceded Mrs. Kercheval.

"Oh, it's madding!" said Kitty, getting up and going to the window.

"There isn't anything to do about it," said Mrs. Kercheval; "or rather, there isn't any reason why anything should be done."

"I suppose not," said Kitty, pressing her forehead against the cool pane, "but I should like to know."

At that moment the increasing clamor in the hall attracted Mrs. Kercheval's attention. There had been noise before, but now there was a perfect tumult.

"What *can* they be doing?" she said, curiously. "I must go and see."

The striking of the clock aroused Kitty and she turned around. Half-past four. For almost half an hour she had stood in deep thought, unconscious of the riot in the next room. As a usual thing, she would have been with the rest and as eager as any, but this afternoon it seemed to her that to carry glasses of water on her head or pick up handkerchiefs with her teeth would have been impossible, and that even the game of hide-and-seek she knew to be imminent must fail to interest her. She said to herself that she was depressed because it was so very rainy. Standing in the middle of the room she hesitated. Should she slip off upstairs and not appear again until she came down dressed for dinner, or should she join the others? She knew that if she went upstairs she would cry, and she did not wish to do that, but she was aware that if she remained there she would soon be called out to do some "parlor trick" or other, and such a proceeding she instantly characterized in her mind as "ghastly." She had almost determined that to go up and weep it all out alone, before the evening, would be both judicious and comforting, when she heard her name loudly called in the hall.

Before she could answer Harold Cliffe appeared at the door leading into the library.

"Don't go," he said, eagerly. "Come here; I've something to tell you."

"But I can't," she exclaimed, "it is no use. We mustn't——"

"You don't know anything about it," he continued, excitedly. "It's most important."

From the hall there came loud cries: "Miss Cheslyn," "Kitty," "Come and be an elephant."

"They want me," said Kitty, tearfully, "to go and do the elephant eating peanuts at the circus. It's my great 'act.' Come and be the little boy who feeds me."

"This is serious," said Cliffe. "There's no one in the library; I must speak to you at once."

"Is it right?" asked Kitty, reluctantly.

"Yes," he said, decidedly.

"Not now," said Kitty, in answer to the summoning cries, and then quickly followed Cliffe into the next room.

As soon as they were well within the library, Harold turned and took both her hands within his own. "I couldn't wait," he said quickly; "I had to see you at once."

"You know we shouldn't," remonstrated Kitty.

"It's all right, I tell you—and I love you—love you—love you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I mustn't listen to you."

"You can," he continued, "I can tell you now."

"Now," she repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, didn't I tell you it was all right?"

"But what can make it right?"

"Everything is all over. I can say what I please. Helen has just told me that she didn't want to go on any longer——"

"She has broken the engagement?" gasped Kitty.

"Yes," he said, "absolutely, finally, irretrievably. She came a short time ago to the conservatory and told me that it couldn't be."

"Did she give any reasons?" asked Kitty.

"Not that I can remember. She said something about our both discovering that it was a mistake, and that it was just as well that we found out before it was too late. We were both rather confused. But she has turned me off, thrown me over, set me free completely, and I can tell you now that I love you and always have loved you, and that

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you must manage to love me a little bit, *immediately*."

"No, no, no," said Kitty, drawing back.

"What is the matter?" demanded Cliffe, in astonishment. "Don't you—can't you——"

"Yes, you know," replied Kitty. "But, oh, it's all wrong and I don't like it, and don't know what to do."

"I don't understand," he said, blankly.

"I can't believe that it is possible," she continued.

"That what is possible?" asked Cliffe.

"That she could have done it."

"Kitty," he said, "are you quite demented, or do you mean that I should be?"

"I'm going to tell you," she went on. "That letter——"

"What letter?" he said. "Kitty, if you don't wish to see me become a gibbering idiot, tell me what you mean at once."

"Your letter, with my letter," she explained; "I gave it to Mrs. Kercheval to read—you know that we have been friends always, and I wanted to know if she thought that I had been too horribly bold and forward, in sending you back to Helen—and it was lost, and Helen found it on the upper landing of the stairs only an hour ago and gave it to me."

"What of that?" asked Cliffe.

"Can't you see? If she read it, she must have known about all that happened, and that I cared about you, and that you——"

"But you don't think she would read it?"

"No, I don't," replied Kitty, "or rather I didn't. But now her breaking off the engagement at once—it seems very strange."

"It certainly is queer," assented Harold.

"And her absolutely giving you to me as it were." Kitty paused a moment, and then went on in a sudden outburst. "Oh, I won't take you that way."

"Kitty," he said, "this is absurd."

"I don't care," she said. "If she read the awful thing, she must have thought that I was dead in love with you, and she may have done this just from pity; and even if I am dead in love with you I won't be pitied, and I won't have you just because another girl is sorry for me."

"But she must have seen that I loved you."

"Then I won't have her think that I *took* you from her. It's dreadful anyway, and nothing can be done about it."

"I don't believe that she read it," continued Cliffe.

"Neither do I," said Kitty.

"Then——" he began.

"But I am not sure, *positive*," she hurried on, "and I cannot endure to think that she may know, and have done this because she knew."

"This is wild nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"It may be," she said, "but it is the way I feel about it, and a great many girls would feel the same."

"What am I to do?" he asked, helplessly. "I can't very well go to Helen and ask her if she read the letter."

"No, no, no," cried Kitty.

"And yet if you persist in your obstinacy——" he continued, indignantly.

"It isn't obstinacy," she interrupted, "it's a proper, natural feeling. You belong to Helen——"

"I don't any longer."

"How can I tell what she may think? At this very moment she may be crying her eyes out and blaming me for interfering and coming between you; for that, of course, that is the way she would look at it."

"But you know you didn't. And you know Helen doesn't care anything about me; that it was just a family arrangement, and that we both agreed to it when we were so young that we didn't understand."

"What you say can't make any difference," she replied. "I will not take you from Helen—as a gift."

Cliffe paused, mutely raging.

"I am sorry that you can't see it the way that I do," she continued. "You will think I am silly and fickle, but I can't help it. If I did as you wish I should always feel that we hadn't started the right way, and if everything isn't natural and proper I won't have anything."

"But it is natural and proper."

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"Not when you were engaged to another woman who gives you up to me," she said. "I won't be indebted for my happiness to someone else. I should always have to feel that I owed too much, and the thought would be a burden—an intolerable burden."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, "you are ridiculous—and inconsistent, and—and cruel."

"Go away," she begged, struggling to keep back the tears while he was in the room.

"I will," he said, angrily.

"Please," she urged.

Without a word he turned and disappeared through the doorway.

"Kitty!" exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, who entered almost at the moment of Cliffe's exit, and saw Miss Cheslyn as she leaned forward, sobbing, with her face in the cushions of the window-seat.

"Don't say you are sorry for me—don't say anything," Kitty entreated. "I've just got to be miserable until I get over it."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Kercheval, sitting down beside her.

"Oh, that letter," moaned Kitty. "I wish it were in—" and she paused, evidently seeking for a sufficiently terrible spot to which to consign that unfortunate document—"in the Dead Letter Office."

"There is something more?" inquired Mrs. Kercheval.

"There is a great deal more," responded Kitty. "Helen has broken her engagement with Harold, and he has just been here and asked me to marry him."

"Why isn't that all right?" demanded Mrs. Kercheval, cheerfully.

"Because it's all wrong," answered Miss Cheslyn, impatiently. "It isn't as if Helen had done it of her own free will. She read the letter and—it makes me feel as if I had begged him from her."

"You must not be so proud."

"Is it pride?" she asked. "I didn't know what it was—but if it is pride, then I am proud, very proud. Besides, Harold wouldn't think the same of me if it all came about in this way—if I just tamely consented to be handed over to him by someone else. There wouldn't be anything in what I gave, because I couldn't have given unless—she had made this sacrifice."

"I don't believe that he would think of anything so silly," ejaculated Mrs. Kercheval.

"Then I should, and it would seem to me that I wasn't giving anything. Don't you know the world has always maintained a pleasing fiction that we 'yield' to men's 'importunities?' There wouldn't be any graceful fiction about this at all, and Harold would have the right to think and to say, if he could consent to be so mean—which I don't believe—that I had fairly thrown myself at his head."

"Then," said Mrs. Kercheval, changing her system of attack, "you believe that Helen really read the letter?"

"Hasn't she done exactly what she naturally would do if she *had* read it?" demanded Kitty.

"Yes," conceded Mrs. Kercheval, reluctantly.

"It's a matter of backward reasoning," said Kitty; "there's a Latin name for that, but I don't remember it—and, arguing from the effect, one must believe that such was the cause."

"Oh, logic!" said Mrs. Kercheval, with a slight wave of the hand that expressively completed the sentence.

"It's a case for the strictest scientific methods," said Kitty, trying to laugh; "and there's no getting away from the result."

"Still, I think you are wrong in what you are doing."

"I know that I am right," responded Kitty, decidedly. "There's no other way about it. I must know that it is all over—*naturally*—between Harold and Helen, or I won't agree to anything."

"How very trying!" exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval.

"I don't like it, you may imagine," said Kitty; "indeed, I particularly dislike it. But now I'm just going to run away—they'll be calling for me again——"

At that moment Mifflin entered.

"Miss Cheslyn," he besought, "do please come and do the elephant. They say you're the best thing since Jumbo, and I want to feed you. I've been in

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the pantry and got some of these chocolate things."

"Then I will come," said Kitty, promptly. "You knew what would tempt me."

"Hurrah!" cried Mifflin, hastening out, "she's coming."

"Are you going?" asked her hostess. "I thought you wanted to go upstairs?"

"No," said Kitty, with a quick sigh. "What's the use? I've got to get used to it some time, and I'd better begin. Therefore I'll just go and be an elephant."

She followed Mifflin out of the room.

Mrs. Kercheval did not move. The fact that "Algy" was away she felt distinctly was a grievance. She wanted to speak to him immediately. Then she sighed and reflected that she must be very silly, after five years of marriage, to feel the necessity of talking over everything with him at once. Besides, he certainly had been very careless. If she could have imagined that he could be so negligent, she never would have given him the letter. When she was not remorseful she was furious.

Here Blaisdell sauntered into the room.

"Horrid day," she said, glancing around at him.

"Horrid!" he replied, cheerfully, "not at all. Very good for a change, and what is better than a jolly party indoors?"

"It sounds like a conundrum," she answered, "and I can't think of the answer unless it's like that one about the little pig under the gate, and I should say two parties."

"Continuing the pig analogy," he went on, "one seems to make noise enough."

As he spoke there came laughter and loud applause from the hall, where Kitty was doing her "great act."

"But why are you here all alone?" he asked.

"I'm blue," she said, "'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' as someone somewhere says about the sky."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, sitting down.

"No," she said, "don't sit down. Go away. If you don't I'll confide. You know that is something that is always fatally easy for me, and I feel the impulse coming on."

"Would it be such a terrible thing if you did?"

"I've been too careless, too shockingly careless already," she answered.

"I saw," he said, "that your serenity, like the day, was a little overcast."

"This is no joking matter," she exclaimed.

"I see it isn't," he responded, laughing.

"Really," she continued, "I don't know what to do."

"First, it might be well to tell me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kercheval, quite as if she had never had any hesitation about the matter. "You must advise me. Algy's no use at all in such a thing as this, besides, it's really all his fault——"

"But what is it?" Blaisdell interrupted.

"There was a letter," continued Mrs. Kercheval, "that Harold Cliffe wrote to Kitty Cheslyn, returning a letter of hers. They were both very important letters, written impulsively, and ought never to have been sent at all. Harold enclosed Kitty's in the envelope containing his, and this was given to me. I read the contents and then — and then——"

"What?" asked Blaisdell.

"I gave it to Algy," confessed Mrs. Kercheval; "I know it wasn't right——"

"This habit of yours," said Blaisdell, "of always consulting Algy, is something very beautiful in the abstract, but awkward in the concrete."

"I can't help it," she explained, "I just have to tell him everything."

"I know," said Blaisdell. "As a picture of wifely devotion it is very interesting, and has its advantages as an example of what married life should be; but there are times — well, what was the matter on this occasion?"

"He lost the letter."

"Naturally," exclaimed Blaisdell. "There isn't anything that Algy wouldn't lose, unless it's the presence of mind to excuse his worst carelessness."

"He dropped it on the upper landing of the stairs," Mrs. Kercheval continued.

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"How do you know?"

"Because Helen Haladene found it just now—Helen of all people—and gave it back to Kitty."

"Really?" said Blaisdell, with what appeared to be deeper interest. "But I don't see anything so very terrible in all this."

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Kercheval, "that isn't all. You know Harold was engaged to Helen."

"Yes," said Blaisdell, frowning. "But all that's at an end——"

"How do you know?" she exclaimed. "Well, Helen immediately broke her engagement, and he, of course, went directly to Kitty. She wouldn't look at him because she said she didn't want to have him *given* to her by Helen, and all sorts of things—and they are all 'out,' and everything is wrong."

"Then you think that Miss Haladene read the letter?" said Blaisdell, jumping to his feet.

"What else could anyone think?" answered Mrs. Kercheval. "She must have read it, and just dismissed Harold in pique——"

"But—but——" began Blaisdell.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Kercheval, noticing with some curiosity Blaisdell's excited manner.

"I—you," he went on, "Miss Haladene has just promised to marry me, and—we are engaged."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Kercheval. "Why didn't you tell me before? I never dreamed there was anything between you two."

"I don't think the world ever has suspected anything. Still I have admired—loved her for a long time." Blaisdell paused, and began to walk backward and forward, nervously, before the window. "I knew she was engaged to Harold, and I thought there was no hope. This afternoon, though, she gave me to understand that it was all over—I did not know the engagement had only just been broken—and then I spoke and she accepted me, and I was the happiest man in the world."

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Kercheval, warmly. "Helen is a dear girl."

"Yes," continued Blaisdell, indifferently. Then he added: "But I can't, I won't think that she read it."

"I don't know anything," said Mrs. Kercheval; "I can't understand."

"It's unbearable," continued Blaisdell. "Don't you see that if she did read the letter and in pique broke her engagement with Harold, why——"

"What?" asked Mrs. Kercheval.

"She may only have accepted me out of—pique."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"It has been done before—why should it not happen now?" he went on, excitedly.

"It isn't possible!" she cried.

"If the first is possible, then the last is possible. I can't suspect Helen, and yet there will always be this doubt."

"You mustn't think of it," she urged.

"I can't help it," he answered. "I won't insult Helen by asking her. She would have a perfect right to refuse to answer me. And yet I cannot be sure——"

"I wish I'd never heard of the bothering letter," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"You may believe that I wish the same."

"I thought it had made trouble enough with Harold and Kitty," lamented Mrs. Kercheval. "But now, you——"

"It all depends on whether she read it or not!" he exclaimed.

"But it would be so unlike her," argued Mrs. Kercheval.

"She may have yielded to a sudden impulse," he suggested.

"Helen is not the kind of person to yield to a sudden impulse—at least I have always thought that she wasn't. She is always so quiet and dignified."

"I know—I know," exclaimed Blaisdell, desperately. "It really isn't possible."

"What a puzzle," said Mrs. Kercheval, helplessly.

"It seems pretty well mixed up," he admitted, "and quite helpless."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Kercheval, "what an afternoon. I don't think I ever passed one that was much more eventful, although it is so rainy."

"Can't you do anything?" demanded Blaisdell, abruptly. "We're all in a terrible state of misunderstanding—you must set this right in some way."

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"What can I do?" she pleaded; "I am as powerless as anyone."

"You must find something," urged Blaisdell. "You can't leave us all like this."

He stood before her, half admonishing, half entreating.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, suddenly, and she began to tap violently on the pane.

"If you don't help us," he went on, "there's no help for us."

"It's Algy!" she exclaimed, pointing to a horseman who had just ridden up to the door. "How provoking. He thinks I'm glad that he's come back and don't understand at all. Go," she commanded, turning to Blaisdell, "tell him to come here at once. Tell him not to mind how muddy he is. I want to speak to him immediately."

Mrs. Kercheval again turned to the window as Blaisdell hurried away.

"I couldn't bear it any longer," said Kitty, meekly, creeping into the room a moment later.

"Oh, it's you," murmured Mrs. Kercheval, unceremoniously.

"Yes," said Kitty, "I've 'been an elephant,' and I've danced for them—and I've told them stories, and now I'll go and be comfortably miserable."

"This wretched affair!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, "there's no end to it."

"Is there anything else?" asked Kitty, in astonishment.

"A great deal else."

"What?"

"Why——" began Mrs. Kercheval, then she exclaimed, jumping up: "Oh, Algy!"

Kercheval had entered the room, smiling cheerfully.

"How could you?" she continued, rushing at him and seizing him by the lapels of his dripping coat.

"Take care!" he cried, "you'll get all wet." Then shaking himself he went on. "But is this the way to welcome a fellow back to his own hearth on such an afternoon as this? Why, you look positively ferocious. What have I done now?"

"The letter," said his wife. "There is such a trouble, and all because of your carelessness."

"Kitty," said Kercheval, turning to the girl, "do you understand anything of this? I'm sure I don't."

"Yes," answered Kitty, "I'm in it—I'm part of the trouble."

"Will somebody explain?" he begged.

"Why, that letter from Harold to Kitty that I gave you to read——"

"You gave it to him to read?" demanded Kitty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kercheval. "I forgot that I hadn't told you; but never mind now." Then, turning to Kercheval and gently shaking him, she went on. "Do you remember the letter? Oh—Algy—don't say you don't."

"But I do," he said, "perfectly."

"That's something!" she exclaimed. "Well, after you had lost it Helen found it, and gave it to Kitty—and then Helen broke the engagement with Harold, and when he asked Kitty to marry him she wouldn't because she said that Helen was giving him to her—and that isn't all. Now Helen has accepted Blaisdell, and he is furious because he is afraid she has done it merely out of pique——"

"Really?" cried Kitty.

"I didn't have a chance to tell you," she said. Then turning back to Kercheval she demanded: "Do you think Helen did it; do you think such a girl as Helen would read it? With your knowledge of human nature would you believe that it was possible——?"

"But, hold on," remonstrated Kercheval; "such a question may be very interesting merely as a matter of speculation."

"It isn't a matter of speculation," she contended; "it's a real, living, pressing, burning question, and perhaps the fate of four people depends upon the answer. If Helen didn't read the letter Harold wrote, then it's all right——"

"And if she did?"

"Then it's all wrong, and there's no way out of it. They have all got to be miserable. But—do you think she did read it?"

"No," said Kercheval, slowly, "I don't think she did."

"But you can't be sure."

"I can," he answered, "I can be absolutely, positively sure."

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"What do you mean?" both Kitty and Mrs. Kercheval demanded.

"Where is the letter Helen found and gave to you?" he asked, looking at Kitty.

"Here," replied Kitty, producing the envelope that Miss Haladene had given to her.

"Just look inside," said Kercheval, calmly.

Kitty did as she was directed, and drew forth a thick piece of blank paper.

"I've got the letter here," said Kercheval, tapping his pocket. "That's only the envelope and a piece of paper that must have been put in to keep the writing from showing through."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Kercheval, throwing her arms around his neck, "what a relief."

"I must have put the envelope in another pocket and it must have dropped out. If you had only looked——" he remonstrated.

"Who would ever have thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Kercheval, raising her face from it's damp resting-place on his shoulder. "Of course we thought it was the letter. But now I can breathe again, and I am so glad that I shan't say anything about your dropping the envelope. But you must see what a fright we had. A letter in the handwriting of the man to whom she was engaged addressed to the girl with whom she knew that he had been flirting——"

"You think," said Kercheval, "that this would be a stronger temptation than feminine curiosity could resist?"

"There's no use thinking about it now," she said, "since she didn't read the letter and it's all right. Kitty," she went on, sharply.

"Yes," replied the girl, looking up quickly and faintly smiling.

"That's right," said Mrs. Kercheval, "that's the first time I've seen you look really happy since you've been here."

"But," said Kitty, "I'm so glad to know *surely*."

"And so am I—and you must tell Harold at once, and I will go and tell Mr. Blaisdell. And Algy——" she said, bustling about.

"Yes," he answered, apparently arousing himself from deep thought.

"You," she continued, "must go and drink something strong and hot, and put on some dry things immediately."

"Yes, I'm going," he answered, absently.

"Go, then," she commanded, hurrying Kitty out of the room. "Make yourself presentable and then come back at once and let me tell you everything. See," she said, as a ray of sunlight fell across the room, "it is clearing; I shall want you to take a turn with me on the terrace before dinner. Oh! it has been *such* an afternoon."

But Kercheval did not immediately do as he was bid. With one foot on the window-seat he stood meditatively looking out at the sky, where the clouds in great masses were now rolling rapidly away.

"It's all very well," he said, in half-conscious soliloquy, after Mrs. Kercheval and Kitty were gone, "but it doesn't prove anything. What I should really like to know is whether or not she looked into that envelope after all."

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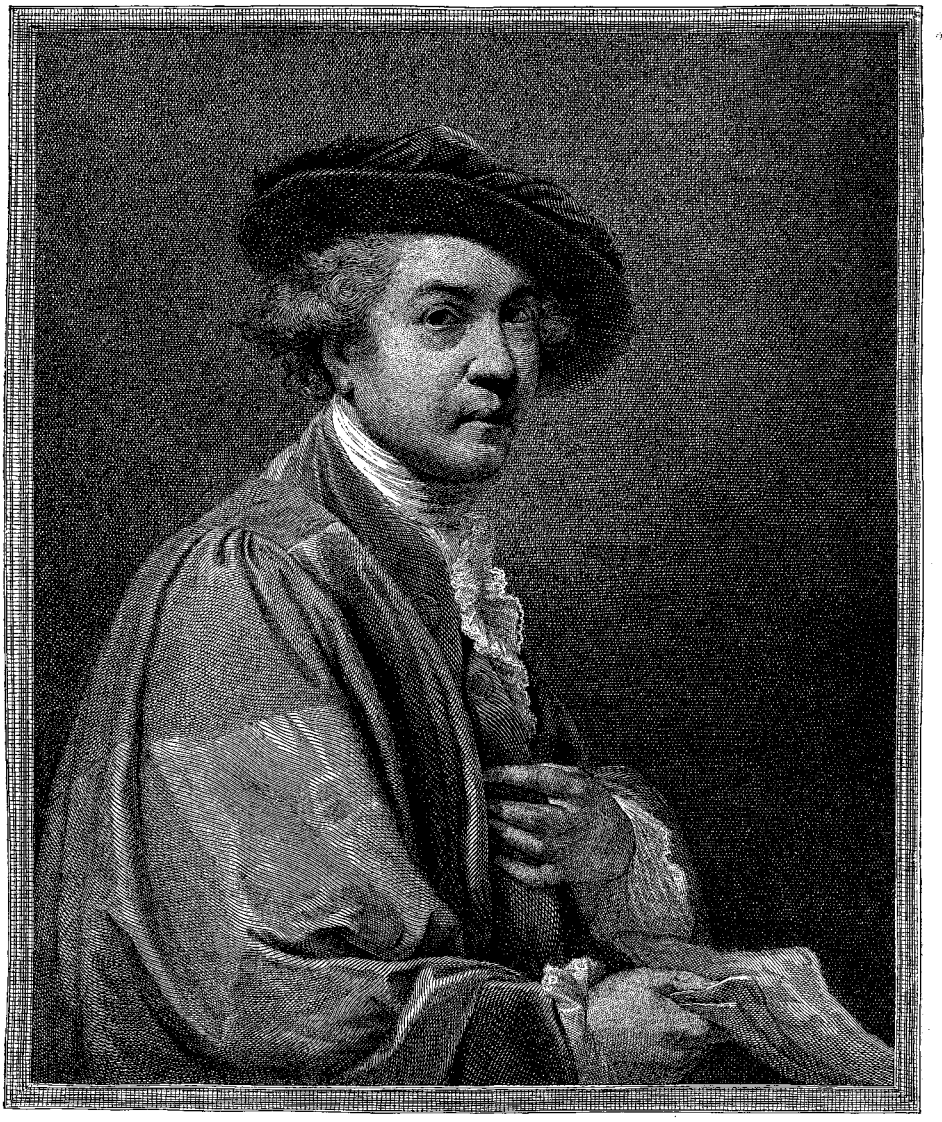

Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted by himself.
(From the engraving by Sherwin.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

By Frederick Keppel.

HAD Sir Joshua Reynolds never painted a picture, he would still remain a most interesting personality, solely for what he was and for the friends he made.

Most subjects—especially from the journalistic point of view—very soon become stale and unacceptable; yet there are a few that never grow old, but like some fairy-tale told and retold to a child, never lose their charm. The lives as well as the works of great artists are subjects of this sort; and when, as in the case of Reynolds, the

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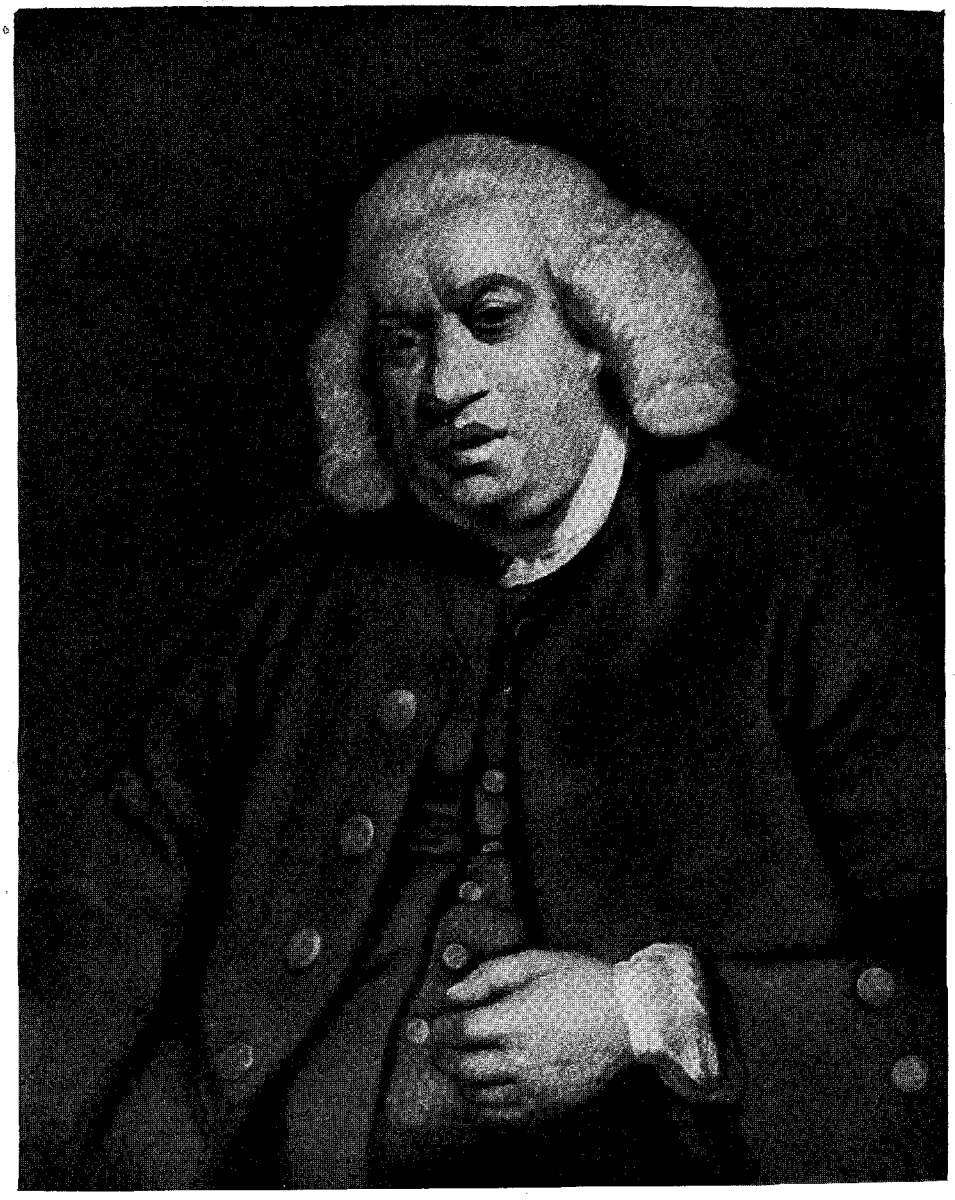

Portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson.
(From the engraving by William Doughty.)

great artist was also a man thoroughly respected and cordially liked, and moreover, when his intellectual endowments caused his society to be sought by the finest minds of his age—there is some warrant in retelling a story, much ·ut not all of which has often been told ·efore.

It speaks well for any man to have been the intimate personal friend of the very best people of his own day and generation. And what superlatively good company was that which Sir Joshua kept! The famous Literary Club, established at the artist's own suggestion in 1764, and of which he was the

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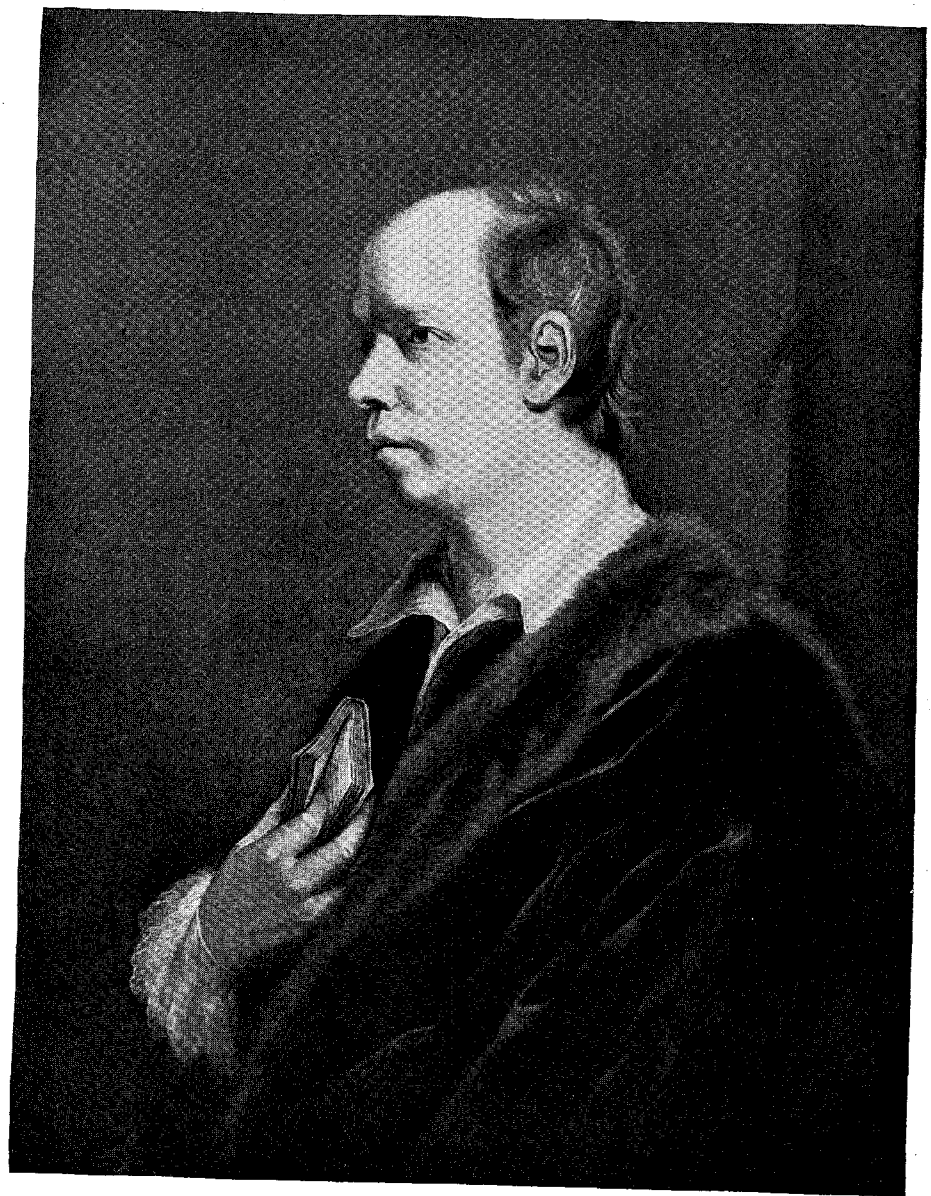

Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.
(From the engraving by Marchi.)

president, contained perhaps a higher average of intellect, and even of genius, than any other similar association. At least four of the most famous men of that historic circle lived and died in comparative poverty, but now that a century has passed away, what matters poverty to such men as Samuel Johnson, or Edmund Burke, or Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or Oliver Goldsmith?

The familiar engraving "A Literary Party at the House of Reynolds," brings them all before us. A number of gentlemen are seen seated round the hospitable artist's table; the burly and masterful Dr. Johnson, in a huge wig, is thundering at Edmund Burke, while

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behind the doctor's chair is Boswell, taking notes; Sir Joshua himself (who was very deaf) sits quietly listening through his ear-trumpet; Garrick is there, bright and alert, and Oliver Goldsmith looks as if he would much rather be talking himself than merely listening.

Goldsmith was generally the butt of that brilliant company — undersized, ill-favored, bald, scarred with small-pox, improvident and impecunious, vain, dressy, and talkative as a magpie; but to-day perhaps the brightest star of that brilliant constellation. Success and adulation made Garrick vain; but Goldsmith's vanity did not require these aids. And yet we sympathize with him still on such occasions as that when his *amour-propre* was so ruthlessly crushed and trampled upon at a meeting of the Club, where he was delivering himself of some intellectual harangue—doubtless to his own entire satisfaction—and a certain German Herr Professor (who had been casually admitted), on seeing Dr. Johnson begin to puff and roll in his chair as his manner was when an idea struck him—suddenly broke in upon the luckless Goldsmith with—"Ach! blease be silendt; *Toctor Chonson* iss going to zay zomezing!"

When his landlady had Goldsmith arrested for debt, the only possible asset through which his friend Johnson could hope to extricate him was the manuscript of a tale which Goldsmith had written, but had never attempted to publish. This Johnson took to a publisher and advised him to buy it for sixty pounds. What would have been poor Goldsmith's emotion could he have looked into the future and witnessed a recent event which took place in Germany: the editor of a widely circulated journal there took the votes of his subscribers as to their favorite book, and this same tale of Goldsmith's —"The Vicar of Wakefield"—came in at the top of the poll!

This was the man whom Reynolds chose as his most intimate companion, though after Goldsmith's death in 1774, the historian Gibbon seems to have gradually taken his place. Goldsmith's affection is touchingly expressed in his pathetic dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Reynolds: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to *you*."

There was indeed only one inferior man among this company of friends; but they little thought, when they tolerated James Boswell as a sort of harmless hanger-on of Dr. Johnson, that they themselves (as well as Boswell's particular hero) would go down to remote posterity, alive and human, in the pages of that book of which Macaulay declares that it can only perish with the English language.

Joshua Reynolds was one of a large family of children, and was born in 1723 in the little town of Plympton, Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Grammar School. His father, not believing that painting should be considered as a serious profession at all, desired to make a physician of his son, and it is recorded that when the good clergyman found a drawing which had been perpetrated during school-hours, he wrote upon it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." But when he was convinced of his son's overpowering bent toward art he had the intelligence not to oppose it further; and he lived to see the beginnings of Joshua's success.

The young student was bound as apprentice to Hudson, then the fashionable portrait painter of London — but more a mere manufacturer of likenesses than an artist. Indeed, until Reynolds himself turned the tide, the English acted on the belief that only a foreigner could paint a good portrait. This was well so long as they employed such masters as Holbein and Van Dyck; but at later periods foreign painters of lower rank, such as Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, continued the tradition, to the great discouragement of the home school.

Hudson soon becoming jealous of his clever apprentice, dismissed him, and shortly afterward Reynolds had the good fortune to be taken to the Mediterranean by his life-long friend Admiral Keppel, in the war-ship Centurion, and the first portrait which he

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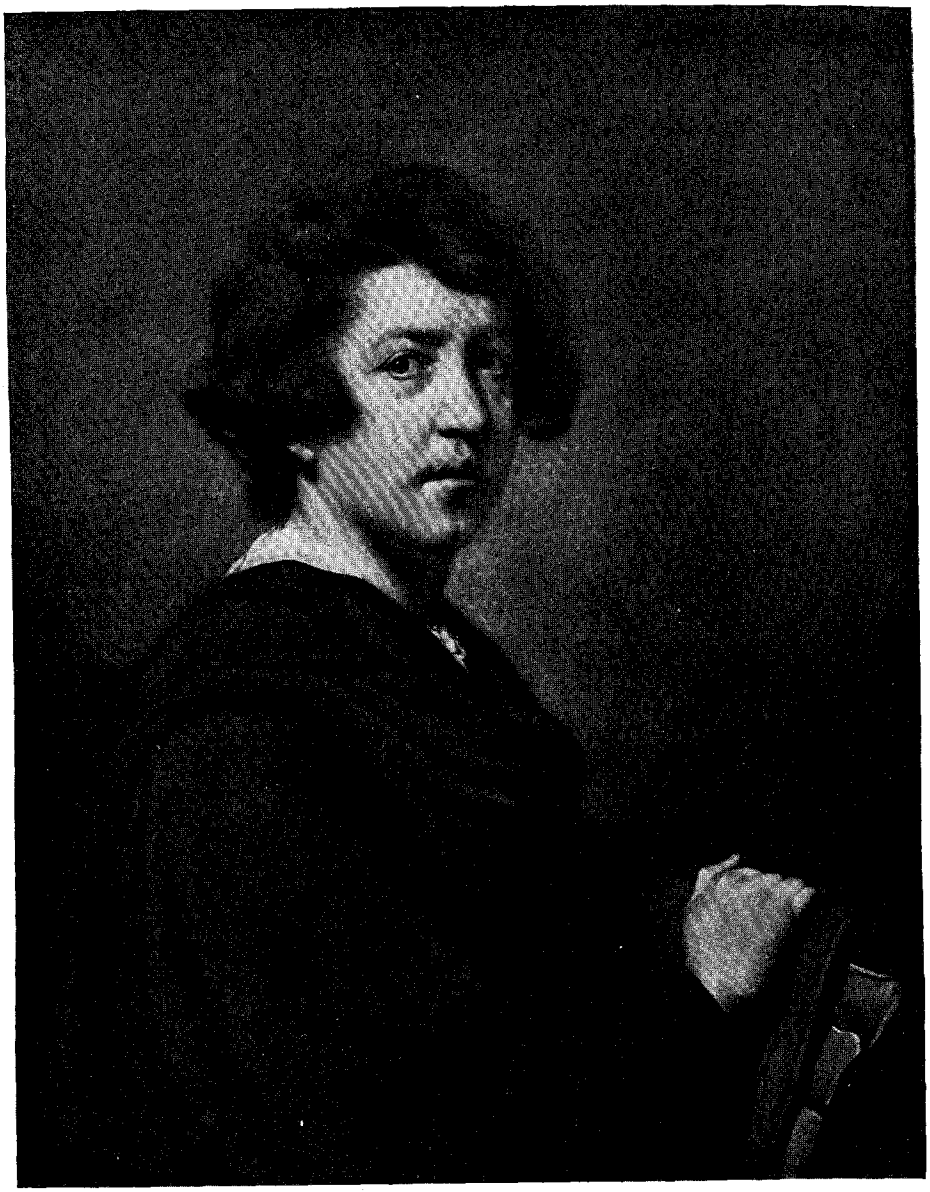

Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted by himself.
(From the engraving by James Watson.)

painted of the admiral was the picture which laid the foundation of his fortune. From the British war-ship he landed in Italy, where he remained for nearly three years, and from Rome he wrote to his family, "I am now at the height of my wishes." And if an art-student ever made the most of his opportunities for study, Reynolds certainly did. His journals during that period are full of careful notes on the great Italian pictures, and besides written observations he made many sketches of these pictures or of parts of them. He did little direct copying, but sought rather to penetrate the principle of their technic and style.

Although France still sends her own

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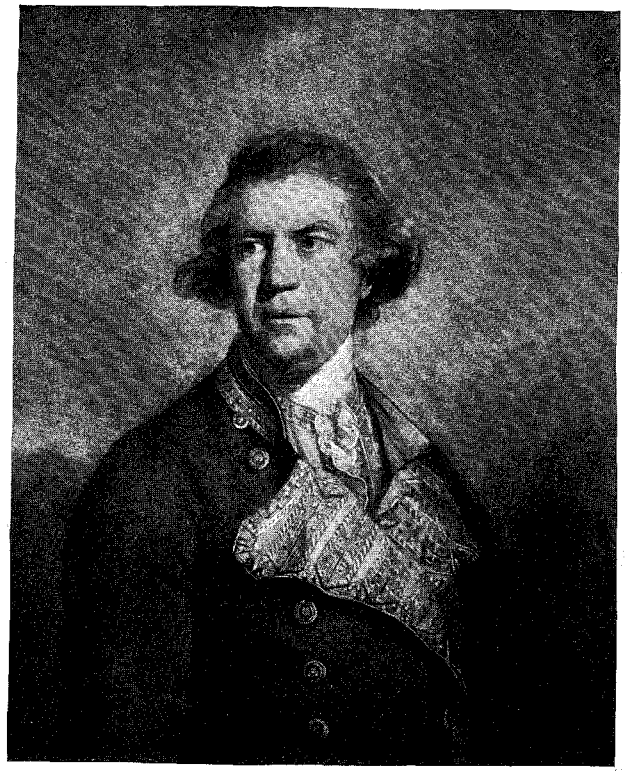
brightest young painters to complete their studies at the Italian capital, yet in our day Paris, and not Rome, is the Mecca of art-students — especially of Americans. Of these some are earnest, modest, and hard-working, and will not disappoint the hopes of their friends in the future. But among many others of this Paris colony it is greatly to be feared that a student like young Reynolds would be voted a dull, spiritless, plodding fellow; depending very little on his inborn and untaught genius, but, on the contrary, taking infinite pains to learn what he did not know. He certainly was not up to the modern standard of knowing all about art without having taken the trouble to learn, nor did he look down with an amiable contempt upon the men who have produced the great pictures of the world; and though his journals are full of records of close and earnest study of great pictures, he never loftily dismissed the claims of some recognized masterpiece on the ground that it was "not Art" or not "amusing," or of another because it was "ghastly," or of a third, which had won the enthusiastic admiration of the best judges, because it was "merely popular." Indeed, so far was Reynolds lacking in this *fin de siècle* superiority, that when he had won recognition throughout Europe as being one of the great masters of painting, he was not ashamed to express himself in the following plain words: "Those who are determined to excel in art must go to their work whether willing or unwilling; *morning*, noon, and night. And they will find it no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor." And again he writes: "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be attained without it."



Admiral Keppel.
(From the engraving by Doughty.)

It was while studying Raphael's fres-

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Mrs. Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse.
(From the engraving by Francis Haward.)

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cos in the Vatican that Reynolds caught the cold which resulted in his deafness; and thereafter the ear-trumpet of Sir Joshua was as characteristic a part of himself as was the wooden leg a part of the redoubtable Governor Peter Stuyvesant. He even painted his own portrait with this trumpet held to his ear; though, when about the same time he painted Dr. Johnson holding a book very close to his eyes, the great man did not relish this vivid evidence of his extreme near-sightedness, but said to Boswell: "Sir, he may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I *will not* go down to posterity as 'Blinking Sam.'"

Returning to London in 1752, Reynolds soon entered upon that wonderful career of success and prosperity which lasted continuously for nearly forty years; and although in ideal compositions which depend on the artist's imaginative power, he has certainly been excelled by some other masters, yet in portrait painting he became supreme. To read the mere list of his sitters one would imagine that not only the British peerage, but also every celebrity and beauty of the time, had gone in a long procession through Sir Joshua's studio. He used to consider a hundred and fifty finished portraits as a fair year's work, and, incredible as it seems, he

Angelica Kauffman.
(From the engraving by Bartolozzi.)

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Angels' Heads.
Five portraits of Isabel Gordon, daughter of Lord Gordon.
(From P. Simon's engraving.)

was able to finish a head in four hours. His main desire was to paint the countenance of his sitter at its best. "His men are all nobleness, his women all loveliness, and his children all simplicity; yet they are all like the living originals." Having caught not only the features, but also the expression and the soul of his subject, he loved to idealize the costume and surroundings — especially of his ladies—and in the charm and variety of his poses and accessories he has perhaps never been equalled by any other portrait painter.

His prices were at first very moderate, but he continued to advance them without diminishing the number of his patrons. Both he and Garrick were said to have had a keen eye to their own pecuniary interests; but what sensible man does not get all that he lawfully and honorably can? The fortune which he left to his niece (besides large bequests to other relations) amounted to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling, but he was liberal as well as prudent, and when making his will not only did he cancel a debt of two thousand pounds which he had lent to Edmund Burke, but he bequeathed

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Miss Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton, as a Bacchante.
(From the engraving by Samuel William Reynolds.)

him an additional sum of the same amount.

When in the year 1760, Reynolds removed to the spacious house, number 47 Leicester Square, where he passed the remainder of his life, he was at the height of his fame and success. A tablet over the door still records his occupancy of thirty-two years, and the present tenants, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, the auctioneers of artistic and literary property, are most obliging in pointing out to visitors the various relics of the master—even to the banisters of the stone staircase, which were made with an outward curve so that the fine ladies wearing enormous hoops could pass up and down unimpeded. What a procession of notable personages did this staircase accommodate; what guests assembled round that table; and had the dumb walls been phonographs, how precious would their records be now!

Few men have ever led a fuller or happier life than Reynolds. One of the most sympathetic of his biographers—his pupil Northcote—says of him: "He most heartily enjoyed his profession, and I agree with Mr. Malone (another biographer), who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he ever knew." Dr. Johnson, who seldom paid compliments, said of him that if they should quarrel Reynolds would have him at a great disadvantage, because he could not say one word to his detriment. His literary powers were of a high order; but he never could have written such a book as that strange production of a great artist of our own day—

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"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies;" for his whole life was an unceasing practice of the still gentler and more difficult art of making friends. One secret of his success may be found among the code of rules which he had composed for himself: "The great secret of being happy in this world is, not to mind or be affected by small things."

In politics he belonged to the small minority, so splendidly led by Burke and Chatham, who steadfastly believed in the ultimate success of those rebels in America who were giving King George the Third so much trouble; and he even won several wagers on the result.

The Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768, when Reynolds was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by the King. His majesty was probably as blind to the real merits of the artist as he was to those of most other great men of his time (though, by the way, George the Third believed in Handel when that great musician was neglected by the fashionable world of London). Notwithstanding Sir Joshua's many occupations, he was tireless in advancing the interests of the Royal Academy, and continued to labor for it to the end of his life. It was he who inaugurated the annual Academy dinner, which in our day is attended by the greatest personages of the land, including the Prince of Wales; and the yearly discourses which he delivered as president have taken rank as unquestioned classics in the art lore of the world. They were soon translated into several continental languages, and the Empress Catherine the Great, of Russia, sent their author her portrait set with diamonds, and an autograph letter thanking him for the pleasure and instruction which their perusal had afforded her. The great success of these discourses was too much for Sir Joshua's detractors, and though they could not deny their merit, they were fain to declare that their high literary quality was due to the pen of Edmund Burke or Dr. Johnson. Burke simply denied the report, and Johnson declared that he would as little think of presuming to write for Reynolds as he would to paint for him. Charles Blanc, the French Academician, while bestowing unstinted praise on Reynolds as a painter, declares that these Academy discourses are still his greatest work; but the eminent critic goes on to say that the artist's practice did not always accord with his precepts; as when he ranks drawing above color, while his pictures really are stronger in color than in drawing; or when he declares that Michael Angelo was the King of all artists, but imitates Rembrandt in his pictures. It is hard to understand what so acute a critic as Charles Blanc can mean when he reproaches Reynolds with imparting "an altogether British aspect" to his

Mercury as a Pickpocket.
(From the engraving by John Dean.)

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The Hon. Miss Bingham.
(From the engraving by Bartolozzi.)

portraits. What else would he have them?

Ruskin calls Sir Joshua the "prince of portrait painters" and "one of the seven colorists of the world," ranking him in this respect with Turner and five of the great Italian masters. Reynolds did not attain this mastery of color without working for it. He even went to the extreme of purchasing pictures by Titian and Rubens and decomposing their pigments, thereby hoping to "pluck out the heart of their mystery." Sir Joshua's zeal for improvement was insatiable. He never began a picture without resolving that he would make it a better one than he had ever painted before. One result of this ambition was, that, in general, the quality of his work became better and better to the end of his life. But in one particular he certainly exercised

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a "zeal, but not according to knowledge;" for having inherited from his father a taste for making experiments in chemistry, he applied it to the composition of his colors—sometimes with disastrous results. Thus I remember that twenty-five years ago his large Holy Family, in the British National Gallery, was in fairly good condition; but on revisiting it yearly it was easy to see that the cracks on its surface were growing more apparent, and that the picture was going to destruction. The last time I saw it it was worse than ever—and recently the picture has been removed from the walls altogether. On the other hand, the beautiful portrait of Lady Cockburn and her three children (painted in 1773 and recently acquired by the National Gallery) is now as fresh and glowing as it could have been when it first left the painter's easel.

Some of his methods were peculiar. He usually painted his sitters from their reflection in a mirror, and not from a direct view. He always remained standing while at work, and he rarely signed a portrait. One notable exception, however, was made in the case of his magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, which was painted when the master was sixty years old and when Mrs. Siddons was twenty-eight. The great actress failing at first to recognize a sort of embroidery which the artist had added to the edge of her robe, soon perceived that it contained the words "Joshua Reynolds pinxit, 1784;" whereupon Sir Joshua assured her that he would be proud to have his name go down to posterity on the hem of her garment! Before commencing this picture, the artist, instead of posing the sitter himself, requested Mrs. Siddons to give him her own idea of the Tragic Muse, and she immediately assumed the pose in which the picture was painted.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never married; but like most of the sons of Adam his life had its romance, and the gossips of the time (if not he himself) were determined that he should marry Angelica Kauffman.

This interesting artist was the daughter of an obscure painter, and was born in Switzerland. She came to England in 1776, where she met with a very flattering reception. She profited greatly by the instruction and the friendship of Reynolds, and was even elected one of the thirty-six original members of the Royal Academy. Her style is attractive from a certain dainty elegance which sometimes borders on affectation, and many of her designs have been beautifully engraved by Bartolozzi, Thomas Burke, and others. Although at one time Angelica imagined herself to be deeply in love with Sir Joshua, yet she was a sad flirt, and after having more or less seriously broken the hearts of several adorers, she finished by marrying an impostor—the valet of Count de Horn, a Swedish nobleman. This man imposed upon her by assuming not only the title but even the clothes of his master.

A curious thing is the passionate love for children which is so often seen in persons who have deliberately chosen a single life. One of the cynical rules which Dean Swift laid down for himself when he had grown old, was to take care not to allow his fondness for children to be seen. Possibly, if such people as the Dean and Sir Joshua had brought up families of their own, their exalted idea of the angelic attributes of children might have been somewhat lowered; but be this as it may, it is safe to say that the very loveliest portraits of children that ever were painted are the work of this childless man. His familiar group known as "Angels' Heads" is nothing but the portrait of little Isabel Gordon, taken from five different points of view. The original, in the National Gallery, happily retains all its beauty of color. It recalls the famous pun of Pope Gregory the Great, "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" The quaint picture of Mercury as a Pickpocket is another example of the master's intimate sympathy with children.

It is recorded that Reynolds always believed his portraits of women to be his finest works, and it is certain that at the present day such a portrait, or even a fine engraving from it, would sell for a much higher price than could be obtained for any other class of his work. For example, within the present year a proof of Watson's engraving of Lady

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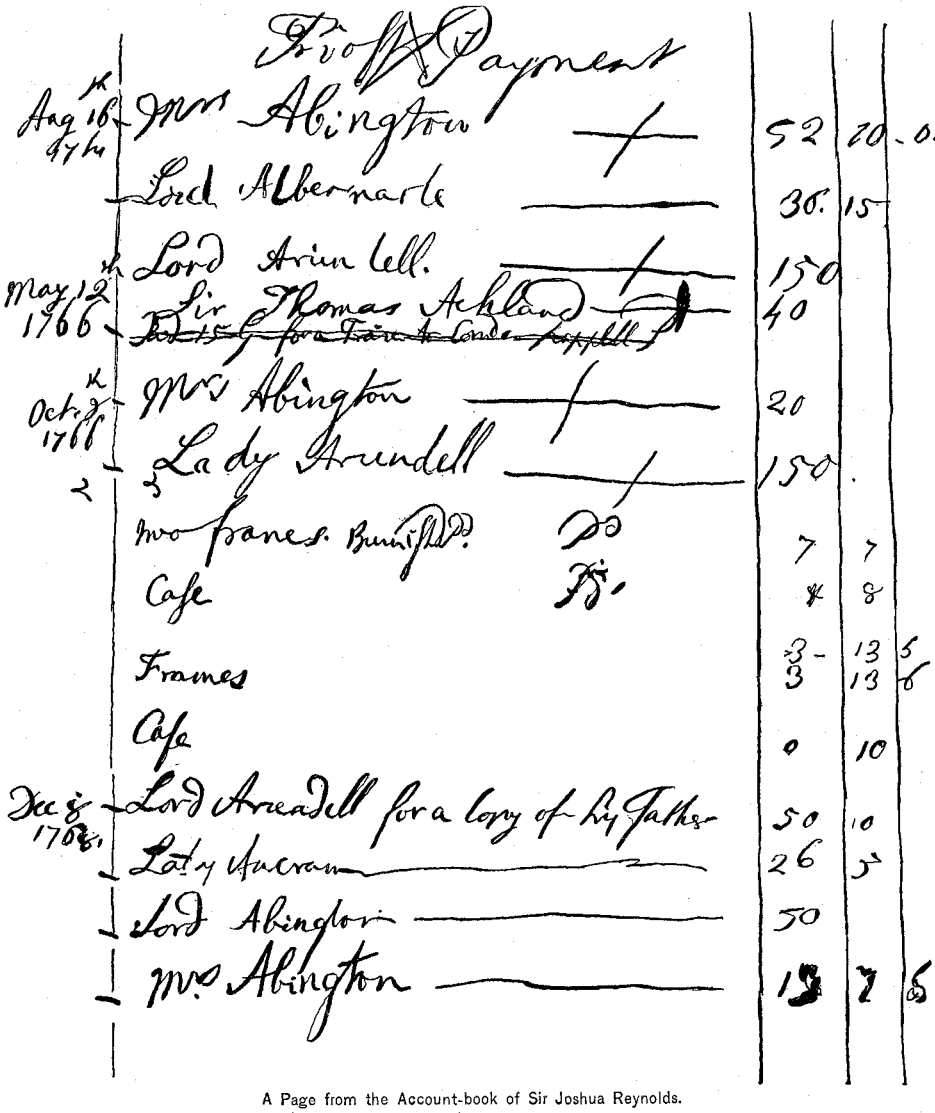
Bampfylde was sold at auction in London for three hundred and sixty pounds —a much larger sum than Sir Joshua received for the original painting. The portrait of the Hon. Miss Bingham life she was a nursemaid at Hawarden (where Mr. Gladstone now lives), but later she seems to have driven the artists wild with admiration for her beauty and grace. Romney has painted several



A Page from the Account-book of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

shows much of the innocence and charm that characterize the master's portraits of children. This beautiful girl lived till 1840, and never married.

Perhaps no famous beauty has ever been the subject of so many notable pictures as the celebrated Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton. In early admirable portraits of her; and Sir Joshua's represents her in the character of a bacchante. The fine portrait of Mrs. Billington as Saint Cecilia is one of the few representative examples of Reynolds that are accessible to the American public. It is in the gallery of the Lenox Library, New York. There

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are also a few in private collections; but notwithstanding the master's industry and facility of production, fine "Sir Joshuas" are to-day almost unprocurable.

Just at present there exists in Paris a great enthusiasm for the works of Reynolds; and the Salon of the present year contained a considerable number of etchings and engravings after them. But not one of them is satisfactory, and it is evident that the French, with all their cleverness, cannot do him justice. These engravers seemed determined to "improve" the originals by adding a coquettish Parisian smirk to the faces; and the result is deplorable. I remember in particular one of these reproductions, in which the sweet and simple little Penelope Boothby is made to look like an artful young schemer—full of craft and *arrière pensée*. Indeed, it is rare to find an engraver of one nationality who can do justice to the picture of another.

While such masters as Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and Turner employed and directed their own engravers—fully understanding the value of that subordinate art which multiplied and perpetuated their own original designs—yet it is probable that Reynolds was better served than any other master through what Ruskin calls "the noble human labor of the engraver." His rich coloring and broad style lent themselves especially to the mezzotint process, and, largely through his encouragement and patronage, the contemporary British School of mezzotint engravers produced works which must always rank as masterpieces. Within two years from his death as many as seven hundred plates had been engraved after his designs, and during the present century this large number has been greatly increased. Upon seeing one of the plates which MacArdell engraved, Sir Joshua had the generosity to exclaim: "By this man I shall be immortalized!" Indeed, he little suspected that this was true in a double sense, in view of the fact that he often made use of perishable colors; and while the decay of any painting in oils is only a question of time there is practically no limit to the lasting powers of those frail sheets of paper. While one must go to England to see the master's paintings at their best, the New York public has had the privilege of seeing the unsurpassed collection of these engravings, which Mr. George Vanderbilt contributed to the opening exhibition at the new building of the American Fine Arts Society, in December, 1892. Reynolds himself, in common with many artists—including Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, and Bonnat—had a life-long passion for collecting prints and drawings; and his well-known stamp on the back of some fine old print or sketch is still an endorsement and guarantee of its quality.

I have never seen mention made of the curious circumstance that many portrait-painters seem to have unconsciously given to their sitters a shade of resemblance to their own features. Van Dyck's portraits nearly all bear a trace of the master's own elegance of face and figure, the works of Holbein and Rubens give countenance to the same theory, and Rembrandt's magnificent portraits, though showing such a wonderful variety, yet all bear a more or less remote resemblance to Rembrandt himself. The same is true of Sir Joshua's. This may be partly, but not entirely, accounted for by the fact that not only do the individuals of any one nation bear a certain resemblance to each other, and that the same is true of the whole people of any given epoch; but the main reason seems to be that the artist unconsciously imitates his own face. We need not always recognize this resemblance by means of a portrait of the artist painted by himself; for instance, such a portrait as that of Reynolds painted by the American, Gilbert Stuart, shows us practically the same face as those painted by Reynolds of himself. This theory has been confirmed by a distinguished

*** For the autograph reproduced on the opposite page I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Algernon Graves, of London, who has kindly placed at my disposal the two large books in which Sir Joshua kept his private memoranda, from which I have culled some interesting details. These volumes contain a number of notes recording the composition of the colors which he used for certain pictures; the notes are written in Italian, probably with the view of concealing his professional secrets from the prying eyes of those who might gain access to the books; but the good man's Italian is so queer that I fear they would have mystified a native of Italy quite as much as they were intended to mystify his English friends.

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American artist whom I have consulted. He states further that, in his experience, if two students are drawing from the same model, the one of whom is tall and slender and the other short and robust, each will be sure to impart to his drawing a good deal of his own physical proportions.

In 1784 Reynolds lost his old friend, Dr. Johnson. A short time previously Johnson had written to him: "We are now old acquaintance, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side." The day before he died he sent for Sir Joshua and told him he had three requests to make of him. The first was to forgive him a debt of thirty pounds (*that* was easily granted); the second was to read his Bible regularly, and the third was to refrain from painting on the Sabbath day. Sir Joshua, in the fulness of his heart, promised everything; but he afterward found the third promise so irksome that, after having consulted his friends, he came to the conclusion that his old friend had no right to bind him to such a promise, and so he resumed his brush on the Sabbath.

Reynolds himself was now growing old; but in 1785 he painted the admirable portrait of John Hunter which has been so finely engraved by William Sharp, and the same year he spent a thousand pounds on pictures for his own collection. His enthusiasm for fine things was as strong as ever, and it was by his advice that the Duke of Portland purchased the famous antique Portland Vase which is now the pride of the British Museum. He continued to go into society as before, and he was present at some of the great speeches delivered by Burke and Sheridan at the trial of Warren Hastings. In 1789, while painting, he was stricken with a disease of the eyes—the same malady which caused the blindness of Milton, and thereafter he could paint very little. But he bore his affliction with great serenity, comforted by the loving attentions of his "troops of friends," or in their absence amusing himself with his pet birds. He also made an exhibition of his valuable collection of old paintings and handed the proceeds to his servant. In 1792 he was found to be incurably ill from a disease of the liver, and on February 23d he died.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, close by the tomb of his fellow-townsman, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the great church, where his statue by Flaxman now occupies a conspicuous place. "Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people," writes Edmund Burke; and he adds: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of coloring, he was the equal of the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portraits he went beyond them. In these he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere."

This is lofty praise; but notwithstanding the stately periods of Burke the best summary of Sir Joshua's character and genius seems to be the facetious mock-epitaph which in a merry hour, years before the death of either, his dear friend Goldsmith wrote upon him:

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind,
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff!

As the train recedes from such cities as Cologne or Strassburg or Amiens, the observant passenger will have noticed that while the ordinary buildings of the city gradually sink down to a dim and inconspicuous level, the great cathedral looms up vaster and grander, until at last it seems to stand alone in its dignity and glory. It is so with some human lives; and it is so with the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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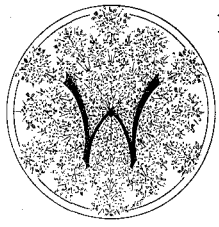
THE PLACE OF THE EXODUS IN THE HISTORY OF EGYPT.

By A. L. Lewis.



WHEN the hieroglyphic inscriptions and papyri of Egypt began to give up their long-guarded secrets to the zealous investigators of the nineteenth century, the first thought that occurred to the majority of those who watched the progress of their decipherment was that they were at last about to learn from the old Egyptians themselves their version of the history of Joseph, and of Moses, and of all the wonderful events which took place during the stay of the children of Israel in Egypt, and which accompanied their departure from it. The expectation was a natural one, but never perhaps was a natural expectation more signally disappointed, for although many attempts have been made to find in various inscriptions some possible reference to the Israelites, and for that purpose even to supply characters which cannot be proved to exist in the originals, it is not too much to say that the monuments and papyri of Egypt, so far as at present explored, are absolutely silent about the history of the Israelites while in Egypt and about the manner in which they left it.

A little reflection will show us that this silence is not so surprising as it at first appears. To the Israelites their exodus from Egypt was the beginning of their existence as an independent nation, an event to be commemorated and remembered in every detail, perhaps occasionally exaggerated; and we, who have derived our first impressions of it from their accounts, have assumed that it must have been equally important to the Egyptians, to whom in reality it was but one of a long series of struggles with more or less barbaric intruders. The relative importance accorded in the histories of England and of the United States to the American war of independence may serve as an explanation of the absence of any Egyptian account of the birth of the Hebrew nation; many an English boy has gone through his school course without learning anything about that great struggle, a thing which could not possibly happen to any American boy, and the position of the Israelite and the Egyptian were in this respect probably not unlike that of the American and the Englishman. In any endeavor, therefore, to ascertain the place of the exodus in the history of Egypt we are compelled, both by the silence of the Egyptians and by the probability that, apart from any question of inspiration, the Israelites would be the best authorities as to their own history, to accept the Hebrew accounts as a whole, and to endeavor to find that part of Egyptian history into which they will most easily fit.

The natural result of this condition of things is that at least half a dozen different kings have been fixed upon by as many different authors as the Pharaoh of the exodus, the most generally accepted theory being that Rameses the Second (commonly called the Great) was the Pharaoh of the oppression, and that his son and successor, Menepthah or Mer-en-ptah, was the Pharaoh of the exodus. Except in one particular this view is as destitute of any evidence to support it as are all the others; the point in question is, that we are told that the Israelites "built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and 'Raamses,'" and, as the foundation of these cities has been attributed to Rameses the Second, it has been regarded as a necessary consequence that he was the oppressor. It is, however, possible that both places existed before his time, although much building was done in them during his reign, and it is also possible that the names of these towns, coming as they do at the end of a sentence, may have been in the first place merely a

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conjectural marginal note, which was afterward embodied in the text itself; and it must be observed in support of this view that Josephus does not claim these cities as works of the Israelites.

Lepsius and others who believed that Rameses the Second was the oppressor, claimed also to be supported by a story about an insurrection of certain lepers and others, which was said to be extracted from the history of Egypt written by Manetho, a history which, with the exception of its lists of dynasties and kings, has, unfortunately, been almost entirely lost. The leper story has been preserved in the controversy of Josephus against Apion, but it has evidently been so much distorted that nothing can be founded upon it, and Josephus very rightly refused to recognize in it any reference to the exodus; though, on the other hand, he was certainly wrong in identifying the Hyksos, who were driven out by the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, with his own nation.

Much has also been said of late about the discovery at Pithom of bricks made without straw and stamped with the name of Rameses the Second, but, as the bricks without straw belonged not to the oppressor but to the exodus king, these bricks, to be of any value as a confirmation of the current theory, should rather be stamped with the name of his son Mer-en-ptah. As those who consider that Thothmes the Third was king during both the oppression and the exodus have found strawless bricks stamped with his name at Heliopolis, it would seem probable that "jerry-building" was more common among the Egyptians than the excellence of so much of their work might have led us to expect, and, as a matter of fact, the careful researches of Mr. Flinders Petrie have unearthed numerous little frauds perpetrated four thousand years ago by various Egyptian artificers. Further, it does not appear that bricks without straw were accepted from the Israelites, but that they had to go into the fields to root up the long stubble left in reaping with the flint-edged sickle of the period, instead of having straw supplied to them, and that this was the extra labor laid upon them. Those who seek support for their views from the strawless bricks are, therefore, themselves making bricks with very little straw in them.

Although the monuments and papyri give us no direct information upon the subject of the exodus, they do indirectly indicate a certain period within which it must have taken place. Thothmes the Third, who was the most powerful king of that dynasty (the eighteenth) which finally drove the Hyksos invaders out of Egypt and reunited the whole country under one sceptre, extended his conquests as far as Mesopotamia, overrunning Palestine on his way; he left lists of the conquered nations, but does not mention the Israelites among them. Rameses the Second, of the nineteenth dynasty, the supposed oppressor, who reigned about two hundred years later, also subdued Palestine and left lists of the conquered peoples, but he, again, does not mention the Israelites among them. What is, perhaps, still more important, is that while the Israelites have left records of invasions by Mesopotamians, Moabites, Canaanites, Midianites, and Philistines, they do not mention any invasion by the Egyptians, and the conclusion is that the Israelites were not settled on the west side of the Jordan till after the wars raged by Rameses the Second at the commencement of his reign, which began not earlier than 1388 B.C., or, as some now say, 1266 B.C. It has been attempted to explain this difficulty away by suggesting that Rameses the Second kept close to the sea-coast on his march through Palestine and did not strike inland till he was some distance to the north of the Israelites, but it is inconceivable that he should not have secured his long line of communications by establishing posts so far inland that they must have been brought into contact with the Hebrews if the latter had at that time been settled in their own country.

The earliest date, therefore, at which the Egyptian history will permit the exodus to have taken place, even when full allowance is made for the time spent by the Jews in the wilderness and in conquering Palestine, would seem to be about 1430 B.C., while, if the shorter chronology be adopted, it could not

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have been much earlier than 1300 B.C.; but if, in accordance with the generally received idea, we place the exodus in the reign of Mer-en-ptah, the limits between which it must have happened vary, according to the system of chronology adopted, from about 1310 to 1190 B.C., or from 386 to 228 years before the conquest of Jerusalem by Shishak, the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, which some writers place as late as 924 B.C. and others as early as 962 B.C.

On the other hand, we have, both in the Bible and in the works of Josephus, a circumstantial account of the various events of Jewish history, beginning with the exodus and going on through the governments of the Judges and the oppressions and invasions which occurred between them to the reigns of Saul, David, Solomon, and Rehoboam, in whose fifth year Jerusalem was taken, as I have already mentioned, by the Egyptians under Shishak. A number of years is assigned to nearly every one of these events, and when added together their total amounts to more than 700 years to the fifth year of Rehoboam, or about 660 to the building of the temple; but in the book of Kings these 660 years are reduced to 480, while Josephus puts them at 592, which is about the time the summary of Jewish history given by St. Paul in Acts xiii. would allow.

We find, then, that the Hebrew authorities assign to the period between the exodus and the invasion of Shishak not less than 500, and it may be more than 700 years, whereas the Egyptian history does not allow more than from 340 to 500 years to have passed between the two events, and the question arises how we are to reconcile the two accounts.

There are assigned to no less than eleven of the events between the exodus and Shishak, the duration of which is mentioned in the Bible, periods of forty years, eighty years, or twenty years, and it is generally admitted that the term forty years, when used in the Old Testament, may mean not necessarily forty years, but an unknown period of considerable length. The large number of forty-year periods found among those mentioned between the exodus and Shishak tends to show that some at least of them are not exact, and the smaller and varying totals given by the writer of the book of Kings, and by St. Paul, as well as by Josephus, show that a reduction of some of these periods is permissible. Still, compression has its limits, and if it be difficult to compress the wanderings in the wilderness, the conquest of the promised land, the governments of the Judges, the various oppressions which occurred between them, and the reigns of the first three kings of Israel into 386 years, it is absolutely impossible to compress them into 228 years; so that if it should be found that the reign of Rameses the Second must be postponed to 1266–1200 B.C., as those say who reckon by Sirius, the current idea that he was the oppressor, and that his successor was the Pharaoh of the exodus, would have to be abandoned without regard to any damage to existing theories or to the position of their supporters.

Perhaps it is on this account that many Egyptologists prefer to consider Thothmes the Third, who reigned about 200 years before Rameses the Second, as the king, both of the oppression and of the exodus, wherein they are clearly in opposition to the Hebrew writers, who unanimously declare these to have been two different kings. It appears to me that those who adopt this view would do better to assume Thothmes to have been the oppressor, and his successor Amenhotep (sometimes called Amunoph or Amenophis) the Second to have been the Pharaoh of the exodus, for the latter was succeeded by his brother, Thothmes the Fourth, who from one of his inscriptions would not seem to have had in his earlier years any expectation of attaining the throne. There is, moreover, no evidence in favor of the Thothmes theory, except certain chronological speculations, which, however learned and abstruse, rest on very slender and unstable foundations, and cannot outweigh the consideration already mentioned, that if the Israelites left Egypt either in the reign of Thothmes the Third or of his successor, Amenhotep the Second, they must have been in Palestine when Rameses the Second invaded it, and that neither he nor they record the presence of the other.

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But where, within the possible limits of time as already indicated, is the most probable place for the exodus? Let us first look at the Jewish accounts of the events which led up to it, after that at the history of Egypt within those limits, and then try to fit them both together.

Taking the accounts given by the Bible and by Josephus as a whole, we find Egypt at the birth of Moses under the government of a tyrannical and superstitious, if not weak and vacillating, monarch, who was moved, on the one hand, by fear of the growing numbers of the Israelites, and by the prophecy of a priest regarding the approaching birth of their deliverer, to decree the destruction of every male infant of the obnoxious race; but who was induced, on the other hand, by his daughter not only to spare the very child whom above all others he had sought to kill, but to allow him to be brought up as his own successor, and we find the other Egyptians, and even their priests, with full knowledge of the circumstances, reluctantly accepting Moses as the heir to the throne, because, as Josephus says, "there was no one, either akin or adopted, that had any oracle on his side for pretending to the crown of Egypt," or, in other words, because the royal family was dying out, and there was no one else whom circumstances seemed to point out as a suitable successor to the throne. Then we have the accounts of the subjugation of the country by the Ethiopians, and of its deliverance by Moses; of the plots and intrigues against him by the priestly party, who suspected, as Josephus says, that he would "bring innovations into Egypt," and of the success with which his military achievements enabled them to work upon the fears of the king; of the ultimate determination of the monarch to have Moses killed, and of the flight of the latter to Midian after an abortive attempt to rally his own race to his support before the appointed time.

Now, of all periods of Egyptian history the reigns of Thothmes the Third and Rameses the Second, one or other of which is usually selected as the era of the oppression, least resemble that depicted above from the Hebrew writers. Those two kings were the greatest and most powerful who ever reigned upon the banks of the Nile; both were brave soldiers and more unlikely to be swayed by fear of the Israelites or by excessive belief in the soothsayers than any of their numerous predecessors or successors; there does not seem to have been any great Ethiopian invasion in the reign of either of them; and, what is perhaps conclusive, both had sufficiently large families to make the succession to the throne secure, and both were, as a matter of fact, succeeded by their own sons; nor is there the least likelihood, notwithstanding the possibility that the succession *de jure* went by the daughter rather than by the son, that either of these kings would have allowed a daughter to bring up a foundling of a despised race as his heir and successor.

Is there, then, any part of the history of Egypt which tallies better with the state of things depicted by the Hebrew writers? Let us see.

Thothmes the Third was, as I have already said, succeeded by his son Amenhotep the Second, who was succeeded by his brother Thothmes the Fourth, and he by his son Amenhotep the Third, who married Tii or Tia, generally believed to have been a Semitic princess,* and to have brought with her the seeds of trouble in the matter of religion, since their son, Amenhotep the Fourth, renounced the Egyptian form of sun-worship, that of Amen, and adopted a more Semitic form, that of the Aten or disk of the sun; he even erased the name of Amen from the temples and other monuments, and dropped it out of his own name, and called himself Khuenaten. Khuenaten built a new capital, called Khut-aten and Pa-aten-her, at the place now known as Tel-el-amarna, for the more convenient exercise of his new religion. He left no sons, but was succeeded by three of his numerous daughters and their respective husbands: Sa'anecht (Ra-saa-kha-kheper), husband of Meri Aten; Tutanch Amen, husband of Anchnes Amen; Ai, husband of Tia.

The monuments and inscriptions of these kings suffered considerably after

* Some are inclined to think, on the contrary, that Tia was a daughter of Thothmes. The intermarriage of brothers and sisters of the royal family continued to the time of Cleopatra and was, perhaps, a survival of descent by the female rather than the male.

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the restoration of the worship of Amen, so their history is somewhat obscure; but there were many wars both on the north and on the south of Egypt during their reigns, and the great Asiatic conquests of Thothmes the Third were evidently lost in their time, if not before. Ai, the last of these three kings, had been fan-bearer, royal scribe, and master of horse to Khuenaten, but neither he nor his predecessors seem to have left any children, and his successor, Heru-em-Heb, or Horemhebi, appears to have been chosen by him as crown prince after some kind of contest. The wife of Horemhebi probably belonged to the royal family, but it is not clear that he himself did. He restored the worship of Amen, and more monumental remains have been left by him than by his three predecessors; one statue in the British Museum represents him in company with and under the protection of a larger figure of the god Khem or Amsi, a form of Amen-ra; and another represents him alone, while at Turin there is a group representing him and his queen Netem-mut. Although there was much fighting going on during his reign he seems to have been prosperous on the whole, but he was the last king of the eighteenth dynasty. Rameses the First, a successful military officer, founded the nineteenth dynasty after the death, or, as Dr. Birch thought, the deposition, of Horemhebi; and although he reigned only two years, he was able to leave the kingdom to his son Seti the First, a great king, and the father of the still greater Rameses the Second, who extended the borders of the empire almost as far as his predecessor, Thothmes the Third, had done, and who has generally, but, as I think, wrongly, been considered to have been the oppressor of the Israelites.*

Now, we have in the reigns of Khuenaten and of his sons-in-law a much more likely place for the events narrated by the Hebrew writers than any other. Whether Khuenaten were Amenhotep the Fourth under another name, or whether he were, as some say, a successor to that king, we have in him a sovereign harassed by revolt abroad and by disaffection—the result of his own actions—at home, and likely, therefore, to be a prey to all manner of fears; greatly concerned with religious matters, and no doubt ready to listen to prophecies, and to act upon them; having no sons, and, although some of his daughters were married, having no grandchildren, so that the succession to the throne was falling into the condition described by Josephus; executing such great public works that Osburn says it is evident that he and his successors had much forced labor at their command. In a word, we have in Khuenaten just the man for the oppressor.

Nor are we without a clue to the identity of "Pharaoh's daughter." That princess is called by Josephus Thermuthis, while another legend states that Merris, daughter of Palmanothes, and wife of Chenephres, king of Upper Egypt, adopted a little son of the Hebrews, as she herself was barren. Two of those daughters of Khuenaten who succeeded him were Meri Aten and Tia. Meri Aten might obviously be the original of Merris, and as she was princess first and queen afterward, the apparent discrepancy between the accounts becomes rather a confirmation than otherwise. Tia, who, with her husband Ai, was the last of Khuenaten's family who sat on the throne, might well be the Thermuthis of Josephus, for the syllable mut or mother, which is frequently added to the names of Egyptian princesses, and might have been assumed by Tia on the adoption of Moses, would convert Tia into Tia-mut, which is as much like Thermuthis as any name that has been found. The Greeks, indeed, seem to have been in the habit of adding s to foreign names. Herodotus (Clio cxxxix.) says that all the Persian names ended in s, but that the Persians themselves were not aware of that fact; nor is their ignorance very surprising, since, from a comparison of the cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions, Xerxes, Darius, and Cambyses appear to have been in their original form Ksharsha, Ntaryusha, and Kenbuta, and not to have ended in s at all. Although the Hebrew accounts speak of only one

*Horemhebi is often confounded with the Horus of Manetho, but this is a mistake; the Horus of Manetho was Khuenaten, after whom follow three or four other sovereigns (the daughters- and sons-in-law of Khuenaten), and then Armais or Harmais, by whom Manetho intends Horemhebi.

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daughter of Pharaoh, little difficulty will, I imagine, be felt in admitting that two may have been concerned in the bringing up of Moses, though perhaps only one in his preservation. Some writers indeed say that Tia the wife of Ai was not the daughter of Khuenaten, but his nurse, and this, if true, would leave to Meri Aten the sole honor of being that daughter of Pharaoh who has for so many ages excited so much interest. In that case it might be assumed that Tia-mut, or Tia the nurse, had also been a friend and patroness of Moses, and that Josephus had thus been led into the mistake of giving her name as that of the princess.

During the reigns of the sons-in-law of Khuenaten there were many campaigns both in the north and in the south, in some of which Moses might have fought with success and distinction, and with the result, not uncommon in absolute monarchies, that the jealousy of the king was excited against him by the priestly party which had been hostile to him from his birth, and that Horemhebi was chosen by Ai as his successor in place of Moses, who thereupon found it necessary to leave the country.

The inscription of Horemhebi, now at Turin, as translated by Dr. Birch, although much damaged, clearly intimates that he was chosen by the reigning king as his successor in opposition to someone else :

(Line 6 where legible)—" his reign in face of the king, at rest in his property, rejoicing in his election, he placed him at the gate of the country to conduct the numerous laws of the country as Prince, Heir-apparent of this town like him, one alone without a second, the plans "—(break—then line 7 where legible)—" of men which came out of his mouth addressed before the Prince of the palace, he went along to the opposition against him ; he answered the King, that which came out of his mouth daily pleased him, the gracious one."

It would, therefore, seem that, while Moses may have been supported by the disk-worshippers and Semites, Horemhebi was supported by the priests of Amen and the native party generally, and that they, fearing, as Josephus says, further innovations, made use of the successes of Moses to bring about his disgrace with the king and the choice of Horemhebi in his place.

The latter part of the same inscription describes the coronation of Horemhebi and his restoration of the old worship and temples, and the satisfaction of the gods at his conduct. Horemhebi did in fact restore the worship of Amen, and caused his name to be recut in the inscriptions from which Khuenaten had had it erased ; the names of the disk-worshippers were in their turn erased, and their works destroyed, and the new city built under Khuenaten by, as I suppose, the labor of the Israelites, was deserted and ruined, so that, when their descendants in later years sought to identify the works of their forefathers, it was forgotten, and Pithom and Rameses were put down conjecturally by some, and the pyramids (which were built before Abraham was born) by others, as the result of those labors.

Horemhebi reigned at least twenty-one years, and was succeeded by Rameses the First, the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, whom I consider to have been the Pharaoh of the exodus, since Josephus expressly says that that monarch had only just received the government when Moses returned to Egypt. It is not unlikely that Moses and he might have fought side by side in previous years, but if Moses entertained any hopes of favor on that account, they were certainly very soon dissipated. Rameses reigned about two years, and that his death was unexpected by himself, if not actually sudden, is shown by the state of his tomb, which, according to Osburn, was intended to be large and magnificent, but was only just begun, the sarcophagus even being unfinished, and the name of Rameses roughly scrawled upon it. It is not stated in the book of Exodus that the Pharaoh himself perished with his army, though Psalm 136 shows that the general belief among the Jews was that he did so, and the apparently unexpected death of Rameses the First, as shown by the unfinished condition of his tomb, would also tend to favor that idea. But for the statement of Josephus that the Pharaoh of the exodus had only just received the

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government I might not be indisposed to place that event at the end of Horemhebi's reign, as there seem to have been troubles on the northern frontier of Egypt during his life, and some uncertainty exists about his death, but, on the whole, Rameses the First seems to answer the requirements of the Hebrew accounts better. Neither the tomb nor the mummy of Horemhebi have yet been identified, but they may be discovered at some future time.

Rameses the First was succeeded by his son Seti the First, who is said in the lists of kings handed down from the otherwise lost history of Manetho to have reigned fifty years, but as his son and successor, Rameses the Second, certainly reigned sixty-six years, it is hardly possible that he could have reigned so long; and as, in addition to this, the large buildings begun by him were finished not by him, but by Rameses the Second, and as the latest of his years recorded on the monuments is the ninth, it is generally believed that his reign was not a very long one. The reign of Seti and the first years of that of Rameses the Second were largely occupied by wars against the Hittites and other Asiatics, episodes in which are not only depicted on their buildings, but have formed the subject of the celebrated poem by Pentaur. If the Israelites left Egypt at the end of the reign of Rameses the First they would have been in the wilderness and on the eastern side of the Jordan while Rameses the Second was fighting in Palestine; consequently they would not have encountered or been encountered by the Egyptians, and one of the great difficulties mentioned at the commencement of this article is thus avoided. The facility with which the Israelites conquered the promised land is also explained, inasmuch as the power of the Canaanites had been broken for them by Rameses the Second. In Exodus xxiii. 28 a promise was made to the Israelites—"I will send hornets before thee which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite from before thee," and from the parting address of Joshua to the Israelites (Joshua xxiv. 12) it would appear that this promise had been fulfilled, for Joshua, speaking in the name of Jehovah, said: "I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you—the two kings of the Amorites—not with thy sword nor with thy bow." The hornet appears above the cartouche which contains the throne name of every Egyptian king, and is the determining sign of his rank, and it has, therefore, been thought, with some probability, that by the hornets which attacked the Canaanites are intended not insects, but Egyptian kings, but whether this be so or not, if the most lasting result of the great wars of Rameses the Second were the easy installation of the despised and persecuted Israelites in the promised land, it gives us indeed a marvellous illustration of the mysterious ways of Providence.

But now it may occur to some of my readers that while the Hebrew writers only mention one oppressor, succeeded immediately by the Pharaoh of the exodus, I have produced a line of five oppressors, namely, Khuenaten, his three sons-in-law, and Horemhebi, and that the reign of the latter did not extend over forty years, which is the period usually assigned for the stay of Moses in Midian. My answer is, that if Moses were forty years old when he left Egypt, and eighty years old when he returned to it, and if the king in whose reign he was born did not die till just before his return, that king must have reigned more than eighty years, and could not have been less than one hundred and twenty years old when he died, since he must have been old enough to be Moses's grandfather, and that no such king existed; and that, although the Bible only mentions two kings, it does not say that there were no others. The remarks made in an earlier part of this article respecting the forty-year periods between the exodus and Shishak apply equally to the division of the life of Moses into three forty-year periods, and it is certain that we must either give up that division or admit that more than two Pharaohs reigned between the birth of Moses and the exodus. If one of these courses be a necessity neither is inadmissible, and I take both; and I think the account of the circumcision of Moses's son by his mother while on the way back to Egypt

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tends to show that the son was at most a youth, and that the stay of Moses in Midian had, therefore, been much less than forty years.

The exact, or even the approximate, date of the exodus cannot be determined until the differences between long and short chronologies have been finally settled. If the reign of Rameses the Second began, as is generally thought, in 1388 B.C., the exodus would, on my hypothesis, have occurred about 1420 B.C., which would allow from 450 to 500 years for the Jewish history between it and Rehoboam; but if, as is not improbable, the accession of Rameses the Second did not take place till 1266 B.C., the exodus would, on my theory, have occurred between 1320 B.C. and 1300 B.C., according to the length of the reign of Seti the First, and this would allow nearly four hundred years for the events between it and the siege of Jerusalem by Shishak.

The question which lies at the root of these differences is the difficulty of deciding in what reign certain festivals were celebrated which were fixed upon an astronomical basis. In consequence of the ordinary Egyptian year having only 365 days and not admitting an intercalary day every fourth year, its first day coincided with the first appearance at Memphis of Sirius, or Sothis, as the morning star only once in 1,460 years. One of these coincidences is known to have taken place under the government of the Roman emperors, and the one before it is calculated to have occurred in 1322 B.C., and is known to have been celebrated under a king from whom the Greek astronomers called it the era of Menophres or Menepthes. But who was this king Menophres? It has generally been assumed that he was Mer-en-ptah, the son of Rameses the Second, and was the Pharaoh of the exodus, which on this same ground is commonly supposed to have occurred about 1314 B.C.; but others say that Menophres was Men-pe-hu-ra, or Ra Men Pehu, which was the throne name of Rameses the First, who was the great grandfather of Mer-en-ptah, and the king whom I have selected as the Pharaoh of the exodus. Other astronomical data are afforded by the lunar cycles of twenty-five years, by which it is shown that certain festivals mentioned in the inscriptions as having been celebrated in certain reigns, must have occurred within a range of about seven years; but as these seven-year periods came round every twenty-five years, it has not yet been found possible to fix with certainty any date from them, although many attempts have been made in that direction. Nor can any more certain date be obtained from the historical than from the astronomical facts which are as yet in our possession.

Although the order of the dynasties and the succession of the kings are found to be generally in agreement with the lists of Manetho, opinions vary as to whether some of the dynasties reigned over the whole kingdom, or only over a part of it contemporaneously with other dynasties reigning over other parts; nor do we know the lengths of all the reigns, nor to what extent one reign ran into another by means of the association of a son with his father. Thus, between Shishak, who was the first king of the twenty-second dynasty, and the nineteenth dynasty, which Rameses the First founded, but concerning the end of which there is some little obscurity, there were the twentieth and twenty-first dynasties. It might be thought that the addition of the regnal years of the kings composing those dynasties would show the time when the nineteenth dynasty began, but we do not know the lengths of all the reigns of those kings, and we are also met by the question whether, and if so, how far, the twenty-first dynasty was contemporary with the twentieth and twenty-second dynasties. The attacks of the Philistines on the Israelites are not noticed till the latter part of the governments of the Judges. During the earlier years of the Jews in the promised land the Philistines were kept under by Rameses the Third, the second king of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, and his immediate successors, and the oppressors of the Hebrews came from other quarters; but the uncertainty as to the number of years to be assigned to Samson, Eli, Samuel, and Saul renders this indication of little value in fixing a date. I shall, therefore, not at-

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tempt to decide the question between the long and the short chronologies, nor do I consider that my views as to the place of the exodus would be affected by the victory of either. That one or other will be established sooner or later is most probable, for an inscription or papyrus may be discovered at any time, which will settle the matter beyond dispute.

An inscription or papyrus may also yet be discovered which will give us that certainty with regard to the kings of the oppression and the exodus which cannot be obtained from the materials now at our command. It may be that if any such discovery be made I may be proved to be wrong in fixing upon Khuenaten and his successors as the oppressors and upon Rameses the First as the king of the exodus, but it is at least as likely that I may be proved to be right, and until the contrary be shown, I hold that the theory I have brought forward must be admitted to be more probable than any other and for the following reasons:

Whatever system of chronology may be adopted my hypothesis allows at least a century more than is allowed by the theory that Mer-en-ptah was the Pharaoh of the exodus, and this century is, as we have seen, much needed, if not absolutely indispensable, to satisfy the requirements of the Jewish historians.

While it gives this extra century where it is so much wanted, my theory avoids the difficulty besetting those who hold that Thothmes the Third, or some earlier king, was the Pharaoh of the exodus, namely, that in that case the Israelites must have been in Palestine when Rameses the Second invaded it, but that neither do the Israelites mention the Egyptians nor they the Israelites.

Further, the view here advocated shows how Josephus may have been perfectly accurate in describing that uncertain condition of the succession to the Egyptian throne which alone could have rendered possible the adoption of Moses as crown prince, and it identifies the princess or princesses who adopted him; and, finally, while removing so many of the difficulties which surround other theories it raises up no fresh ones.

Since the above article was corrected for the press, Dr. Flinders Petrie has returned to England from his exploration of Tel-el-Amarna, the site of the capital of Khuenaten. What he has found there will be described by him in due time, and will be of great interest; but it does not appear that he has made any discovery which in any way affects the views respecting the exodus set forth in the foregoing pages.

The reign of Khuenaten, which is said by Manetho to have lasted thirty-seven years, is almost certainly limited, by Dr. Petrie's investigations, to seventeen years; but the reigns of his three successors appear, from the number of objects found bearing their names, to have lasted for some time after his death, to have followed each other in the order usually assigned to them, and not to have been, as some recent writers have suggested, contemporary co-regencies; although it is possible that the first of them may have been associated in the government with Khuenaten during that king's later years.

The architecture and decoration of the palace of Khuenaten (in which, if my suggestions be correct, the youth of Moses was spent) are found to be in some points superior to Egyptian architecture and design generally, and Dr. Petrie thinks that the origin of some of the architecture and ornamentation of the Temple of Solomon may possibly be found in this palace. The space covered by the palace, the temples, and the city, is about as large as that now covered by Brighton (England).

The tomb of Khuenaten had unfortunately been discovered and plundered by the Arabs many months before Dr. Petrie's explorations were begun, but it is probable that the Arabs only found the *débris* left by destroyers in the time of Horemhebi, or a little later; even this *débris* has not been thoroughly examined, as the Ghizeh Museum authorities, then in power, would neither allow Dr. Petrie to examine it, nor do so themselves. Khuenaten's tomb was plastered, and the designs for the sculpture were cut through the plaster, but only partly carved on the rock. His second daughter, who died in his lifetime, unmarried, was buried in an adjoining chamber, the decoration of which represents him and his courtiers mourning for her.

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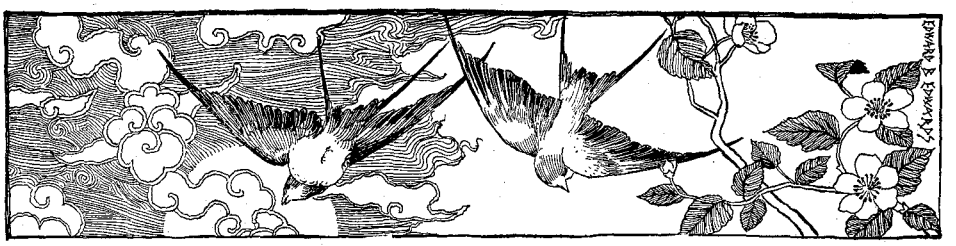

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE,

AND HIS GENERAL METHODS OF PREPARATION.

By Robert C. Winthrop.

IN May, 1877, more than sixteen years ago, I purchased of the late Mrs. Joseph Gales, at Washington, the volume which her husband had made up, not less than forty years previously, containing his own short-hand report of Webster's reply to Hayne in 1830, together with the manuscript copy—large parts of it in Webster's own handwriting—from which the speech was originally printed in the *National Intelligencer*, of which Mr. Gales was then the editor. The volume was paid for by many others besides myself, and was presented through me to the Boston Public Library, where it has since been open to examination. A communication in the *Boston Transcript*, dated July 10, 1882, evidently contained the results of a careful and critical investigation of its pages. That communication was published while I was in Europe. Soon after my return home, however, I prepared a brief memorandum in regard to some missing pages of the volume, and filed it between the fly-leaves, where it will still be found. I have nothing to add or alter as to the missing pages, but the facts which the *Transcript* communication stated, in reference to the original publication of the speech, led me to recall all that I had ever known or heard on the subject. I took occasion soon afterward to put upon paper the following account of Webster's methods—if, indeed, he had any methods—in the preparation and publication of some of his most remarkable efforts, and particularly of this reply to Hayne—the most important and remarkable effort of his life.

The account bears date January, 1883, and was thus written more than ten years ago. It was written without any definite purpose of publication, and was laid away for future consideration. Several persons — among whom I may mention my lamented friend the late Chief-Justice Waite, to whom I had communicated some of these reminiscences in familiar after-dinner conversation—have repeatedly urged me to publish them, and I have more than once been on the point of doing so. But some contentions on the subject, into which I was indisposed to be drawn, deterred me, and I have only consented to do so now that it may almost claim the immunity of a posthumous publication.

Webster's reply to Hayne was made in the Senate of the United States on January 26 and 27, 1830, occupying many hours of two successive days. It first appeared in print in the *National Intelligencer*, in three successive parts, on February 23d, 25th, and 27th. Nearly or quite a month thus intervened between the delivery and the publication of the speech. I was a law-student in Webster's office in Boston at that time, and I remember well the public and private impatience, I might almost call it vexation, at this long delay. There were no telegraphs or railroads at that period. The communication between Boston and Washington was slow, the mails taking two or three days. There were no professional letter-writers, or, certainly, no organized corps of reporters, at Washington then, as there are now. But the fact that a triumphant defence of the Constitution and of New England had been made by

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Mr. Webster was soon widely circulated throughout the country, and some private letters, as well as many of the newspapers, gave glowing accounts of it. Everyone was thus eager to see and read the speech, and everyone was disappointed, as day after day they looked in vain for its appearance.

The volume of Mr. Gales, now in the Boston Public Library, helps to solve the mystery of this long delay; and the solution is in precise conformity with what I had repeatedly heard from Judge Peleg Sprague, from Governor John Davis, and from others who were associated with Webster in Congress at the time, and who were never weary of telling the story of this wonderful effort—for which, as well as for the transcendent abilities of its author, they all had the greatest admiration.

Indeed, no one from that day to this has ever questioned, or ever will question, that on those two days of January, 1830 — the 26th and 27th — Webster made the greatest and most important and successful effort of his life. The speech was magnificent and overpowering as delivered, and produced an impression on all who heard it never equalled or approached by any other speech delivered in Congress since Fisher Ames made his marvellous speech on the British Treaty in 1796—even if that is to be named in the same category.

But Mr. Webster felt, and all his friends felt with him, that something more was to be accomplished than any immediate impression on those who heard him. He felt, and they all felt, that the Constitution of the United States was at stake—not for the mere hour or year of that debate, but for all time and for the whole country. He had been forced or challenged into the discussion at short notice and under embarrassing circumstances. He had mustered all his resources and energies as by magic, and had come off triumphantly. The air of the whole land was vocal with his praises. But great expectations remained to be met, involving not merely his own fame, but the highest interests of his country. He perceived at a glance that the short-hand report of Mr. Gales, as written out by his wife, however faithfully and lovingly done, could not satisfy the general public expectation. He decided that his great argument and appeal for the Constitution and the Union must be made as impressive to readers in all time to come as it had been to hearers at the moment, and that for this end it must be carefully revised and written out by himself. Nobody else could do it; and accordingly it was so revised and much of it written out—as I have been told by the highest authority—with his own hand. Some of his friends, who were present at its delivery, were called into consultation on the subject, and parts of the speech, if not the whole, read over to them from time to time, with an occasional question: "Is that strong enough?" "Is that as strong as I put it in the Senate?" In the heat and fervor of these readings and consultations, different phrases and forms of expression were adopted or recalled, and quotations introduced; and the whole speech was thus worked over and perfected until it satisfied his friends and himself, and until it assumed the shape in which he was willing to give it to the press. He was resolved that no labor should be spared to render it as perfect and as impressive as it was in his power to make it.

This is the true history, as I have the best reason for believing, of the month's delay in its publication, and of the numerous differences which are discovered between the speech as reported in short-hand by Mr. Gales, and the speech as we have it in print. That delay and those differences, even if there were no positive testimony, could hardly be accounted for in any other way.

I remember well that Mr. Gales, proud of his own skill as a short-hand reporter, told me more than once, in showing me this very volume, that he did not think some parts of the speech were improved by all this labor. He alluded particularly to the famous peroration, which he thought more effective as delivered than as finally printed. He said that Webster had changed it a little "in order to avoid a mixed metaphor, or for some other cause." Mr. Gales would have been the last person in the world to detract a jot or tittle from the surpassing ability and power

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of the speech in reply to Hayne, whether as delivered in the Senate or as printed in the *Intelligencer*. He had been a hearer of all the important debates in Congress from his youth upward, and was familiar with all the greatest efforts of our American statesmen for half a century. He was a man, too, of remarkable accomplishments, and might have been appealed to as an umpire of the comparative excellence of all that he had heard or read. And he never hesitated to pronounce this speech of Webster's as first without a second of all the great speeches of our country. It was his particular pride to have reported it. It was his last labor in that line, and he could never be persuaded to use his pen again, as a short-hand writer, after he had been privileged to report this consummate effort of Webster's.

I have said that Webster was called on to make this speech at short notice. A single night was, if I remember right, all that he had for immediate preparation for the first day's effort, and one other night for that of the second day. He could have made but few notes, and the Brief which has been published—a very short one—may have been all that he committed to writing. Before going to the Senate Chamber on the morning of the first day he told Mr. Everett that as to the defence of the Constitution he had no misgivings, that he was always ready for that; and that his only anxiety was in regard to the personal and sectional parts of Colonel Hayne's attack. As he entered the Senate Chamber, John M. Clayton, the senator from Delaware, said to him, "Webster, are you primed and loaded?" "Seven fingers," was his only reply, with a gesture as if pointing to a gun-barrel. He spoke under great excitement, and with almost an air of inspiration. Of his emotions he said himself, not long afterward, "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him."

There is little doubt that Webster had contemplated, some years before, that such an occasion would occur, and had considered how he should meet it. At a previous session of Congress a violent attack had been made on New England, in connection with the tariff and the Constitution, by Colonel Hayne or some other senator, and Webster resolved at once to reply to it. But a Presidential election was then approaching, John Quincy Adams being a candidate; and it was feared that a sectional controversy in the Senate at that time might impair the chances of Mr. Adams's success. Webster was accordingly persuaded to forbear, and to postpone any reply until another time. It may well be that he pondered the subject deeply in the meantime, and made the Constitution a fresh subject of study. But the occasion came at last unexpectedly, and upon a Resolution which would least be supposed likely to create it.

It is, indeed, among the curiosities of parliamentary eloquence, if not of general literature, that a Resolution, moved by Mr. Samuel A. Foote, a Democratic senator of no great distinction from Connecticut, on the subject of the public lands and the Surveyor-General—and which, I believe, was never disposed of or acted on at all—should have been the ostensible theme of that great debate. Webster had made an admirable speech on the Resolution six or seven days before, and might well have been thought to have exhausted the topic, so far as he and the public lands were concerned. But that speech had opened him to assault, when it may have been imagined that he had no more ammunition. The assault came, and roused him to the supreme effort of his life.

The account which I have thus given of the speech as delivered, and of the speech as we now have it in print, recalls the saying of some great English orator—I believe it was Charles James Fox—that for complete and permanent success in eloquence on a great occasion a man should have two speeches—one a speech for delivery, and another a speech for publication. When told that a speech read well, he always replied, "Then it was a bad speech." Webster may be said to have fulfilled Fox's idea—if it were Fox's—in the twofold triumph of his reply to Hayne. Upon the

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spur of the moment and under the impulse of a great exigency, he made a speech which in its power and impressiveness, as delivered, was unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in Parliamentary or Congressional annals. And then, with the aid of Mr. Gales's short-hand notes and of his own memory, and of the memory and counsel of friends who heard it, he prepared the speech for publication in a manner to command the admiration of all who shall read it to the latest generations. Let me not seem to imply that the speech as delivered and the speech as printed were two speeches. They were substantially one and the same. The one great speech was made in the Senate, producing an overwhelming effect. The corrections of the report, and the changes of form or phraseology, by which it was perfected for the press, impair not a whit the unique grandeur of the effort. No such thing could ever happen in these days, because there are now stenographic reporters who take down every word which falls from the lips of a speaker, just as it falls and just when it falls, and the speech goes into the newspapers irrevocably without a day's delay.

It is a striking coincidence that a similar though much longer interval had once before occurred between the delivery and the formal publication of another of Webster's most celebrated efforts. His famous Plymouth oration, which was delivered on December 22, 1820, was not forthcoming in a pamphlet form, or, I believe, in any form, until the following autumn. Nearly a year, indeed, seems to have elapsed before it was in a condition to be sent to his friends and read by the public. The date of John Adams's note to him, acknowledging a copy of it with so memorable a compliment, was December 23, 1821; and that of Chancellor Kent bore date December 29, 1821.

I was too young to go to Plymouth in 1820. But though I did not hear that grand discourse, I was in the way of hearing of it, and I well remember the copy which Webster sent to my mother in the autumn or winter of 1821. Of course, as a schoolboy, I could have known nothing of the circumstances which prevented an earlier publication of this oration; nor do I remember having ever heard any explanation of the long delay. But I have conjectures of my own, long ago conceived, which I set down here for what they may be worth.

The Convention for amending the Constitution of Massachusetts was in session during the autumn and a part of the winter of 1820–21. I remember climbing up into the gallery and seeing John Adams on the platform with the President of the Convention. Webster was a member of this Convention, and took a leading part in its deliberations and debates. One of the subjects which he discussed with great power was the Property Basis, as it was called, of the Massachusetts Senate. His reply to Levi Lincoln on this question was almost as memorable as his reply to Hayne ten years afterward. The whole town rang with the eloquence of Webster on that occasion. Now, this speech was made on December 15, 1820, only one week before the great oration at Plymouth, and a considerable part of the speech was taken up with a discussion of precisely the same topic which formed one of the main staples of the Plymouth oration; namely, Property as the basis of Government. I have always thought that Webster, when he came to prepare the Plymouth oration for the press, found that he had discussed the same question substantially twice over, and that the speech in the Convention, which was soon published, contained so much of what he afterward said at Plymouth, that he could not do himself justice without a careful revision of the oration, and without allowing a sufficient interval to prevent the two efforts, as originally made, from being the subject of too close a comparison. I have never collated the two productions with a view of finding a corroboration of this theory. Indeed, Webster, in his revision, would have hardly left room for such a corroboration; but the fact of the long interval between the delivery and publication of the Plymouth oration remains to be accounted for in this or some other way. Perhaps his engagements at the bar or

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in the forum, or the state of his health, may have occasioned the delay.

Before turning to some other illustrations of Webster's methods and habits as an orator, I am tempted to mention a somewhat striking circumstance in connection with his powerful speech (to which I have already alluded) against changing the Property basis of the Massachusetts Senate. Few triumphs of his were more notable. But less than twenty years afterward, while I was sitting in the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, Mr. Webster's card was brought in to me by the sergeant-at-arms, and he presently appeared personally, and took a seat at my side. He was then a senator in Congress, and had come to pay his respects to the Legislature which had elected him. It happened that Mr. Hinckley, of Barnstable, a very pronounced Democrat of that day, was making a violent speech against the Property Basis of the Senate, for the change of which an amendment to the Constitution was at that moment pending. Webster, it may be imagined, looked sterner and more solemn than ever, as he was obliged to sit and listen to the same arguments which he was thought to have demolished forever in the Convention of 1820. But the Barnstable Democrat was only moved to greater effort by the presence of Webster, and the amendment was actually adopted by a two-thirds vote before he had left the chamber!

I turn next to some other illustrations of Mr. Webster's habits of preparation and publication, which exhibit him in very different aspects.

On January 27, 1848, Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States on the Rhode Island government—a case arising out of what has been known as the Dorr Rebellion. It happened that Mr. Justice McLean dined with me on the day after this argument, and in the course of conversation he said to me: "Winthrop, your great friend Webster made one of his grandest efforts yesterday. I have never heard him when he was more powerful." "I am delighted to hear it," I replied, "but I do not quite understand it; for when I saw him the very day before, he had just arrived at Gadsby's Hotel, and seemed wearied and worried, and was evidently in very bad spirits about the argument he was to make the next day." "Well," said Judge McLean, "he has rarely, if ever, done a greater thing."

A day or two afterward I took pains to see Webster again and tell him what McLean had said, and I then added, "Do tell me the mystery of such a triumph under such discouragements." "Oh, sit down here," said Webster, "and I will tell you all about it. You remember that you called to see me just after I had arrived from Boston, and you may not have forgotten that I mentioned that I had been up to the Supreme Court, and had found, to my consternation, that the Rhode Island case was in progress, and indeed that the counsel to whom I was to reply was just finishing his argument. Fortunately, only a quarter of an hour was left before the court's regular hour of adjournment, and I succeeded in getting their Honors, out of regard to my detention by a storm on the road, to adjourn at once, and leave me to begin my reply the next day. Well, on coming back to the hotel here, some pleasant gentlemen persuaded me to dine with them and kept me a good while at the table. When I escaped from them you called, and as you went away Choate came in. He was associated with me in this Rhode Island case, and spent an hour with me, telling me all about the arguments of our opponents, and giving me a full idea of the case as it stood. And when Choate left me I was tired out, and went at once to bed." I could hardly help laughing, as I replied, "But all this does not explain the great speech which you made the next morning." "No," said Webster, "but before I went to sleep I ordered the servant to have a fire kindled in my parlor at two o'clock in the morning, and candles lighted on my table. Before half-past two I was at work, and before breakfast I was ready for anybody!"

That was the preparation for one of Webster's great arguments in the Supreme Court. The argument may be found in his published volumes, and it

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justifies all that Judge McLean said of it. The preparation was very much like that for his reply to Hayne, as delivered. But Webster was now eighteen years older, and was within a few years of his death. It must have required no little courage and self-confidence in him to seat himself at his table at half-past two o'clock of a cold winter morning, to prepare for such an effort; and the result proves what great things he could accomplish under the spur of necessity, at the shortest notice.

The early morning, indeed, was his favorite time for hard work. Some of his most elaborate letters to Lord Ashburton, at the time of the Ashburton Treaty, were well known to have been written at a heat before breakfast.

But I turn to other illustrations of his habits as a speaker. Webster once said to me, not long after I entered Congress in 1840: "Winthrop, if I were as young as you are, and just beginning my Congressional career, I would adopt a different course from that which we are all pursuing in regard to speeches. I have lost my faith in long, labored efforts, to be printed a week after their delivery, and to be scattered over the country in pamphlets which nobody ever reads. I would speak short and often. I would take some part in every important discussion, and I would prepare every word which I proposed to say, and write it out beforehand, so as to give a copy to the reporters the moment I sat down. In this way the next morning's paper would let my constituents and the country see and read precisely what I had said."

Now, Webster had himself tried this mode of proceeding some years before his advice to me. During the protracted debates on the Removal of the Deposits in 1833 and 1834, he went up to the Senate Chamber morning after morning for several weeks together, with memorials, petitions, and protests on the subject, which had been sent to him from different parts of the country to be presented to Congress. Each memorial submitted its own view of the act of the Administration complained of, while the place from which it came suggested the peculiar interest which the signers had in the question. Webster was accustomed at this time to prepare short speeches for each memorial, and, after delivering them, to hand them at once to the reporters for the next morning's *Intelligencer*. One morning as he entered the Senate Chamber, with one of these memorials and one of these short speeches, John M. Clayton, the Delaware senator, said to him: "Webster, you ought to have been here earlier! You do not know what has been going on this morning. Isaac Hill has been making a violent harangue on what he calls 'the natural hatred of the poor for the rich.'" "What's that you say?" exclaimed Webster, "'the natural hatred of the poor for the rich!' Did he say so—those very words?" "Those very words," replied Clayton; and then Webster went to his seat. Soon it came to his turn to present his memorial; and in doing so, after a few words in regard to the place from which it came and the general subject to which it related, he launched out into a most impassioned and indignant rebuke of the attempt which had just been made to misrepresent the true relations of the rich and poor. He made the Senate Chamber ring with the scorn which he poured out upon the idea of there being any natural hatred between them. The vehemence and eloquence of his denunciation of this abhorrent doctrine resounded through the Capitol. Members of the other House crowded into the Senate Chamber to hear him, and the galleries, as well as the floor, were soon thronged. After he had concluded, the report that Webster had made one of his greatest speeches pervaded the city. Pennsylvania Avenue and the hotels were vocal with his reiterated exclamations of contempt for the doctrine and its author, and the *National Intelligencer* of the next morning was impatiently awaited for the detailed report of the speech.

But the *Intelligencer* of the next morning contained no such matter. It represented Mr. Webster as having presented a memorial, and as having accompanied it with some plain, sensible, forcible remarks on its subject and its source; but not a word or a syllable was there about the rich and the poor,

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or about any hatred or any love between them. It seemed that Webster, on sitting down after this entirely impromptu effort, had handed to the reporter the little prepared speech, which, agreeably to his subsequent advice to me, he had written out beforehand to go into the newspapers with the memorial, and nothing but rumor remained of that memorable and masterly utterance. Most happily, however, with the aid of some short-hand notes which had been taken by others, and of his own memory and that of his friends, the speech was substantially recalled and forthcoming at an early day, and may now be read in his printed volumes. In the recently published single volume of "Webster's Great Speeches," it will be found at page 359, under the title of "The Natural Hatred of the Poor to the Rich," from a speech delivered on January 31, 1834.

The only occasion on which I remember hearing Webster deliver a speech fully written out, with the copy in his hand, was at Faneuil Hall, in 1832, at the meeting called to sustain the Nullification Proclamation of General Jackson. The speech was not a long one, but the occasion was a critical one for Mr. Webster, who was a strong anti-Jackson man, and at the same time a stronger friend to the Constitution and the Union. He evidently had resolved to guard himself against being betrayed by the excitement of the moment into any equivocal expressions. He had carefully pondered words and phrases as well as thoughts and principles, and had resolved to stick to his text. This speech will be found in the Appendix to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's excellent "Life of Webster." It happened that Harrison Gray Otis made a speech on the same occasion, and said much about the famous Hartford Convention, greatly to Mr. Webster's annoyance, who told me, on returning to his office, where I was in the way of meeting him, that he would never again trust himself on the same platform with Otis, "who always insisted on lugging in that odious Convention." "Harrison Gray Otis and the Hartford Convention," he exclaimed, "are as inseparable as those Siamese twins which are now on exhibition at the Museum."

Webster was often, as we have seen, roused to great utterances on the spur of the instant by some immediate provocation, and no one could do grander things without preparation of any sort. He had really no methods or habits of preparation. Sometimes he wrote out before speaking. Sometimes he wrote out elaborately after speaking. Sometimes he had a long time for preparation; sometimes, as in the Hayne case, a very short time. One of his grandest orations—perhaps the grandest of all—was the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. They died in 1826, on the 4th of July. A week elapsed before he accepted the appointment to deliver the Eulogy. It was delivered on the 2d of August. Three weeks of midsummer heat was all he had for that magnificent discourse. But I have reason to believe that his habit was always to make preparation for his efforts when there was opportunity for doing so. Some one is said to have asked him once whether that splendid passage about the British power and her drumbeat, in his speech in the Senate on "The President's Protest," was an impromptu, struck out in the heat of debate. "An impromptu!" said he, almost scornfully, "why, that idea first occurred to me twenty years before, while I was standing on the Heights of Abraham, and I have been trying to work it into shape ever since. But I never succeeded to my satisfaction until now!"

I once happened to witness the working of Webster's mind under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It was in October, 1840, at the time of the great Harrison convention on Bunker Hill. I was the chairman of the Whig State Central Committee at that time, and Webster was to preside at the mass meeting. He was to open the proceedings with a prepared address to the people, to be signed and read by him as president of the Whig convention. Franklin Dexter, who was to be the chief marshal of the procession, and I as chairman of the committee, were made responsible for seeing that Web-

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ster and the address were forthcoming. Webster was at Marshfield for some weeks previously, and we could get no satisfactory answers to our letters on the subject. Dexter was in despair, and I nearly so. I sent him down at last a rough draft of a brief address of my own, hoping that it would stimulate him to prepare something worthier of his signature. In return he sent us a few sheets of rather feeble matter, which he submitted to our consideration and emendation. I was obliged to write him that Mr. Dexter and I were not content, and to beg him to prepare a more vigorous paper. No answer came for some days, and then I received only a summons to meet him at the United States Hotel in Boston at one o'clock on the day before the convention was to be held. We were all excessively busy that day in receiving and entertaining the delegates from a distance, but I was punctually at the hotel, while some detention made Webster an hour late. "And now," said he, "I understand that you and Mr. Dexter do not think my address fit for the occasion to-morrow." "Well," I replied, "we have hardly put it so strong as that; but we do think that there will be great expectations, and that you can do something more spirited and striking to meet them." "Spirited and striking! If you think I am going to put my name to any mere caucus commonplaces or Faneuil Hall flourishes, you and Mr. Dexter are much mistaken." "Very well, sir, we are content, if you are; let it stand as it is. It will be known as yours, and yours will be the responsibility." "Where is my draft?" "I have it here with me." "Will you be good enough to read it aloud, that we may hear how it sounds and see what's the matter with it?" So I read the paper aloud, page by page, or rather paragraph after paragraph, while Webster began tramping the floor. I ventured from time to time to suggest changes, omissions, and additions, most of which he readily accepted. Now and then he became irritated, as when I criticised his use of the word "deprecate" in reference to a past event. "Why, what would you have?" "Is not 'deplore' more proper for what is past praying against?" "Well, deplore, deplore—proceed." But his increasing irritation made the sparks fly faster and thicker, and again and again he stopped short while he thought out and then dictated some glowing sentence. We came at length to a passage relating to the original incorporation of the United States Bank, when I reminded Webster of a then recent remark of President Van Buren, in one of his Messages, in regard to corrupt influences brought to bear upon WASHINGTON in securing his signature to the charter. At this he fired up at the instant: "Did Van Buren say that? Take your pen, if you please, and let me dictate a thought or two, while I walk the room." Accordingly I took the pen lying on the table, and wrote down for him the following words:

"There is yet another subject of complaint to which we feel bound to advert by our veneration for the illustrious dead, by our respect for truth, by our love for the honor of our country, and by our own wounded pride as American citizens. We feel that the country has been dishonored, and we desire to free ourselves from all imputation of acquiescence in the parricidal act. The late President, in a communication to Congress, more than intimates that some of the earliest and most important measures of Washington's administration were the offspring of personal motives and private interests. His successor has repeated and extended this accusation, and given to it, we are compelled to say, a greater degree of offensiveness and grossness. No man, with an American heart in his bosom, can endure this without feeling the deepest humiliation as well as the most burning scorn. The fame of WASHINGTON and his immediate associates is one of the richest treasures of the country. His is the name which an American may utter with pride in every part of the world, and which, wherever uttered, is shouted to the skies by the voices of all true lovers of human liberty. Imputations which assail his measures so rudely, while they are abominable violations of the truth of history, are an insult to the country and an offence against

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the moral sentiments of civilized mankind. Miserable, miserable indeed, must be that cause which cannot support its party predominance, its ruinous schemes, and senseless experiments without thus attempting to poison the fountains of truth, and prove the government of our country disgracefully corrupt, even in its very cradle. Our hearts would sink within us, if we believed that such efforts could succeed; but they must be impotent. Neither the recent nor the present President was born to cast a shade on the character of WASHINGTON or his associates. The destiny of both has been rather to illustrate, by contrast, that wisdom and those virtues which they have not imitated, and to hurl blows which the affectionate veneration of American citizens, and the general justice of the civilized world, will render harmless to others and powerful only in their recoil upon themselves. If this language be strong, so also is that feeling of indignation which suggested it; and on an occasion like this we could not leave this consecrated spot without the consciousness of having omitted an indispensable duty had we not given utterance to the fulness of our hearts, and marked with our severest rebuke and most thorough reprobation and scorn a labored effort to fix a deep and enduring stain on the early history of the government."

Webster paced the room and poured out these memorable words just as I have written them now, and as fast as I could write them then. Indeed, I could hardly hold my pen steady, as they came blazing from his lips under the immediate excitement of the moment. He was thoroughly roused and inflamed, and I had the full impression of the action of his mind when at a white heat. That passage was the making of the address. "Will that do?" said he. "Will the address do now?" I need hardly say that I assured him that I was perfectly satisfied. Mr. Healy, his office assistant or partner, then came in and copied other parts of the address after I had left him.

But before I had reached the door, he called on me to stop a few minutes longer. "Read me now the last page or two of the little draft of your own which you sent to me at Marshfield, for I think that will be the best conclusion of the whole matter." I read it to him accordingly, and he adopted all of it except one paragraph, and "thereby hangs a tale."

The paragraph to which he objected was one complimentary to John Tyler, of Virginia, the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Harrison. When I came to that he said at once, "Stop there! not a word about John Tyler — not a word! The nomination ought never to have been made. I have no confidence in him, and I will not sign any address which expresses confidence in him." "But he is our candidate, sir," I replied; "the song runs 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' you know." "I don't care what the song says, or what anybody may say. I shall not indorse John Tyler. Strike out every word, every word relating to him!" "But, sir, an entire omission of the name of one of the Whig candidates will occasion great remark. Let me at least put it in parenthetically, coupling it with Harrison as the two candidates to be supported." "Well, if you can put his name in, so as to imply no confidence in its owner, you may do so; but I shall sign nothing which approves that nomination." And so I arranged the paragraph accordingly, as it is printed.

The subsequent relations of Webster with Tyler, after Harrison's death and Tyler's becoming President, render this incident somewhat amusing, to say the least. It was as Tyler's Secretary of State that he won the proud distinction of negotiating the Ashburton Treaty, and settling the long-vexed question of our Northeastern boundary. He remained in Tyler's Cabinet when all his colleagues left him, and the country had reason to rejoice in his doing so.

A word, before closing this paper, on Webster's style and delivery. I have heard him often, and speak from personal impressions. I was at Bunker Hill in 1825 when he delivered the Oration on the laying of the Corner-stone of the Monument. I heard his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in 1826. I

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drove to Salem, and heard his famous argument in the Knapp Case. I heard him in the Tuttle Hubbard Case before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts against the celebrated orator William Wirt, of Baltimore; and in the Supreme Court of the United States against the no less celebrated counsellor of Philadelphia, Horace Binney, in the Girard College Case. I heard most of his speeches in the United States Senate while I was in Congress with him, including his famous 7th of March speech in 1850; and I have heard him, and spoken after him, on numerous occasions at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere. My testimony, therefore, such as it is, may well be called personal.

I may say at the outset that he had none of the arts or tricks of rhetoric. He never studied gesticulation, and did not use much of it. There was a pose about him when he rose to speak, like that of the incomparable statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican, or like that of Paul on Mars Hill in the celebrated cartoon of Raphael. His grand presence and noble voice rendered everything he said impressive. But his eloquence had nothing of the florid sort. It was the eloquence of clear, cogent argument and of occasional deep emotion, expressed in pure, forcible, Saxon words — sometimes adorned by most felicitous quotations, and sometimes by magnificent and matchless metaphors. In almost all these respects he was very unlike Everett, and still more unlike Choate.

Of Edward Everett's eloquence — consummate of its kind — delivery, description, narration and illustration, historical incident and classical allusion, were the most notable and noteworthy features. "It is hardly too much to say of him"—if I may borrow from my own tribute to him at Faneuil Hall a day or two after his death — "it is hardly too much to say of him that he established a new standard of American eloquence; that he was the founder of a new school of occasional oratory, of which he was at once the acknowledged master and the best pupil, and in which we were all proud to sit at his feet as disciples." Delivering his principal orations avowedly from memory, every sentence and every gesture were studied to produce the most striking effect. And they did produce it. He was as dramatic at times as Kean or Macready, and his audiences hung with rapture on his lips.

Rufus Choate, on the other hand, was all impetuosity—pouring out torrents of exquisite thought and brilliant language in utter disregard of the length of his sentences or the vehemence of his gesticulation. One might say of him, as Cicero said of Scævola, "Jurisperitorum eloquentissimus, eloquentium jurisperitissimus." He was certainly the most eloquent of our jurists, and the greatest jurist of our orators.

Daniel Webster, unlike both, was all deliberation, both in matter and in manner. I do not believe that it ever occurred to him what gestures he should make, or that he ever remembered what gestures he had made. His words seemed to flow spontaneously and often slowly, whether from his lips or his pen, as from a profound and exhaustless reservoir of thought. Of him it might be, and perhaps often has been, said —

> "Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care.
> . . . . . His look
> Drew audience and attention still as night."

I may be permitted to conclude and sum up my description of him with the words I used at the dedication of his statue in Central Park, New York, in 1876: "Among those who have been celebrated as orators or public speakers, in our own day or in other days, there have been many diversities of gifts and many diversities of operations. There have been those who were listened to wholly for their intellectual qualities, for the wit or the wisdom, the learning or the philosophy, which characterized their efforts. There have been those whose main attraction was a curious felicity and facility of illustration and description, adorned by the richest gems which could be gathered by historical research or classical study. There have been those to whom the charms of manner and the graces of elocution and the melody of voice were the all-sufficient recommendations to

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attention and applause. And there have been those who owed their success more to opportunity and occasion, to some stirring theme or some exciting emergency, than to any peculiar attributes of their own. But Webster combined everything. No thoughts more profound and weighty. No style more terse and telling. No illustrations more vivid and clear-cut. No occasions more august and momentous. No voice more deep and thrilling. No manner more impressive and admirable. No presence so grand and majestic as his."

ENDYMION.

By Sara King Wiley.

Across the deep blue of the summer sky
Slow sweeps the silver moon, the night has flown
Beneath the forest branches, shadows lie
Black, in the hollows where the leaves have blown.
Sudden a twig snaps; from the wood's dark side
Darts forth the huntress, heaving is her breast,
But closed her firm lips, though her nostrils wide
Swell with her panting breath. Her eye's unrest
Notes a prone form—the wearied stag, perchance!
She plunges through the grass and as she creeps
Grasps close her spear, when her amazéd glance
Falls on Endymion, sighing as he sleeps.
His bright head pillowed on his bended arm,
His chin tipped high that she may mark the curve
Of red lips and long lashes, and the warm
Glow on his cheek and the relaxéd nerve
Of that brown hand dropped on his moving chest.
She stands as in a trance, and first that night
Forgets to heed the sport she loves the best,
With all her senses shrunken into sight.
Unconsciously her hand pressed on her heart,
As flower petals quiver in the wind
Her sweet lips tremble, fallen just apart.
She bendeth down and her long locks unbind
And dropping almost sweep the sleeper's face;
Close in one hand the soft dark mass compressed
She clutches carelessly and holds in place.
Her white arms crossing then upon her breast
Lower she stoops, and on his brow there falls
A touch like brushing leaves. Wide snap his eyes,
And in the stillness hark! the chirping calls
Of insects in the grass. Endymion lies
Deeming the whole a dream; his fixed stare
Brings her to consciousness, she starts, to fly
Into the forest shade, and leaves him there
In half waked wonder gazing at the sky.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. LOWELL seems to me in many ways the finest personality among American men of letters. Not the greatest genius (it is an old platitude that the man who consists entirely in his genius does not always make the finest personality), but the one that is ripest without loss of strength, best rounded without loss of individuality, most really vigorous without noise or gymnastics. There is a passage in his recently published letters where he speaks of the power of the "quiet old giants"—"Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe"—"patent unshiftable ballast that keeps earth and human thought trimmed and true on an even keel." Lowell trimmed his ship with this kind of ballast, but used it as a means to make her seaworthy in really vigorous voyages, not to keep her pleasurably tranquil on the quiet waters of dilettanteism. Indeed, perhaps his finest aspect in our literary history is not his innate literary power or his scholarship, great as they were, but the manner of his application of them. His traditions and surroundings—and a part of his temperament—made the usual temptation of the scholar peculiarly great, to be a looker-on in the present and do his living in the past; but he never treated even the best traditions of literature as a sufficient substitute for having convictions of one's own, or accepted a full knowledge of past human progress as a plenary indulgence for standing still in the battles of his own time. As he himself said a poet should, he "kept measure with his people;" and from the Biglow Papers to his English addresses, if he served literature first he served hardly less the ideal of free and high national aims and public policy which he more than once formulated in very noble words.

When to all this was added the personal charm of the man, which no one ever failed to feel who knew him ever so little, there was no one to whose published letters we had the right to look forward with more interest. So that it seems almost like an audacity—and if it had anything to do with one's estimate of Mr. Lowell it would be an ungracious task—to express even a shade of disappointment with the two volumes that have been given us. Yet this is what I confess I have felt, and what it seems to me more loyal to our belief about the man—if I have any fellows in the feeling—to express than to set down as of necessity a mistake. The personal charm is there, in the highest degree; and in so far the volumes would be a welcome addition to literature in any case. It is impossible to know, too, just what material existed; and criticism might go far wrong if it attributed to the editor the mistake in selection of implying that a man shows most of himself in those letters in which he says most *about* himself; but I, at least, cannot leave the book without the impression that Mr. Lowell must often have expressed himself more deeply and fully in his correspondence than these letters—with perhaps a dozen fine exceptions—permit us to see; or that (quite as probably) he was a man who let his work alone show his depths, and in his letters allowed himself, even with his closest intimates, to dwell only on the surface of his life. In non-essentials these letters are, of course, unreserved indeed, and those who could read the full man into them would wonder at any sense of lack; but in essen-

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tials—with the exceptions noticed—they do not carry the outside reader deep—certainly not as deep as any of those of his works in which, as Mr. Norton well says, he "made to the public . . . such revelation of his inward experiences and emotions as he alone had the right to make, and such as may well suffice to satisfy all legitimate interest in the spiritual development of the poet and in the nature of his most intimate and sacred human relations." It is needless to say that not the least of depths like these is for the reader of published letters; but there is a plane upon which we may meet, with no feeling of sacrilege, with a writer whose work has grown to be a part of our possession and who has passed to that time when publication of his literary legacy is justified at all—and it is upon this plane that his correspondence sometimes places us. It is no one's fault, doubtless, if these two volumes of Mr. Lowell's letters do not quite do this, as it seems to me they do not. We must be content with what we have in this addition to his legacy; the legacy itself is enough.

At one of its public entertainments, a few months since, a New York club that has literature for its foremost interest, subdued the men of letters for the nonce all into listeners and gave the entertaining over solely to musicians. One of these, a well-known critic, exercising a journalist's dexterity in seizing an opportunity, made the brief address that he was appointed to deliver, a reproof to the men of letters for their indifference to music. He recited that a few evenings before, in talk with a well-known author, there fell some mention of this very entertainment, when the author said, "Oh, yes, a musical entertainment. That lets me out." This remark, the speaker contended, aptly illustrated the attitude toward music of authors in general.

It will scarcely be denied that the contention was sound. There are too many instances in proof to successfully gainsay it. The brothers Goncourt relate that, having once confessed to Gautier their own complete musical infirmity, which rendered them unable to relish any but military music, Gautier cried out, "Ah, that gives me great pleasure, what you say. I am like you. I prefer silence to music. I am simply a pretender, having once lived a part of my life with a cantatrice, in order to discriminate good and bad music; but they are absolutely equal to me." And he added: "It is curious likewise that all the writers of the time are so. Balzac execrated it. Hugo cannot suffer it. Lamartine . . . holds it in horror."

Here is a pretty wide departure from the days when literature was yet all poetry, and poetry was only minstrelsy. Then the literary and the musical office united in one person. And even later, when the poet's verses had come to be recited instead of chanted or sung, the poet still trained himself carefully in music, as in all the other graceful arts of his time. But neither then nor ever was the man of letters more considerate of self-culture than in most directions he is just now. He travels into the farthest parts of the earth; he studies languages, history, science, architecture, sculpture, painting; he pursues his art with the utmost nicety, liberality, industry. It is grown his dogma that he cannot have too diverse sympathies, too various a knowledge; that he must know, must feel, life in all its phases. He cannot at will command the musician's ear. But, then, neither can he at will command the sculptor's or the painter's eye; and, when he finds this wanting to him, he strives to remove or conceal the defect by study. While confessing his ignorance of music almost proudly, you will rarely hear him confess to having no relish or judgment in pictures or statuary. In them, if he does not, he will very often at least affect to know.

It can hardly be that the followers of an art whereof the end is to analyze and portray human life, especially in its inner aspects of motive and aspiration, have disregarded so potent a spiritual influence as music unquestionably is, without serious loss. Such a loss, of course, there are no means of measuring; but one may get a hint of its nature, if not of its extent, by considering the few instances of men of letters endowed with a musical talent. The most notable of these is Milton; and I cannot but think that his skill in music much more than that "practice in prose, especially in the long involutions of Latin periods," noted by Lowell, "helped him to give that variety of pause and that majes-

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tic harmony to his blank verse which have made it so unapproachably his own." For even in the prose of the Latin periods he has attained, amidst many barbarities, to strains of a harmony scarcely less majestic than that of his verse. Then, to what new and noble similitudes his knowledge of music has helped! But beyond these opener and more technical profits, I am sure, if the whole truth could be come at, it would be found that music contributed in no small measure to the maintenance of that rare exaltation which is the informing spirit of the whole of Milton's work. We find the like exaltation in one who called Milton her demigod, George Eliot. She also was a musician, and her writings give clear proof of profiting by the talent. That conversation, for example, between Gwendolen and Klesmer, on which every admirer puts his finger as one of George Eliot's supreme achievements, would have been impossible to her, had she shared Balzac's execration of music.

What music seems in an eminent degree fitted to do, is to foster the mystical quality; and without somewhat of the mystical quality, though only hard-headedness seems to be its study at present, literature has never yet gone far.

It is worth noting that the question of the chaperon is just now attracting much attention on both sides of the Atlantic, with this important difference that the Americans are discussing the adoption, and the English the abolition, of that functionary and her functions, and on each side the example of the other is gravely cited in support of the change. In England the agitation seems to come chiefly from the more courageous of the young women, who, having shown their ability to keep up with their brothers, and sometimes to pass them, in the schools, advance the proposition that they are perfectly able to take care of themselves under circumstances which have heretofore required them to have a more or less effective guardianship; and they point to the liberty enjoyed by American girls, with apparent safety, to an extent which certainly does not obtain in England. On the other hand, the custom—perhaps it would be better to call it the fashion—of chaperoning is advocated on our happier shores, on the ground that it tends to cultivate among our young women the freshness, the modesty, the calm innocence of mind and manner that are attributed in English girls to the strictness with which their associations are regulated by the presence of an older and more experienced companion. It is clearly a complex and delicate question, on which a definitive conclusion is extremely difficult.

So far as our own experience goes I think the chaperon is getting more and more a *raison d'être*. Apart from the influence of the silly desire to ape the customs of a society where rank and standing are sharply defined, and so to create the impression that they are sharply defined among the imitators, there are very good arguments for restricting the liberty, formerly so general and so extended, of young unmarried women. That liberty was natural and safe when our cities were small, when the leisure class hardly existed, when the character of associates was well known or easily ascertained, and when social occupation was relatively simple. Those conditions have greatly changed, and though the change has been inevitable, it has not been altogether for the better. There are still, happily, thousands of families in which the duties of a chaperon, so far as they arise, are performed easily, affectionately, and wisely, by mothers and elder sisters, and where the standard of life is pure and high enough to exclude the risks that call for any especial protection. But there is also a class, with wealth and leisure and social ambitions, whose example has a strong influence, and over a wide range, in which it seems to me the chaperon has a distinct place. If the class were, in some respects, better, she might not be needed; but being what it is, a class with many idle hands and heads, for which the great purveyor of "mischief still" is always on the watch, it might be much worse if the chaperon were not provided. Doubtless it is a matter that will take care of itself after a fashion; but it is just as well for those among us who may be exempt from the rather humiliating conditions that suggest this institution to recognize that it is not a mere fad, but has considerable and various uses.

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It is complained of the times that they make too many specialists. The economical division of labor seems to demand that workers shall confine themselves to a particular detail of a job, which passes out of their hands to be completed. Editors no longer set type and write up local occurrences. Physicians, in increasing numbers, confine their ministrations to the eye, or the ear, or the throat, or the vermiform appendix. Among artisans it is the exception when a single tailor completes a coat, or one machinist makes a complete machine. Consequently specialists abound and all-around men are scarce.

Now, it is economical and profitable on various accounts to be a specialist, but there are charms and even a measure of advantage about being an all-around man; and means that tend to preserve the capacity to deal with things in general without sacrificing the mastery of something in particular, are worth cultivating in the interest of general development. That must be the developing specialist's justification in cultivating the branch of domestic industry known as "chores." It is apparently wasteful for a man who can earn several dollars an hour at the work which is his specialty, to spend any of his time in labor which can be better performed for him by the man whose time is worth very much less. If the better paid man lets his chores encroach upon the hours that belong to his special work, he certainly is wasteful, but it does not prove that it is wiser for him to forego chores altogether. In moderation and at proper times, they are good for him. As a rule, the better he is paid for the hours he spends on his regular job, the fewer hours he works at it. That is not because he is satisfied with less than he can earn, but because high-priced work is usually exhausting, and cannot be long kept up without loss of quality. So the best-paid men commonly have some leisure, part of which they should devote to culture and various supplementary duties, and part, I maintain, to chores which cannot be left out without appreciable detriment.

We are used to being told that it is not enough to give mere money to charity, and that our benefactions, if they are to do the most good to us and to those whom they help, must include personal service. We seem to owe a measure of personal service to domestic life as well as to charity, and if we do not pay it, domestic life does not yield to us all that we might get out of it. The ability to do things depends partly upon our willingness to do them now and then. But the ability to do things is power, and power is very sweet to have and to exercise, and that not only in great things but in small. The man who cannot do the ordinary small tinkering that has to be done from week to week in an ordinary modern house, denies himself a consciousness of power which is very cheap at the price it costs. Not to be able to put washers on a leaking water-faucet, to take off or put on gas-burners, and to remedy the simpler maladies of plumbing, is to admit one's self to be the mere occupant, but not the master, of the modern house. To put in glass takes too much time, and altogether it is not as necessary to the modern as it was to his grandfather, that he should know how to be his own glazier. So with most carpenter work. It takes too long to do well any job of consequence; better have in the adept from his shop. And yet some tools and the ability to use them seem to be indispensable to the house-holder's self-respect. Not to be able to plane the top of a door or the edge of a drawer when it sticks; or to drive a nail straight, or send home a screw without splitting the wood, or fit a key, or mend a child's toy, must involve a humiliating consciousness of inefficiency. Yet there are men who strive to reconcile with self-esteem all these incompetencies, and another more inexcusable than either of them—the inability to run a furnace and raise or lower the temperature of one's habitation at will.

Tuning pianos and mending dormant clocks are accomplishments, and do not come under the head of ordinary chores. Moreover, they are occupations of elegant leisure, and not for the odd moments of a busy life. But with true chores it is different. There is a flavor about them which is too valuable to be lost out of life. A house-holder who has none that he recognizes might almost as well live in a hotel. He is the sort of man who rings for a servant when the open fire falls down. Poor helpless one, who misses so much of the luxury of doing things for himself!

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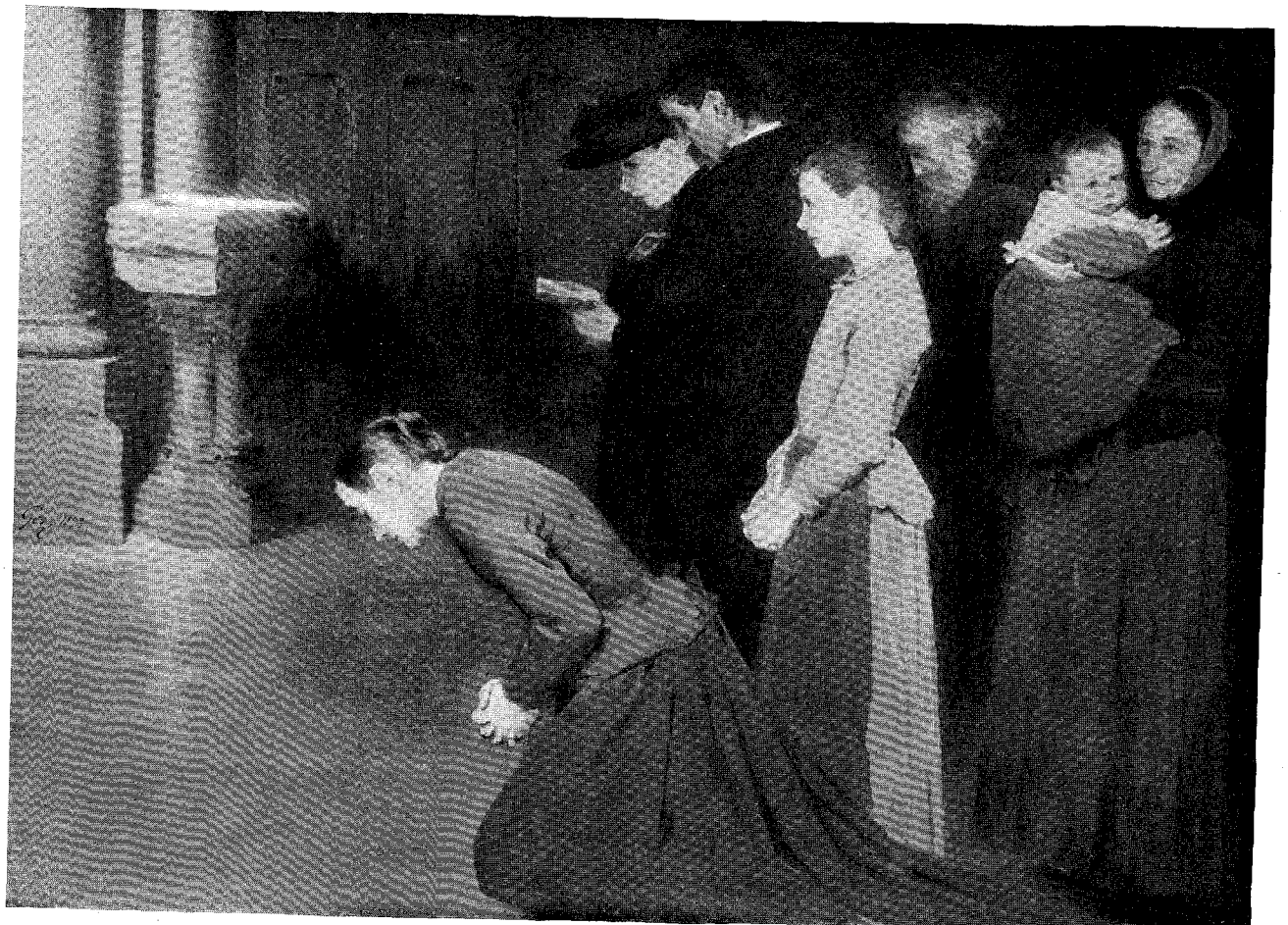

JEAN GEOFFROY'S

THE PRAYER OF THE HUMBLE.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 248.]

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